THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

APRIL 16, 1949

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BILL FAY'S BASEBALL PREDICTIONS

THE LAST KISS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

101 ANSWERS TO CANCER

SCHOOL BUS
EXIT
LADIES
MEN
TRASH

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APRIL 16, 1949

Mlle. Suzanne

THOUGH HE MIGHT NOT admit it, 'most any man likes people to admire his suit. He also likes the feeling of confidence and well-being that comes from knowing that his suit is just right for *him*. The Trumpeter* label is his assurance that the fabric, the model and style are the finest that skilled craftsmanship can create . . . that he is right when he trusts his tailoring to Hart Schaffner & Marx.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

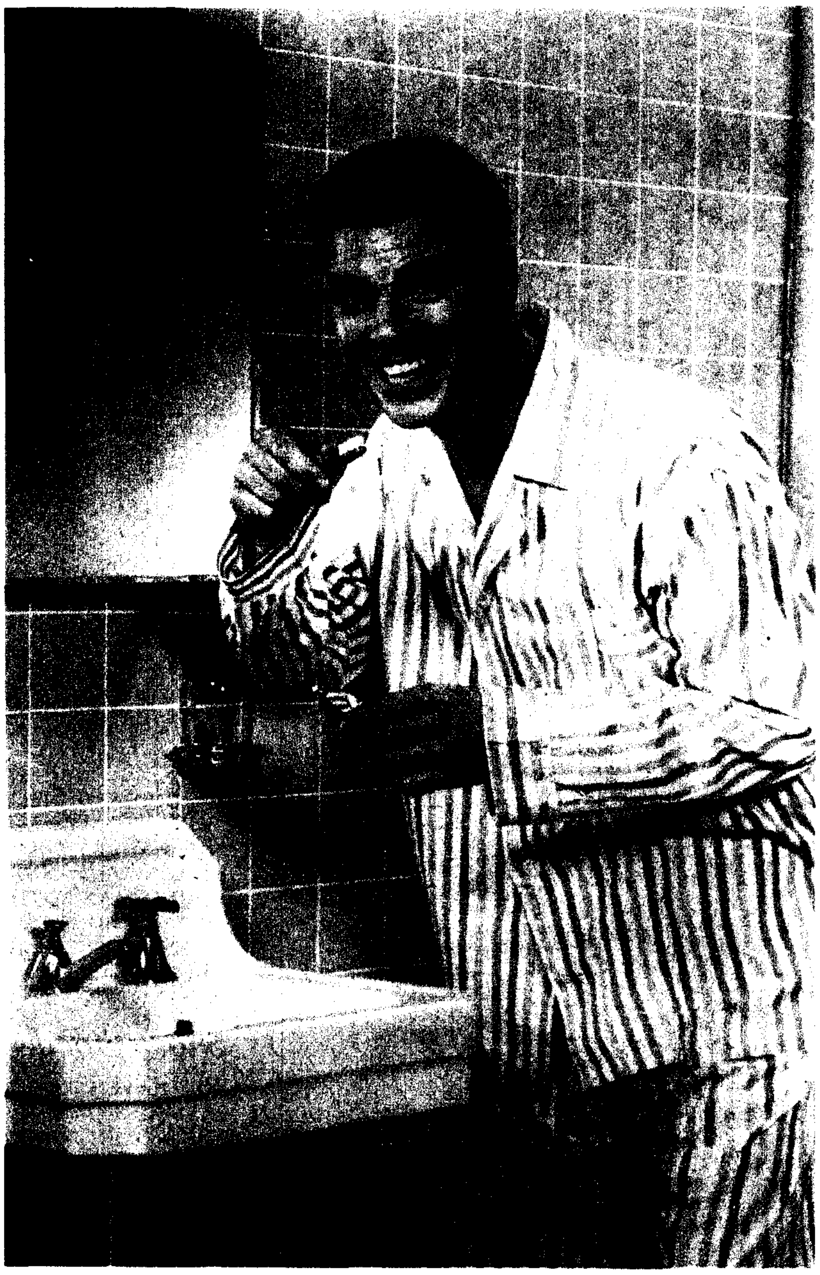
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Bert Parks, ace quizmaster, shows how it can work for you, too

Pay-off man for ABC's "Break the Bank!" That's emcee Bert Parks, whose engaging charm and bright smile have helped skyrocket him to the top in radio and television.

Bert knows how important firm, healthy gums are to a sparkling, successful smile. So, naturally, he follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth. "*Because*," Bert explains, "*dentists say it works!*" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .



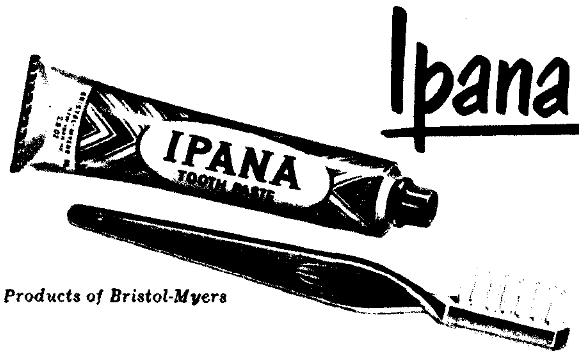
Bert demonstrates the Ipana way as he brushes up on his smile. It's pleasant to do—and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. *Feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



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The Week's Mail

THE STARVING INTELLECT

GENTLEMEN: Congratulations on your editorial, College Teaching Doesn't Pay (Feb. 26th), and to the anonymous author of Why I Quit College Teaching (Mar. 5th). The whole country should be aroused. School budget committees have about reached the limit. Now, as Collier's suggests, it's a job for the legislator. For instance, why doesn't Congress abolish income taxes against income derived from school teaching?

FRANK E. MOSHER, Dallas, Texas

. . . Query: Did you ever hear of a football coach being hired because he had a Ph.D. in physical education? What do football coaches get in salary? What do Ph.D. department heads get?

TOM C. SHARP, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . I'm the wife of an assistant professor. To my way of thinking, your article was written by a spineless, griping person who is simply taking the easiest way out. We have three children, a nice home, a '46 station wagon, and we live comfortably on my husband's salary. Sure we have to cut corners—we don't drink a fifth every Saturday night, wear imported tweeds and minks. . . .

It makes me very disgusted that life and success in life are measured by the amount of money a man makes. . . .

MRS. BILL TAIT, U. of Denver, Denver, Colo.

. . . Poor Prof. Blotz in your article can't afford hats, haircuts and has only one matching suit: What does he do with his $3,500 per annum? Is he a secret drinker? Four people under one roof at $75 per head per month shouldn't starve. Could

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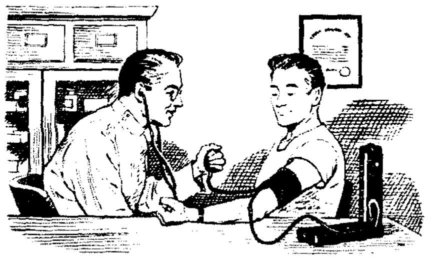
Some Facts About
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

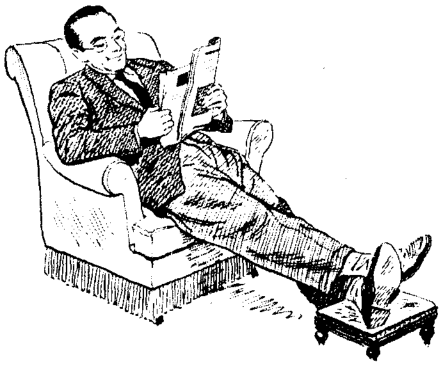
BLOOD PRESSURE rises when a person is active. After the strain has passed, the pressure generally returns to its regular level. If it is persistently and excessively above normal, however, that condition is called hypertension—or high blood pressure. This affects the circulatory system and may lead to serious conditions of the heart, brain, and kidneys.

High blood pressure itself is not a disease, but a symptom of some underlying disorder. Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of this condition, and is striving for improved methods of treating it. Special diets have sometimes proved effective. In a limited number of cases, surgery has been used. Additional research is concentrating on mental and emotional factors. There is also hope that newly discovered drugs may prove beneficial.



Periodic physical examinations help reveal hypertension early, when doctors say that chances for control are best. Such check-ups may also discover possible infections which may be causing the condition.

As a result of physical examinations, the doctor may make suggestions for improving your health, such as eating wisely and *keeping weight down.* The latter is especially important, for high blood pressure is more than twice as common among fat people than it is among persons of normal weight.



In many high blood pressure cases, the best "medicine" is often simply *moderation in every physical and mental activity.* The patient may be advised to work and play at a slower pace, to avoid emotional strain, and to get plenty of rest and sleep. This helps to lessen the demands on the circulatory system, and may lower blood pressure.

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Today, under good medical guidance, the outlook for people with high blood pressure is better than ever before. By carefully following the doctor's advice, they can often avoid complications and look forward to long, useful lives.

• • •

Aiding in the development of more effective measures to help combat high blood pressure is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies. This fund is making grants for research in diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 59-C, entitled, "Your Heart." This contains many facts about high blood pressure and diseases related to the heart.

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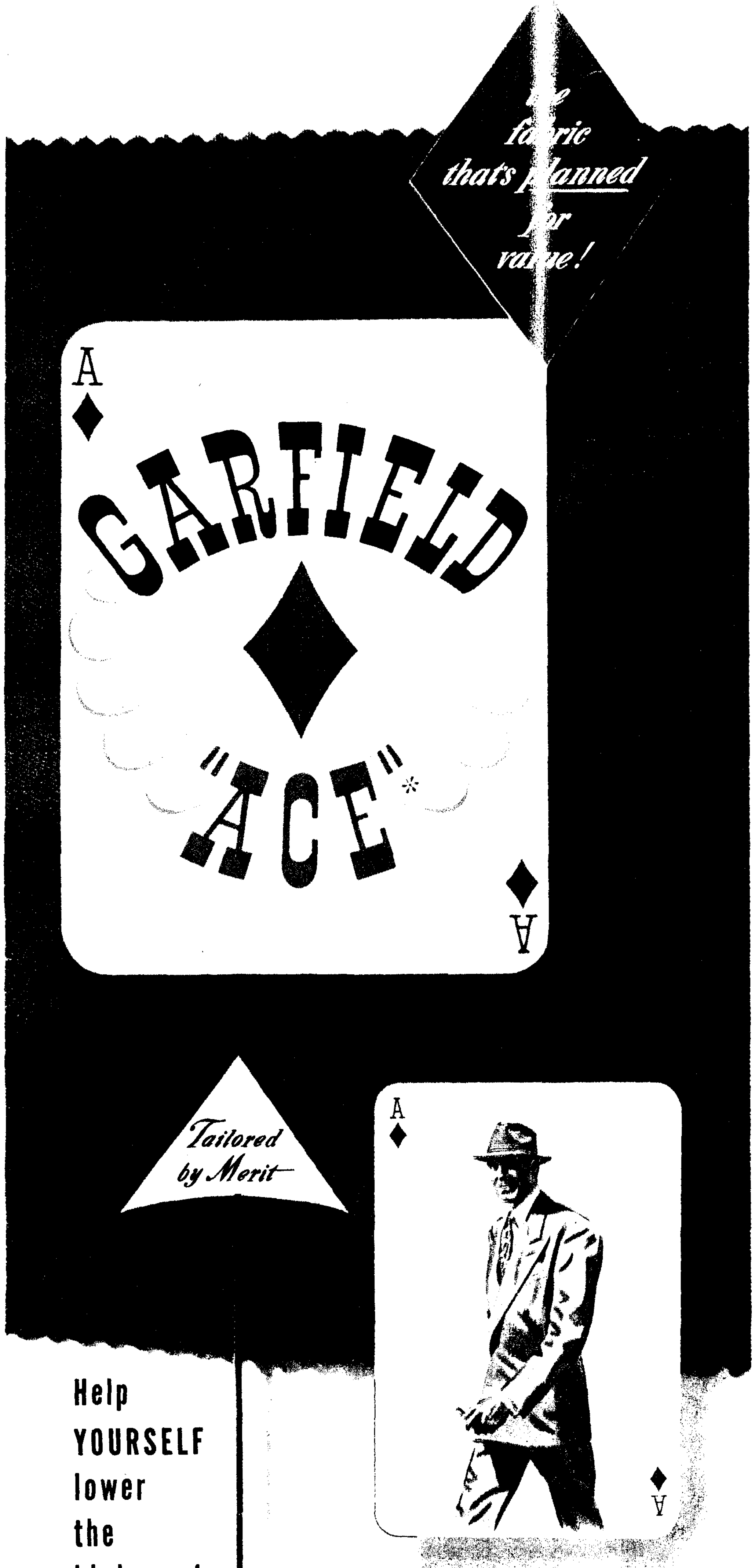

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it be Ph.D. stands for Phuddy Duddy—including Mrs. Ph.D.?

B. B. HOUSER, Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . I have yet to see an undernourished professor. . . .

PHIL MOONEY, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . The general public has had to deal so long with misfits in education—agnostics, eccentrics, neurotics, leftists—it's going to be slow and uphill work to educate them to higher salaries, unless we have a higher standard of teacher selection. If teachers are paid according to their worth then perhaps I wasn't worth much—my starting salary was $630 a year.

MRS. MARY B. LAYNE, Cullen, Va.

. . . There is only one *honorable* way by which college teachers' pay could be raised —by organization and collective bargaining.

NORMAN J. WARE, Middletown, Conn.

. . . There must be a screw loose with a person with that much education, that he must remain in the lower wage bracket.

CLYDE O. PATTERSON, Sullivan, Ill.

. . . Why not a U.S.A. sales tax to get the professors a living wage?

F. A. CARPENTER, Oneonta, N. Y.

. . . This is what I think and what 99 per cent of all us common, low-class workers think: (1) College athletics should be stopped. (2) Entrance examinations should be made 1,000 times harder. (3) Colleges should be run by the government same as West Point and the first time a student's marks go down out he goes.

GEORGE H. BARBER, Burke, Idaho

ANOTHER STAR FOR THE GENERAL

DEAR SIR: General Omar Bradley in What You Owe Your Country (Feb. 26th) strikes boldly and fundamentally at the very core of our troublesome conditions today. I think that article ought to be published in every paper, broadcast over every radio network and read in every church and school.

MEARL R. WHARTON, Moorhead, Iowa

. . . General Bradley may be a great guy. But his article displays the vicious attitude which private soldiers so greatly hated during the war. It is the same old refrain: "The draftee is unpatriotic, he is stupid, he has no sense of responsibility."

My observations during the war were quite to the contrary. The moral bankruptcy, indifference, unpatriotism, irreligion, shiftlessness, incompetence, wastefulness, selfishness and disruption came from *above*, not below. What irritates the brass hats is that the ordinary individual has learned to cope with them and their tricks. They no longer have a naïve bunch of farm boys at their disposal to abuse as they see fit. If the present passel of Pentagon waffle-tails cannot offer something real to America's young people, it is time to get some new people up there.

JAY SPAUGH, Farmersville, Texas

. . . This article reveals the general as a great soldier, a great philosopher, and a great American. The foregoing qualities combine to make him a great statesman. Orchids to the general.

O. R. MCGAR, Martin City, Mont.

STARCH WELL

DEAR SIR: In her recipe for Baked Oysters Schuler Style (Eating—In Or Out, Feb. 26th) Charlotte Adams uses 6 large cotuit oysters among the other ingredients. She then claims that the half dozen will serve four. Seems a little skimpy.

How do you divide an oyster in fourths?

MARIA VAN SLYKE, New York City

Perfectly simple—simply add a little starch to each oyster, allow it to stiffen and cut it in four.

WHERE?

DEAR SIRS: Reference Ned Hilton's native cartoon (Feb. 19th)—after the prices we pay these days I'd buy anything that cost only 19 cents a yard. Oh, sure, I get the point of the picture, but where *can* you buy cloth for 19 cents a yard?

MRS. JOHN LESLIE, St. Louis, Mo.

Try the South Seas.

PURLOIN STAKE

SIRS: I was fascinated with I Stole a Million (Feb. 5th and 12th) for I too would like to write for Collier's. If I were to steal the life savings of the blind newsboy on the corner, burn down the local Methodist church, and split my aged grandmother's head open with an ax, could I be reasonably sure of getting the story of my exuberant escapades published by Collier's?

ALEX YENRAV, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . What an exciting inside story! What a movie it would make. . . .

HARRY L. FISSER, Newark, N. J.

Several movie companies are dickering for the rights.

BRIEF ON BRIEFS

DEAR SIR: I am a modern mother, college-educated, and, I hope, tolerant. I have a lovely thirteen-year-old daughter. She will, in time, probably wear plunging-necklined gowns.

We've always admired the cute cover girls in their briefs or dazzling gowns. We've admired the eye-catching heroines in the story illustrations. But the heroine who appeared a few weeks ago in her personals—well, I hope your future heroines will be good, clean, American girls. Such as I hope my daughter will be.

MICHIGAN SUBSCRIBER

HAPPY ENDING

COLLIER'S MAGAZINE: Professor Robert Yelton Robb's Nightmare in Santo Tomas (Feb. 5th) was undoubtedly one of the best articles we have read about the late war. Such personal experiences make us know what our boys had to endure. It is a wonder any of them lived to tell the story. . . .

DR. MAGGIE Y. DOWNS,
MRS. ERMINIE D. BOERS,
Danville, Ill.

. . . I wish you could also publish the account of the rescue of the 1,700 Los Baños internees which took place about 20 days later by a perfectly timed action combining parachutists, guerrillas, and a "flock" of amphibious tanks.

GIBSON FAHNESTOCK, Greenwich, Conn.

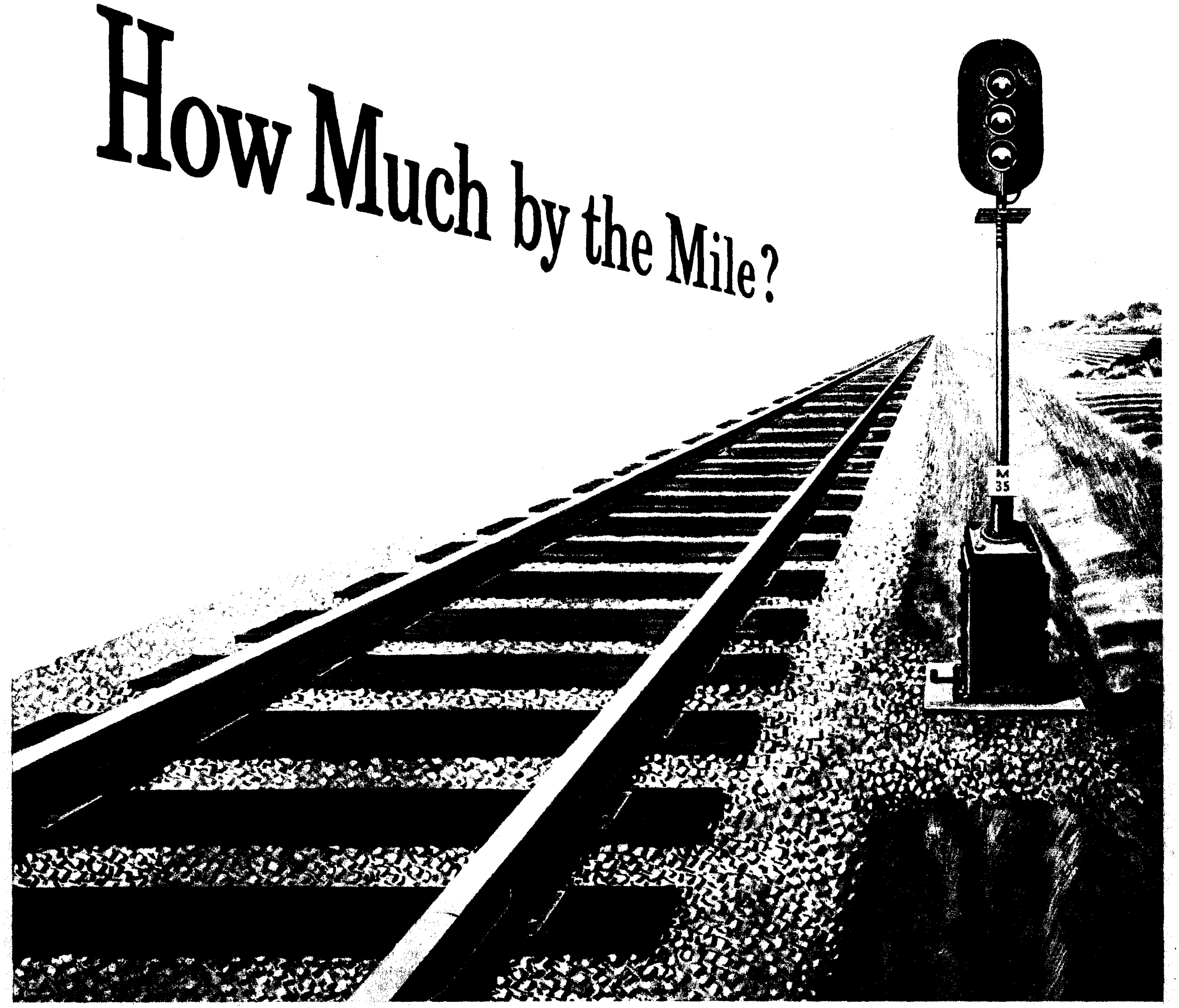
. . . I am still held in the grip of suspense. Did Prof. Robb find his family? Were they safe, or were they lost—wha' hoppened, for Heaven's sake?

MARIE A. JOHNSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOLLOWING LIBERATION I SPENT TEN TERRIBLE DAYS IN FRANTIC SEARCH FOR WIFE AND CHILDREN IN BATTLE-RACKED MANILA. LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS THEY SUFFERED IN MAN-MADE HELL OF SHELLFIRE AND FLAMES. YET MIRACULOUSLY LIVED. BEFORE I FOUND THEM, THEY HAD— BUT THAT IS ANOTHER STORY.

ROBERT Y. ROBB, U. OF ILL.

How Much by the Mile?



It all depends upon whether you're talking about shipping freight, or taking a trip, or building and equipping a mile of railroad.

Railroads haul freight for charges which now average only about 1⅓ cents for moving a ton a mile. They carry passengers for an average charge of only 2½ cents a mile.

Such low charges have been possible because private investors have saved up and put up $125,400 for each average mile of railroad line—an investment not only in track, but also in locomotives and cars, bridges and signals, and stations and yards that make up a working railroad. Because of that investment, America has a railroad system that provides the most economical, as well as the most efficient and the safest mass transportation in the world.

What's more, it's a system which not only does not rely upon help *from* taxpayers—but actually pays *into* the public treasury in taxes each year almost $4,000 per mile.

To keep these railroads abreast of the nation's needs requires not only constant maintenance but a steady program of replacement and improvement—and the costs of doing that are twice what they were before the war.

The only way in which railroads can attract the dollars needed for these replacements and improvements is to earn an adequate return on the money invested in them.

To enable American railroads to continue giving the most economical, most efficient, and the safest mass transportation in the world, it's important to everybody that railroad rates shall be in line with today's cost of producing the service—for tomorrow's railroads depend on *today's* earnings.

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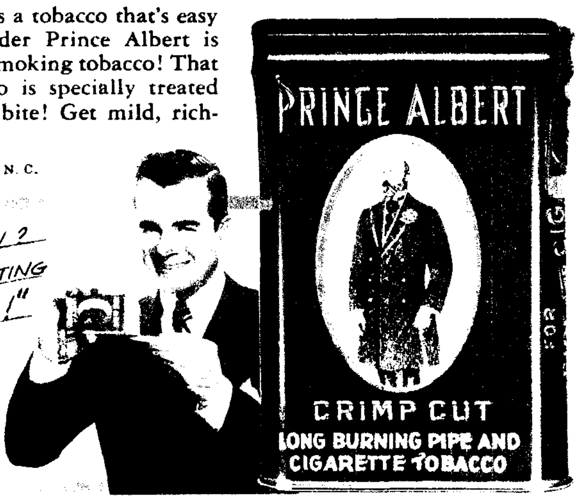

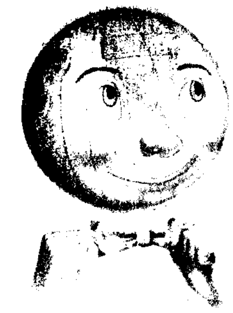

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 1927 in Canada an insane woman who was known to have swallowed strange objects at various times became ill and an X-ray picture showed her stomach was clogged with them. When removed, the mass was found to contain 2,533 articles—947 bent pins, 865 pieces of bent wire, 191 pieces of glass, 176 parts of safety pins and 354 miscellaneous things such as tacks, nails, screws, washers, coins, broken keys, cuff links, pen points and pieces of corset steel.

Since 1928, hundreds of poison-pen letters have been written to the inhabitants of Robin Hood's Bay, a village of 800 on the east coast of England. As each recipient thought he was the only one being attacked, few if any mentioned the letters until 1948 when it was learned that nearly every villager had received a number of them. All have been abusive and vulgar and, without justification, accused the persons addressed of a variety of offenses and crimes, including prostitution, infanticide and incest. For 21 years, therefore, these notes have spread great unhappiness and have even caused three successive ministers of the town's one church to resign and move away. Yet the identity of the writer of the malicious letters is still unknown.

In London recently, a British soldier was denied a divorce and the court's decision, on appeal, was upheld, causing much controversy. His grounds were infidelity because his wife had given birth to a baby 349 days after he had been sent abroad. While periods of gestation beyond 300 days are generally regarded with suspicion, medical evidence showed that the soldier could have been the father. Therefore, as the man had no other proof to back up his charge, the case was dismissed. So far as known, this pregnancy, which exceeded the normal term by 69 days, is the longest that has ever been recognized by a court of law.

An automaton with a strange history was built in France about 1842 by Jean Maillardet and has been on exhibition at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia since 1928. When presented to the institute a short time before, it had been in a fire and was nothing but a jumble of twisted wires and wheels with many parts missing. Although having no knowledge of its original construction or operation, mechanics at the Franklin Institute succeeded in putting the intricate machine in working order. It is the figure of a little girl that draws pictures and writes verses in French and English with pen and ink on a pad of paper on a desk at which she is kneeling. After she finishes each one, sheets are torn from the pad and may be kept by visitors.

On the night of June 12th, 1924, an express train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul was nearing Rondout, Illinois, when a masked robber entered the engine cab and covered the fireman and engineer. Following instructions the engineer flashed his headlight three times and stopped at the next crossing. There, four confederates wearing gas masks threw gas bombs into the locked mail car, routed out and lined up its clerks and transferred its contents to their automobile. All five escaped. The 64 bags taken contained $2,000,000 in currency, jewelry and securities. Within a few hours, a great man hunt had been mapped out and started by Post Office Inspector William Fahy, one of the ablest detectives of the U.S. Post Office Department. Several days later, an underworld source disclosed the hiding place of the loot and the name of the gang's leader, who was soon caught, convicted and given a long prison term. He was the detective—William Fahy.

After the Civil War, many inventors concentrated on creating furniture that concealed or could be converted into a bed. One of the oddest to be patented was a piano that contained not only a bed but also a four-drawer bureau and five closets. Hidden in the piano stool were a mirror, sewing basket, cupboard, two drawers and a desk. The marvel, however, was not exactly a stupendous success.

An unusual death awaits the aweto, the vegetable caterpillar of New Zealand. The creature is attacked by a parasitic fungus that causes a stalk of vegetable matter to grow out of its head to a height of about six inches. Ultimately, the fungus kills and mummifies the caterpillar.

When suffering from certain kinds of fish poisoning a person experiences the strange sensation of having his sensory impressions reversed upon contacting cold objects. A cool doorknob feels warm and ice cream seems so hot to the tongue that the eater instinctively blows on it.—*By Hazel Atkinson, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

THE WORLD'S MOST NEARLY PERFECT FOOD

COMES IN MANY FORMS....

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SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES
CONDENSED

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IN ANY FORM

There's no finer MILK than Borden's!

When your doctor tells you that every child should have at least a quart of milk every day, and every adult should have a pint of milk . . .

. . . you get *some* idea how important milk is to everyone's diet!

Milk is vital because of the complete protein it gives you, the energy sugar, the vitamins and minerals!

So, when you plan your family's meals, it's wise to remember that milk gives you *more nourishment* for what you spend than any other food. *Penny for penny, your best food buy is milk!*

In bottles—the all-purpose milk

See that *your* family gets plenty of milk to drink with meals, between meals. And be sure the milk you serve is as pure and wholesome as healthy cows and modern science can produce—Borden's Milk.

Evaporated—for baby feeding and cooking

Borden's Evaporated Milk is pure, sweet milk from which only the water is removed, and the Vitamin D content increased (400 units in every pint)! It's accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

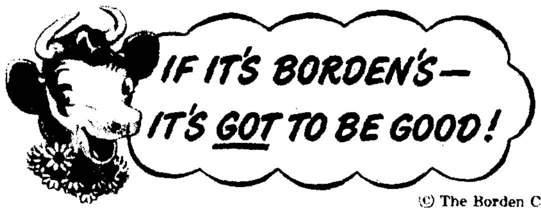
Borden's Evaporated is a standard for infant feeding. Excellent in cooking, too, and fine for coffee.

Sweetened condensed—for luscious desserts

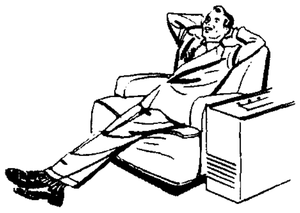
When you want sweetened condensed milk, remember the *original—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.* A blend of pure whole milk and sugar.

Borden's Eagle Brand is the Magic key to luscious, easy-to-fix, economical pie fillings, cookies, cake frostings, ice cream, candies. You can both "cream and sugar" your coffee with Eagle Brand, *deliciously!*

So—whether you buy bottled, evaporated, or condensed milk, ask for "BORDEN'S"!


IF IT'S BORDEN'S—
IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

© The Borden Company



Comfort Unlimited

Feather-bed comfort for your feet! Sounds fantastic. Fact is, Porto-Peds' patented resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift give you luxurious foot comfort that actually defies description! Traditionally smart styling gives Porto-Ped Shoes a world of eye appeal. See your Porto-Ped dealer or write us for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh
PATENTED
PORTO-PED
Air Cushion Shoes

THE ARDSLEY
Model 2319
Rich tan calf

The Week's Work

WERE it not for the Brothers Wright, it's possible that instead of jockeying a B-50 around the world and making Jules Verne look like a piker, Captain Jim Gallagher (who tells his historic flight story exclusively for Collier's on page 14) might have been a $35-a-week bookkeeping commuter.

Born in 1920 in Melrose, Minnesota, Jim's first job was clerking for a Minneapolis ornamental iron works; then he switched to senior clerking in the Surgeon General's office in Washington.

Jim enlisted in the Air Force in '42. Though he'd never been in a plane before, he showed a knack for driving big jobs, so in time found himself in B-29s paying regular visits to the Japs. He holds the D.F.C. and the Air Medal.

WE-POINT-WITH-PRIDE Dept. For his well-pressed labors as Men's Fashion Editor of Collier's, our Mr. Bert Bacharach (For Spring It's Gray, p. 80) has recently been a recipient of three awards. Specifically this windfall includes: (1) a handsome three-foot Oscar carved from Canadian redwood and known as the Canadian Retail Men's Wear Award; (2) The Man of the Year Award by the Associated Men's Wear Retailers of New York, and (3) the Annual Award of Apparel Manufacturers, a magazine. The latter two are bronze plaques. Obviously Mr. Bacharach, over six feet and a former professional football player, is collecting trophies like scalps and may be found wearing them on his belt, along with fifteen other awards he has gathered in past years.

WE SAT and stood on a new, rough cement floor in what will eventually be the new Collier's Building at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, Radio City. Steel beams stretched upward like skeleton bones. The distinguished guests included Toastmaster Jim Farley, Nelson Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt. On a table was a group of instruments that Buck Rogers might have had lying around his living room.

To the left of the stand, suspended from a naked beam and covered with a red, white and blue ribbon, a chain hoist gripped a huge slab of granite which hung about a foot above the ground. A set of wires ran from the hoist to the table abutting the speakers.

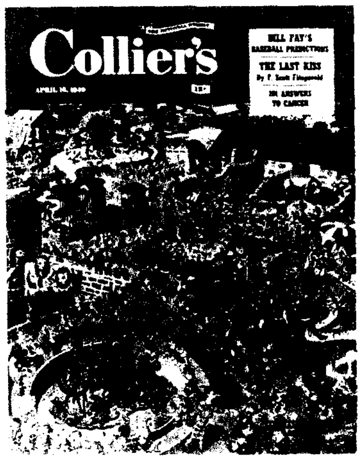
Professor J. R. Dunning, nuclear physicist from Columbia University, stepped to the mike. He explained that the conglomeration of instruments was a miniature, portable atomic pile and chain reactor. The professor grew explicit. "The pile and reactor will use half a gram of radium beryllium as a neutron source, bombarding a cylinder coated with uranium-235. As each of the first ten atoms splits, a bell will ring and the fluorescent lamp will light up, while energy is being impressed on a scaling circuit.

"This fissionized energy is over 200,000,000 electron volts. One pound of U-235, or the synthetic isotope, Plutonium, is equal to three or four million pounds of coal. One can literally envisage sending a messenger boy someday to carry the fuel for an entire industrial area—like this."

He fished out a one-inch black block of metal and showed it to the 500 onlookers. "How soon will we have atomic energy in wide use? No one can answer that question accurately today. Clearly it depends on how much effort we, as a people, put into it. . . . Atomic energy in use to start this cornerstone laying symbolizes a great advance man has made."

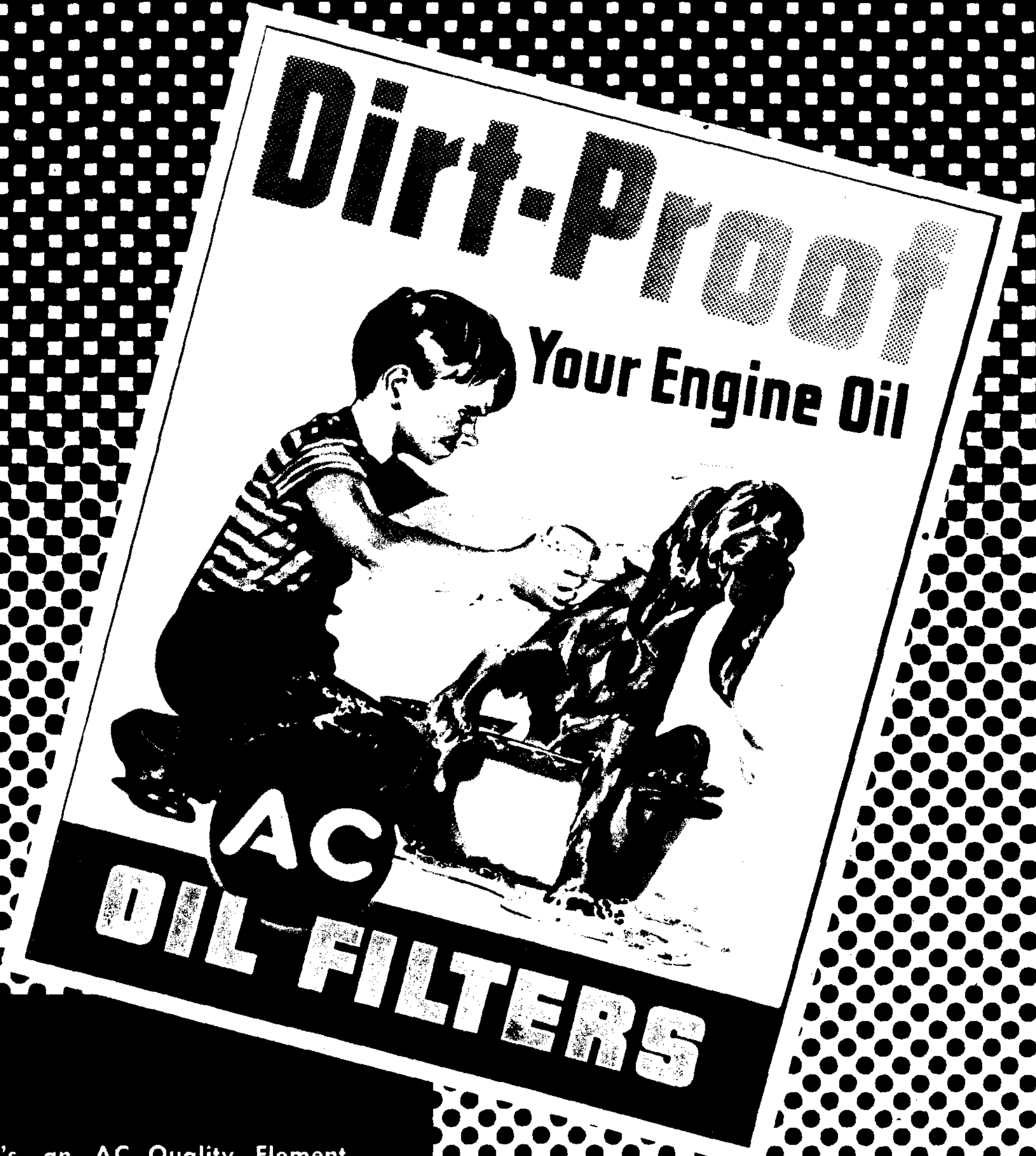
With a flourish Professor Dunning pressed a button. The light flashed; a bell rang. One—two—three times, then eight—nine—and ten. There was an unexpectedly sharp explosion, as if someone had set off a large firecracker. A spray of flame and smoke spurted from the hoist. There were little screams and nervous laughter. The granite cornerstone lowered gently into place.

For the first time in history, atomic energy had been put to use in such an operation. . . . TED SHANE



Zoo Cover Story: To gather material for this week's cover, Stanley and Janice Berenstain (husband and wife) visited the Philadelphia Zoological Garden and allowed their imaginations to run riot. They point out that neither the architecture nor the antics of the little monsters in Afternoon at the Zoo are strictly accurate. These two facts we're willing to concede. The only other fact we'd like to mention is that the gifted artists are twenty-five years old and should thus be able to summon the considerable amount of stamina necessary to produce one such cover a month for Collier's.

To obtain a reprint of this drawing send 15 cents to Collier's Zoo Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio


Dirt-Proof
Your Engine Oil
AC
OIL FILTERS

There's an AC Quality Element for nearly every make of oil filter . . . and an AC Quality Oil Filter for almost every engine.

AC Oil Filter Dealers are displaying this "boy and dog" poster.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

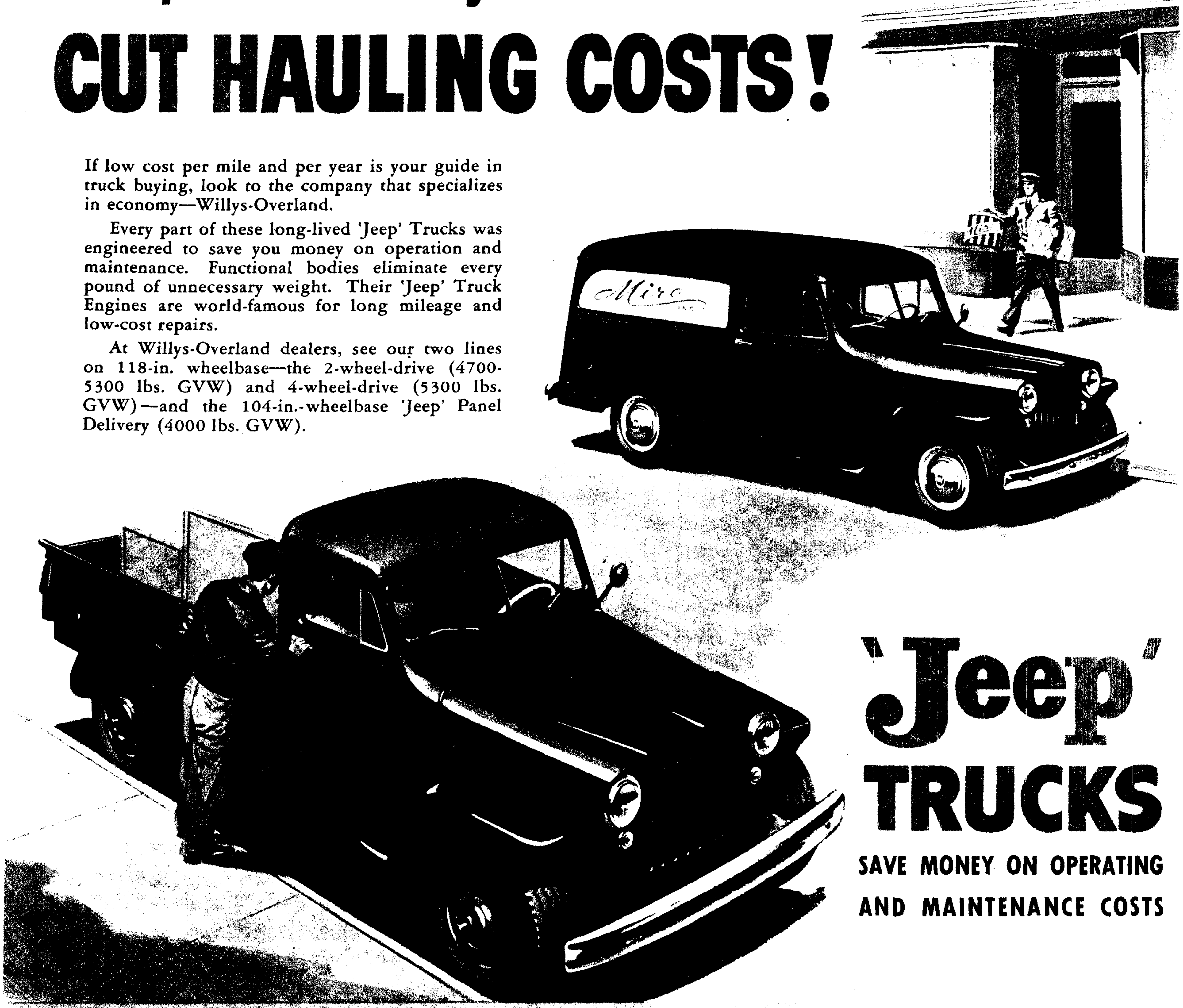
Willys-Overland Engineers Trucks to

CUT HAULING COSTS!

If low cost per mile and per year is your guide in truck buying, look to the company that specializes in economy—Willys-Overland.

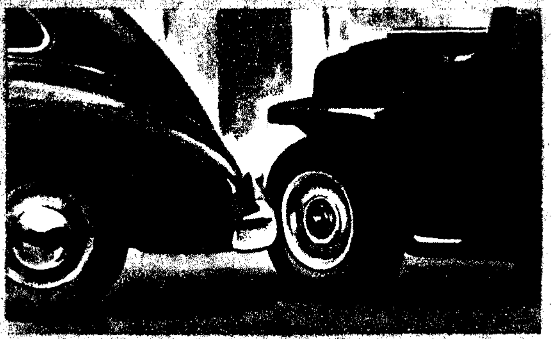
Every part of these long-lived 'Jeep' Trucks was engineered to save you money on operation and maintenance. Functional bodies eliminate every pound of unnecessary weight. Their 'Jeep' Truck Engines are world-famous for long mileage and low-cost repairs.

At Willys-Overland dealers, see our two lines on 118-in. wheelbase—the 2-wheel-drive (4700-5300 lbs. GVW) and 4-wheel-drive (5300 lbs. GVW)—and the 104-in.-wheelbase 'Jeep' Panel Delivery (4000 lbs. GVW).



'Jeep' TRUCKS

SAVE MONEY ON OPERATING AND MAINTENANCE COSTS



FUNCTIONAL FENDERS, with no deep skirt to invite dents, make sense on trucks. High clearance of fenders makes it easy to change tires or put on chains.

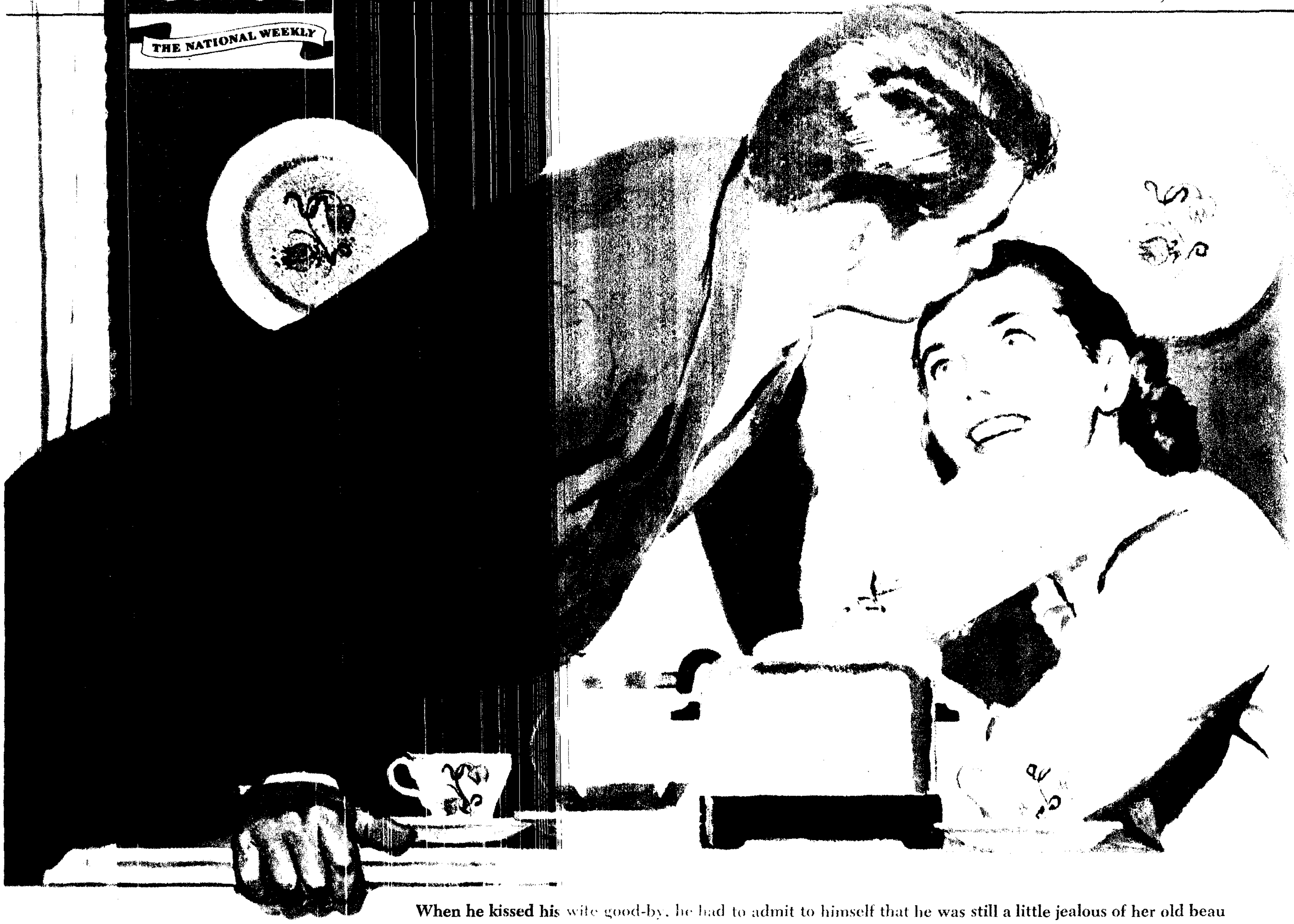
CAB FEATURES—Wide-vision windshield and windows—wind wings—arm rests—easy-posture seats—extra head-room—stand-open doors—button latches.

ON THE ROAD or in the shop, the wide-opening hood and narrow fenders of 'Jeep' Trucks give easy accessibility to every part of the power plant.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS · TOLEDO 1, OHIO · MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

APRIL 16, 1949



When he kissed his wife good-by, he had to admit to himself that he was still a little jealous of her old beau

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT

Should they attend the wedding? After all, he had once been engaged to the bride—and she to the groom

By JACK FINNEY

TANDING at the bathroom mirror, Charley Knowles tightened the knot of his knit tie, then leaned forward to make a face at himself in the mirror, a habit which both amused and worried his wife. He hunched his shoulders, his arms hanging loose and bent out at the elbows, and by raising his upper lip, protruding his teeth over his lower lip and squinting his eyes idiotically at the same time, he managed to resemble an ape.

He regarded his reflection pleasurably for a moment, then resumed his normal appearance and turned to walk soberly down the short hall to the apartment door and pick up the morning paper and mail. He was neither tall nor short, thin nor heavy; his face was amiable and pleasant, his hair brushed smooth. He was in his mid-thirties; a man on his way to breakfast and the office on a weekday morning.

The Chicago Tribune and a half-dozen envelopes lay at the front door, and he gathered them up, closed the door and walked around through the living room to the tiny room just off the kitchen, "the nook," where the table was set for breakfast. As he walked he sorted through the mail; one of the envelopes was unusually large and nearly square; it was postmarked, "Oak Park, Illinois," and stood out from the others because of its size.

His wife, Ann, appeared in the kitchen doorway holding a glass coffee maker—a slim dark-haired woman, wearing a green robe. "What came?" she said looking at the mail in his hand. "Anything interesting?"

"A notice from some law firm," Charley said in a puzzled voice. "They're trying to locate the heirs to several hundred thousand dollars. Did your father have a brother named 'Toots'?"

"What's that big envelope?"

"I don't know"—he sat down at the table and began to open the large envelope, the heavy paper crackling richly. "Wedding invitation, it looks like."

"Who from?" Ann's voice was eager and pleased, her brows lifted with interest.

"Looks like we'll never find out." He removed a second envelope from the first. "Why do they always do that; two envelopes? A perfect example of conspicuous waste."

"They always do," said Ann. "We did; remember?"

"And tissue paper." He removed a square of flimsy from the fold of black-engraved paper. "They'll never be able to afford a honeymoon."

"Who's it from?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said slowly. He looked up at Ann for a moment, smiling, then ducked his head to study the invitation, his thumb running absently over the engraving.

"Who?" she said impatiently. "Who *is* it?"

"Why, it's Grace!" He lifted his head again, his face surprised and delighted. "Grace Morrison."

"Who?"

"*You* know; Grace Morrison. The girl I was going with before we—"

"Oh, yes," Ann said, the interest removed from her voice, and she turned and disappeared into the

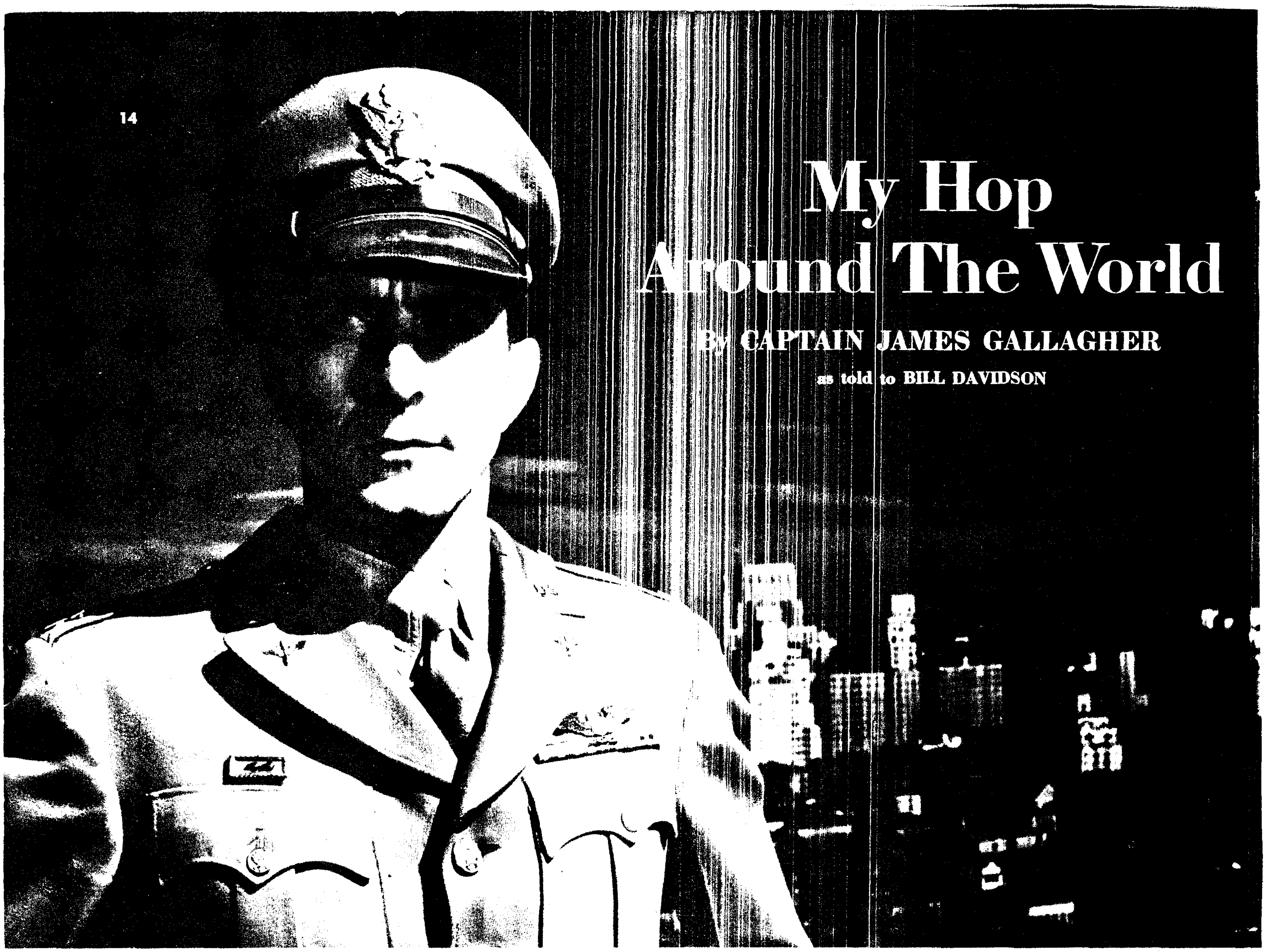
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

My Hop Around The World

By CAPTAIN JAMES GALLAGHER

as told to BILL DAVIDSON



STAN LEE, FOR COLLIER'S

You thrilled to the news of the first nonstop flight around the world. Now Collier's takes you on that epic adventure, with the exclusive story by the man who lived it. You will share Captain Gallagher's hour-to-hour anxieties and his final exuberance. It will add to your pride in American achievement

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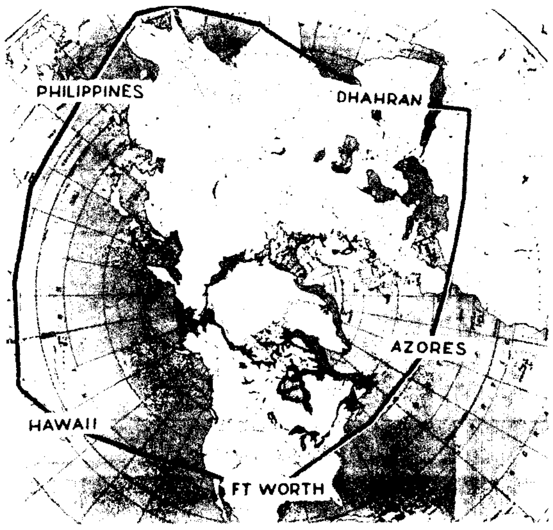

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

The Lucky Lady flew east over this route around the world, refueling in mid-air at points named

LAST Christmas I kissed my wife and baby good-by in Washington, D.C. I didn't speak to Mary again until 9:51 A.M. on March 2d, when I phoned her from Carswell Air Base in Fort Worth, Texas. I said, "Hello, darling, what are you doing?"

She said, "I'm having the baby's picture taken. What are *you* doing?"

I said, "I'm having my picture taken, too."

That was the first she knew that I had just become the first man to pilot a plane nonstop around the world—or even that I had been up to anything unusual for the preceding two months. It was a secret as well kept as the atom bomb. And even though I had flown the Hump, bombed Japan, worked the atom-bomb tests, and piloted B-29s in Germany and Alaska, these were the most rugged, most unusual two months I had ever spent in my life.

It began one quiet day last fall when I was sitting around the operations tent of my outfit, the 43d Medium Bomber Group, in Tucson, Arizona. The mail came in, and Major William Marchesi, group operations officer, opened a routine-looking communication from Washington. It was a Table of Organization ordering our group to take on a so-called Refueling Squadron of B-29s, refitted as tanker planes. "Nineteen thirty, here we come!" Marchesi said, harking back to the days when refuel-in-flight airplane endurance contests were as common as flagpole sitters.

"Not for *me*," said I. "I'm retired—on the ground—an assistant operations officer. Besides, I'm on my way to Air Tactical School. After that I want to try to get the Air Force to send me to get the college education I missed because of the war. No more fly-boy stuff for me. No, sir."

A few weeks later, I was piloting a B-50 bomber—the Lucky Lady II—practicing aerial refueling operations with the "circus" tanker planes over the Arizona desert.

It was rough. I had left Mary in Washington, promising to go back to pick her up, but now strict secrecy had been imposed and I had to write her dreamed-up excuses for not being able to come and get her and the baby. Also, I never had flown a B-50 before (it is a greatly modified version of the B-29), and my crew was a well-seasoned bunch just back from tests around the North Pole, where two planes in the outfit had crashed in Alaska killing all aboard. I had to pacify Mary, learn to handle the B-50, and earn the respect of my crew by proving I was a satisfactory pilot—all at the same time.

We started serious training just after New Year's Day. It was like being an air cadet again—only there were no leaves, and we had to keep our mouths shut about what we were doing. Every morning, seven days a week, we got ground instruction, starting at 8:00 A.M. Then we and several other B-50s in the group would take to the air to practice the refueling operation over and over again.

It was one of the most nerve-racking experiences I ever have gone through—not excluding flak in combat. The tanker plane would come up close, loaded with high-octane gasoline that could go up like so much TNT if a spark ignited it. Then we would hitch cables in mid-air, and the Lucky Lady's gunners would reel in the tanker's hose. The high octane would pour into our tanks as we kept speeding through the air. Every night, after hours of this, we would drop into bed exhausted.

Wild Rumors About Destination

Finally, all the crews had the refueling operation pretty well perfected. Still, we didn't know where we were going, or what all this was for. There were some wild rumors, the principal one being that we were to fly in circles around the United States for weeks, trying to set a new endurance record. One wag—my radar man, Lieutenant William Caffrey—conjectured that we would become one of those man-made moons flying around forever in space.

We found out on February 21st, when all of the refueling-operation planes suddenly flew to Fort Worth and we were isolated in a restricted part of the Carswell Air Base, our planes guarded by MPs. We walked into a big briefing room, and there on the wall was a curtain-covered map. Without saying a word, our commanding officer, Colonel Alvan Moore, dropped the curtain. It was a map of the world, with a heavy black line drawn all around it. I felt tensed up, as I had at the briefing for my first combat mission when we raided Yawata, the Pittsburgh of Japan, on June 15, 1944, and became the first Americans to hit the Japanese homeland since the Doolittle raid.

When they saw the map of the world, some of the fellows gasped. Then a wave of excitement swept over us. There were whistles and sighs. "Don't get too excited," Colonel Moore said; "only one plane is going—Lieutenant Forrest Jewell's."

At this, I sagged. So did everyone else. I thought of all the hours of training in the desert and of the time I could have spent with Mary and the baby. I felt no rancor against Jewell, because he already had made our longest refueling mission—nonstop from Fort Worth to Honolulu and return—and on the basis of experience, he deserved to be picked. There was one small consolation. The colonel announced that other crews would go—if Jewell didn't make it.

Jewell left Friday morning, February 25th, at 11:45 A.M. That night, dejected, my crew and I went to town for dinner. Then quietly we came back to our quarters and went to bed.

No sooner had I dozed off when the light in my room was switched on. It was Major Rowlett, the operations officer. "Jewell's down in the Azores," he said. "This crew is it."

Stunned, we tottered out onto the field in the darkness. We checked everything on the Lucky Lady for the 100th time, and we loaded on cans of food and 70 gallons of water. We were ready to

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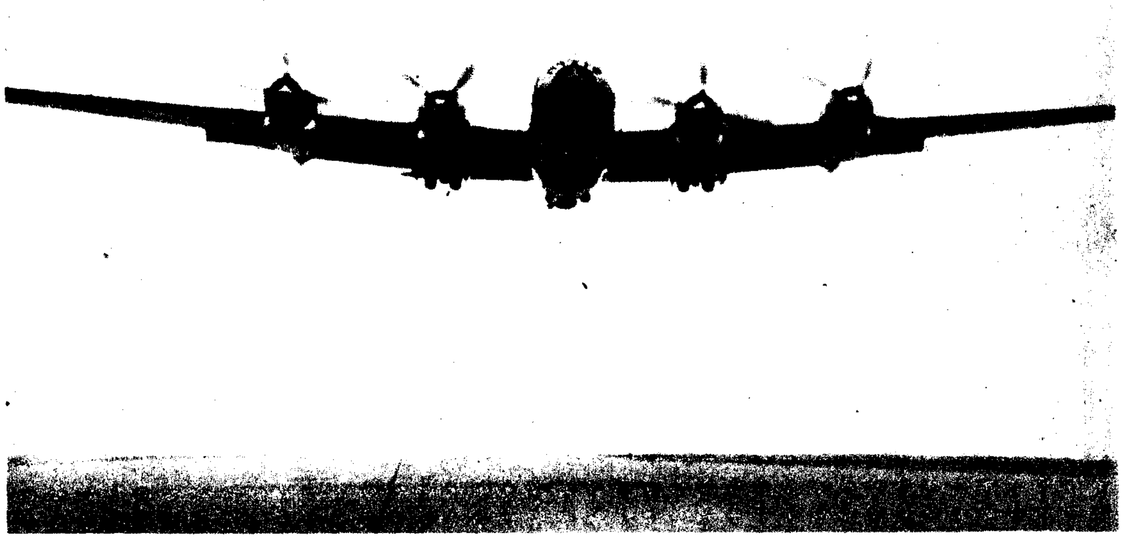
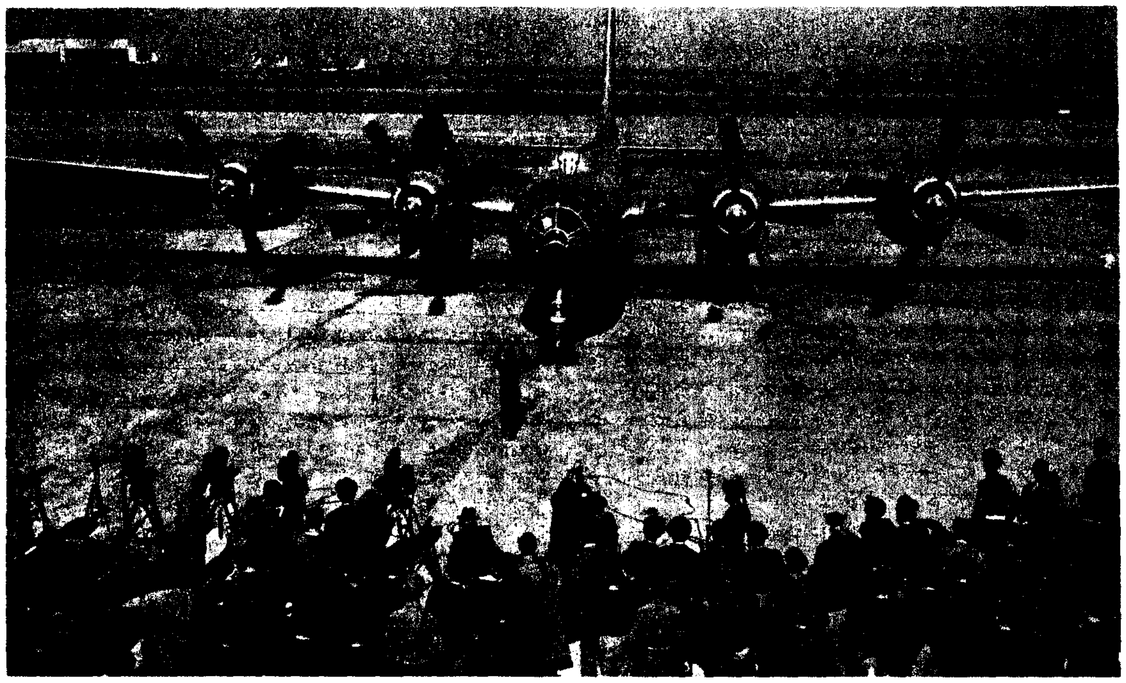

WIDE WORLD
After a tricky, gas-laden take-off from Carswell Air Base, the Lucky Lady begins her historic test


WIDE WORLD
Ninety-four hours and 23,452 miles later, she has circled the world and is set down at her starting point

WIDE WORLD
The brass was there to greet Captain Gallagher and his crew. Congratulations were offered soon after landing by Secretary of the Air Force Symington (civilian clothes), Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg (center) and Lt. Gen. Curtis LeMay (third from left). Gallagher is seen over LeMay's left shoulder

Last

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

This story was written in 1940. F. Scott Fitzgerald died in that year, and the story was never published. In its basic situation—a Hollywood producer befriending an outsider to pictures—the story seems to contain the seed that grew into the novel, The Last Tycoon, which Fitzgerald was writing when he died. The book was published after his death, and even in its unfinished state has been widely regarded as one of the great American novels.

Kiss

Successful young movie producer Jim Leonard tried hard to make the beautiful English girl a star. But Pamela Knighton was too prejudiced against Americans to listen to him. In our swift efficient modern world she was defenseless and alone—and Jim was powerless to help her

[illegible]

Collier's

STAR STORY

THE sound of revelry fell sweet upon James Leonard's ear. He alighted, a little awed by his new limousine, and walked down the red carpet through the crowd. Faces strained forward, weird in the split glare of the drum lights—but after a moment they lost interest in him. Once Jim had been annoyed by his anonymity in Hollywood. Now he was pleased with it.

Elsie Donohue, a tall, lovely, gangling girl, had a seat reserved for him at her table. "If I had no chance before," she said, "what chance have I got now that you're so important?" She was half teasing—but only half.

"You're a stubborn man," she said. "When we first met, you put me in the undesirable class. Why?" She tossed her shoulders despairingly as Jim's eyes lingered on a little Chinese beauty at the next table. "You're looking at Ching Loo Poo-poo, Ching Loo Poo-poo! And for five long years I've come out to this ghastly town—"

"They couldn't keep you away," Jim objected. "It's on your swing around—the Stork Club, Palm Beach and Dave Chasen's."

Tonight something in him wanted to be quiet. Jim was thirty-five and suddenly on the winning side of all this. He was one of those who said how pictures should go, what they should say. It was a fine pure feeling to be on top.

One was very sure that everything was for the best, that the lights shone upon fair ladies and brave men, that pianos dripped the right notes and that the young lips singing them spoke for happy hearts.

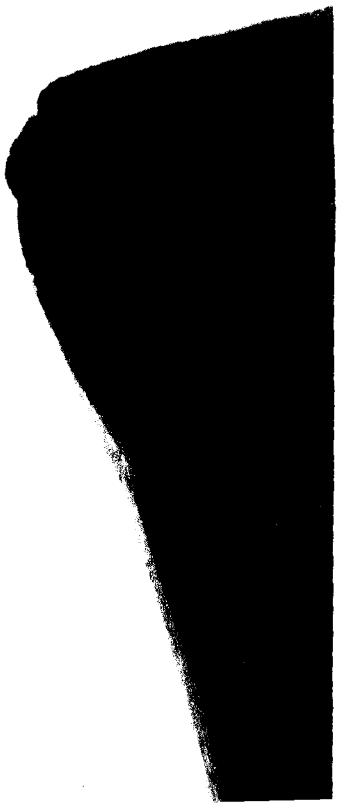
They absolutely must be happy, these beautiful faces. And then in a twilight rumba, a face passed Jim's table that was not quite happy. It had gone before Jim formulated this opinion, yet it remained fixed on his memory for some seconds. It was the head of a girl almost as tall as he was, with opaque brown eyes and cheeks as porcelain as those of the little Chinese.

"At least you're back with the white race," said Elsie, following his eyes.

Jim wanted to answer sharply: *You've had your day—three husbands. How about me? Thirty-five and still trying to match every woman with a childhood love who died, still finding fatally in every girl the similarities and not the differences.*

The next time the lights were dim he wandered through the tables to the entrance hall. Here and there friends hailed him—more than the usual number of course, because his rise had been in the Reporter that morning, but Jim had made other steps up and he was used to that. It was a charity ball, and by the stairs was the man who imitated wallpaper about to go in and do a number, and Bob Bordley with a sandwich board on his back: At Ten Tonight In the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

101 Answers to Cancer

Don

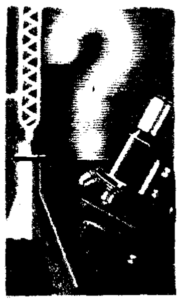
THE most terrible, the most inexorable killer in our modern civilization is cancer, and your first line of defense in the war against it is early diagnosis of any malignant condition in your body. Although scientists and researchers are working night and day in laboratories all over the country to find causes and treatments of cancer, science and medicine must still depend upon the alertness of the individual, for success in their all-out effort to curb the growing cancer death rate.

This article is made up of 101 questions and answers. The questions have been collected by the Public Education Department of the American Cancer Society from family doctors, from discussions that follow lectures on cancer and showings of cancer-control films, and from queries made at American Cancer Society information centers and health exhibits. The answers have been supplied by the nation's leading cancer specialists.

The first purpose of printing these questions and answers is to emphasize the need for constant vigilance; the second, to help dispel the needless fear that often besets people who for one reason or another suspect that they have been or may be subject to cancer —fear that may be strong enough to keep them from seeing a doctor while there is still a chance for complete recovery.

Your peace of mind, and your continued health, may lie in your familiarity with the facts contained in the answers to these 101 questions.

This important medical article is one which individuals and organizations may wish to secure in reprint form. For this reason, Collier's is making black-and-white quantity reprints available at our cost of $3 per 100. Check must accompany order. Address orders to: Collier's, Box 101A, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



What It Is

1. What is cancer?

Cancer is a disorderly growth of cells of the body's tissues. It is not governed by the laws which control the growth of normal cells. If it is not destroyed or removed, it never ceases to grow and eventually causes death.

2. What is the difference between normal and cancerous growth?

Normal growth begins when the fertilized egg or ovum divides into two cells, and it continues, under the control of natural body forces, until maturity is reached. Thereafter growth takes place only to replace injured or worn-out tissue.

Cancer arises when a cell or group of cells begins to grow in a wild, disorderly manner. The cells of this disorderly growth do not respond to the controls which keep normal cells in check. They force their way among the normal cells in the vicinity, and later spread to other parts of the body. This uncontrolled cell growth is cancer.

3. Is cancer contagious or infectious?

As cancer is not due to a germ, it is neither contagious nor infectious. There is no record in medical literature of physicians or nurses having got cancer from their patients despite the most intimate contact with them. A person can no more "catch" cancer from another than he can "catch" the color of his eyes.

4. Is cancer a blood disease?

No. The only part blood plays in cancer is that of a mechanical carrier of the cancer cells from one part to another of the patient's body. However, cancer may develop in certain tissues which form the cells of the blood.

5. How does cancer spread through the body?

In three ways. (1) Cancer cells grow through the walls of blood vessels and are carried by the blood stream to distant parts of the body. (2) They enter the lymphatic stream in a similar manner and are carried to near-by lymph glands. (3) The cancer cells grow directly from one tissue into another.

6. How fast does cancer grow?

There is no definite rate of growth of cancer tissue. Some types will grow more in a few weeks than other types will in several years.

7. Is cancer a single disease?

No. The term "cancer" includes all forms of malignant growth. Very many varieties are known. These have certain characteristics in common, such as uncontrolled growth, tendency to spread widely in the body and fatal termination if not treated early and adequately. They differ in certain characteristics, such as location in the body, microscopic appearance and response to treatment. Their histories of development may be quite dissimilar and it is probable that the conditions which may precede them also differ greatly.

8. Are all tumors cancerous?

No. Tumors are of two kinds—benign (usually harmless) and malignant or cancer.

9. What is the difference between a benign and a malignant growth?

Benign growths usually have a limiting membrane and push aside the cells of the tissue in which they are found. They never spread to other parts of the body. *Malignant* cells grow between normal cells, infiltrating the tissues by means of rootlike extensions. Unless adequately treated, cancer cells "colonize" (metastasize) to other parts of the body.

10. How can we tell if a growth is cancer?

By pathological examination of a small portion of the suspected tissue under the microscope. In advanced cases, physical examination alone of the patient may give the diagnosis. However, when this is possible the growth is often too far advanced to offer much hope of a cure.

11. What is the difference between sarcoma and carcinoma?

The difference is chiefly one of appearance under the microscope and the locations where they grow. Sarcomas are found in connective tissue, carcinomas in epithelial or lining tissue. Both are

DRAWINGS BY STEELE SAVAGE

this article!

You will not be caused needless anxiety or fear by this article; it has a positive message and approach. It consists of answers by the best medical authorities to the questions most frequently asked about cancer; and reading them may someday save your life

cancer. Sarcoma is seen more often in younger age groups.

12. Are cancer and leprosy related?

No. Leprosy is a chronic, infectious, contagious disease caused by a germ. While cancer is a chronic disease, it is neither infectious nor contagious and its cause is obscure.

13. Can lower animals develop cancer?

Yes. Cancer may be found in all forms of life, both plant and animal.

What Causes It

14. What causes cancer?

The essential cause is unknown. Many factors are involved, but the most common is some form of chronic or prolonged irritation. This irritation may be of several kinds, as chemical, thermal (heat), or mechanical, as friction.

15. Is cancer caused by a germ?

There is no definite scientific evidence that cancer in humans is caused by a germ.

16. Does cancer come from a single bruise?

A type of bone cancer may rarely result from a single severe injury. It is believed that a single injury to soft tissue, such as the breast, will not cause cancer to develop.

17. What is the relation of food to cancer?

In certain individuals, vitamin B deficiency may result in changes in certain tissues, particularly of the mouth and lips, which may ultimately become cancerous. In general, however, so far as is known, no food or combination of foods has any influence on the cause or cure of cancer.

18. Will irregularity in eating cause cancer of the stomach?

There is no scientific evidence that it will, since cancer of the stomach occurs in people who eat regularly the most healthful foods.

19. Does eating hot foods cause cancer?

There is little evidence that the temperature of food is an important factor in the development of cancer.

20. Does the use of alcohol bear any relation to cancer of the stomach?

Not so far as is known. Alcohol may have an unfavorable effect on stomach tissues of some persons, but no more so than other substances taken into the stomach with food or drink.

21. Is cancer hereditary in human beings?

There are probably inherited tendencies to form cancer of different types. Since, however, the method of inheriting such tendencies is obscure and undoubtedly complex, the presence of cancer in one or both parents should be merely a cause of greater alertness, on the part of the individual, in looking for and recognizing suspicious conditions. There is no need of fear or of a fatalistic attitude. The facts do not justify them.

22. Can cancer be transmitted by kissing or casual contact between persons or between persons and animals?

No. There is no authentic record of cancer having been transmitted by kissing or by any contact, accidental or otherwise, either between persons or between persons and animals.

23. Do corns ever become cancerous?

Cancer may occur in any tissue of the body, but since a corn consists entirely of nonvital cells it could not in itself develop cancer.

24. Do freckles ever turn into cancer?

Simple freckles do not. However, flat moles containing certain pigment of a bluish-black color and looking like dark freckles, may become cancers and should be checked periodically.

25. Do hemorrhoids turn into cancer?

No. Hemorrhoids are enlarged veins in the rectal wall. Cancer is occasionally found in the tissue above the hemorrhoids, so "bleeding piles" should be examined carefully to determine whether cancer is present.

26. Can one's mental condition influence the course of cancer?

Not so far as is known. One's mental condition has no effect on the course of the disease since this malignant change is apparently due to physical rather than mental processes.

Defense Measures

27. How can one guard against cancer?

By preventing, so far as possible, prolonged irritation to any part of the body. Specifically, protection from overexposure to the sun and wind, prompt repair of all birth injuries to the womb, permitting the breasts to function normally, repair of jagged teeth, avoidance of ill-fitting dental plates, self-control in using tobacco, correction of chronic constipation—in short, elimination of unnecessary abuse of any tissue is a common-sense method of helping to guard against cancer.

28. What is meant by a "precancerous lesion"?

Any abnormal condition that, if permitted to continue, may develop into cancer.

29. What are some of the more important precancerous lesions?

White spot disease on mucous membranes, especially of the mouth; dry, scaly, itching patches on the skin, particularly the face; sores caused by jagged teeth and ill-fitting dental plates; dark-colored moles subject to irritation; unrepaired injuries due to childbirth. These should all be investigated by a physician.

30. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the mouth?

Keep the mouth clean and get prompt medical attention for the oral lesions mentioned above.

31. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the skin?

Dark-colored moles and warts, if subject to irritation, should be removed. Itching, scaly patches on the skin should be treated before they become open sores. Fair-skinned people, especially, should avoid continuous overexposure to direct sun rays. Recurrent fever blisters on the lip should be carefully examined.

32. Should all moles be removed?

No. A flat colorless mole is probably as harmless as a freckle. Bluish-black hairless moles, especially when subject to irritation, should be removed. Any mole or wart showing change in size or color should be promptly and completely removed and the removed tissue examined by a pathologist to determine if cancer is present.

33. Can immunity to cancer be acquired as with diphtheria or typhoid fever?

Production of immunity is possible only in diseases caused by germs. As cancer is not in this class, immunity cannot be developed against it.

34. Why do many people wait before consulting a physician when cancer may be present or suspected?

Primarily because of fear or ignorance of the signs of cancer and of the vital importance of securing treatment early. Some people also think it a social disgrace to have cancer and so hide the fact from their physicians and often from friends and relatives. This is not a justifiable attitude.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

Baseball's Winners of 1949

By BILL FAY

Who'll take the pennants? What players may spell success or failure for teams in the major league contests? You'll get the answers here in Bill Fay's predictions on the coming season

A GOOD many people (including the 1,194,989 inhabitants of Greater Cleveland, Ohio) seem to think the Indians will have no trouble whatsoever repeating as American League pennant winners this season.

Bellicose Bill Veeck, the Indians' owner, anticipates finishing first by at least 10 games. Manager Lou Boudreau predicts the Indians will dominate the American League for the *next five years*. Even Connie Mack, the Philadelphia patriarch, sighs, "How can you beat a club like Cleveland?"

All this expert opinion, spring optimism and civic pride notwithstanding, somebody ought to tell Bill Veeck, Lou Boudreau, Connie Mack and those 1,194,989 people around Cleveland. So here goes.

The Indians aren't going to win another pennant this season. Sorry. Neither, for that matter, are the Boston Braves, who finished first in the National League last autumn (and then lost to your wonderful Indians in the World Series).

According to this department's crystal ball, the 1949 pennant races will finish like this:

AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Boston	Brooklyn
Cleveland	Boston
New York	Pittsburgh
Philadelphia	New York
Detroit	St. Louis
St. Louis	Chicago
Chicago	Philadelphia
Washington	Cincinnati

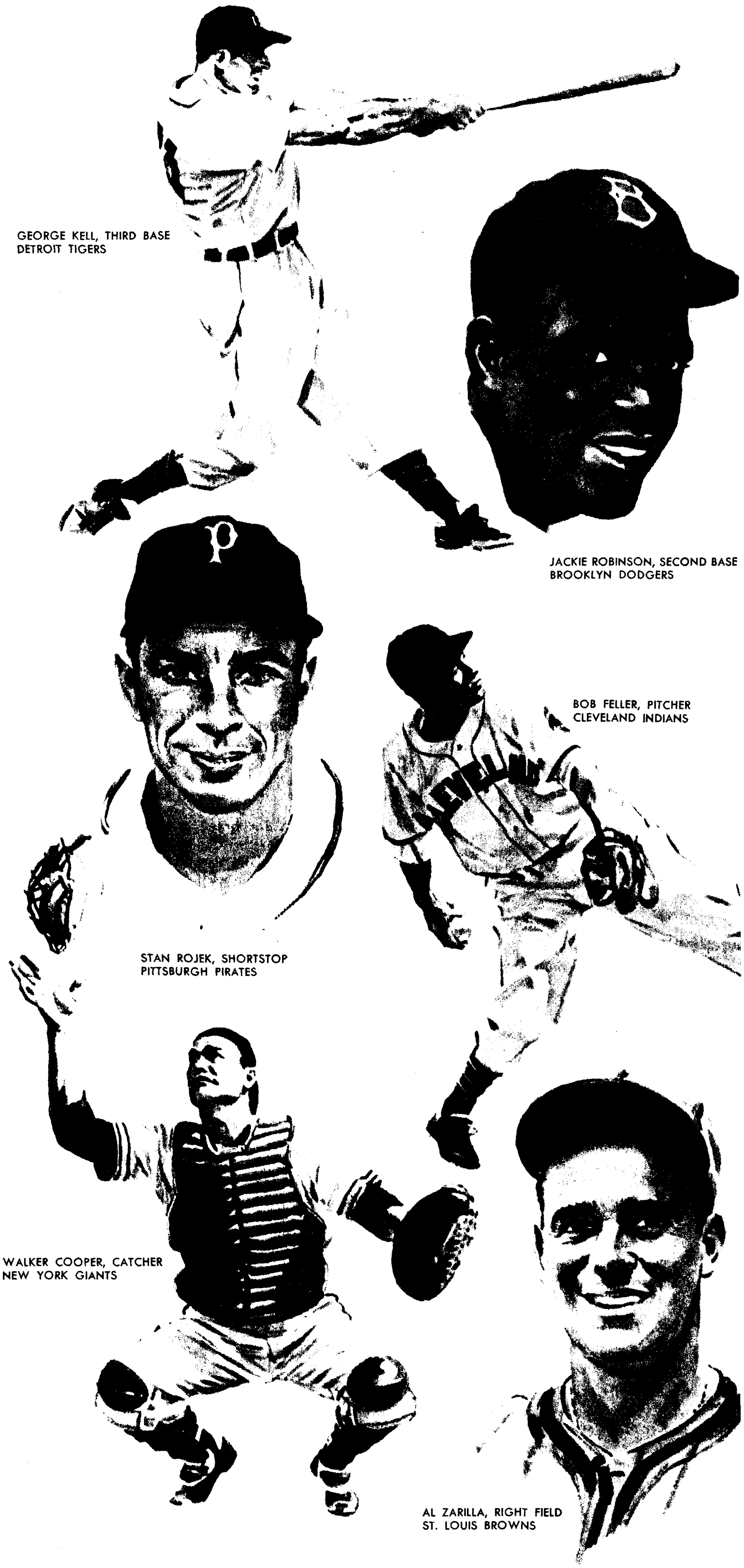
This time last spring, Cleveland fans were hoping their Indians could outscramble the Tigers for third place, while the Red Sox and Yankees fought for the pennant. There was no reason to suspect, then, that the Indian regulars—individually and simultaneously—would have their greatest years in the majors. But that's what happened to Boudreau, Joe Gordon, Ken Keltner, Dale Mitchell, Jim Hegan and Bob Lemon. Even Bob Feller won 19 games in his "bad" year.

Then two rookies, Gene Bearden and Larry Doby, came through with tremendous freshman performances. Of course, that's how pennants are won—by putting together the best years of keymen. Conversely, that's how pennants are lost—by putting up with the bad years of keymen.

Baseball is a game of percentages. Batters and fielders seldom perform very far *above* or *below* their lifetime averages. With this baseball axiom in mind, consider Lou Boudreau, the Indians' key player. Lou batted .355 last season. His best

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



GEORGE KELL, THIRD BASE
DETROIT TIGERS

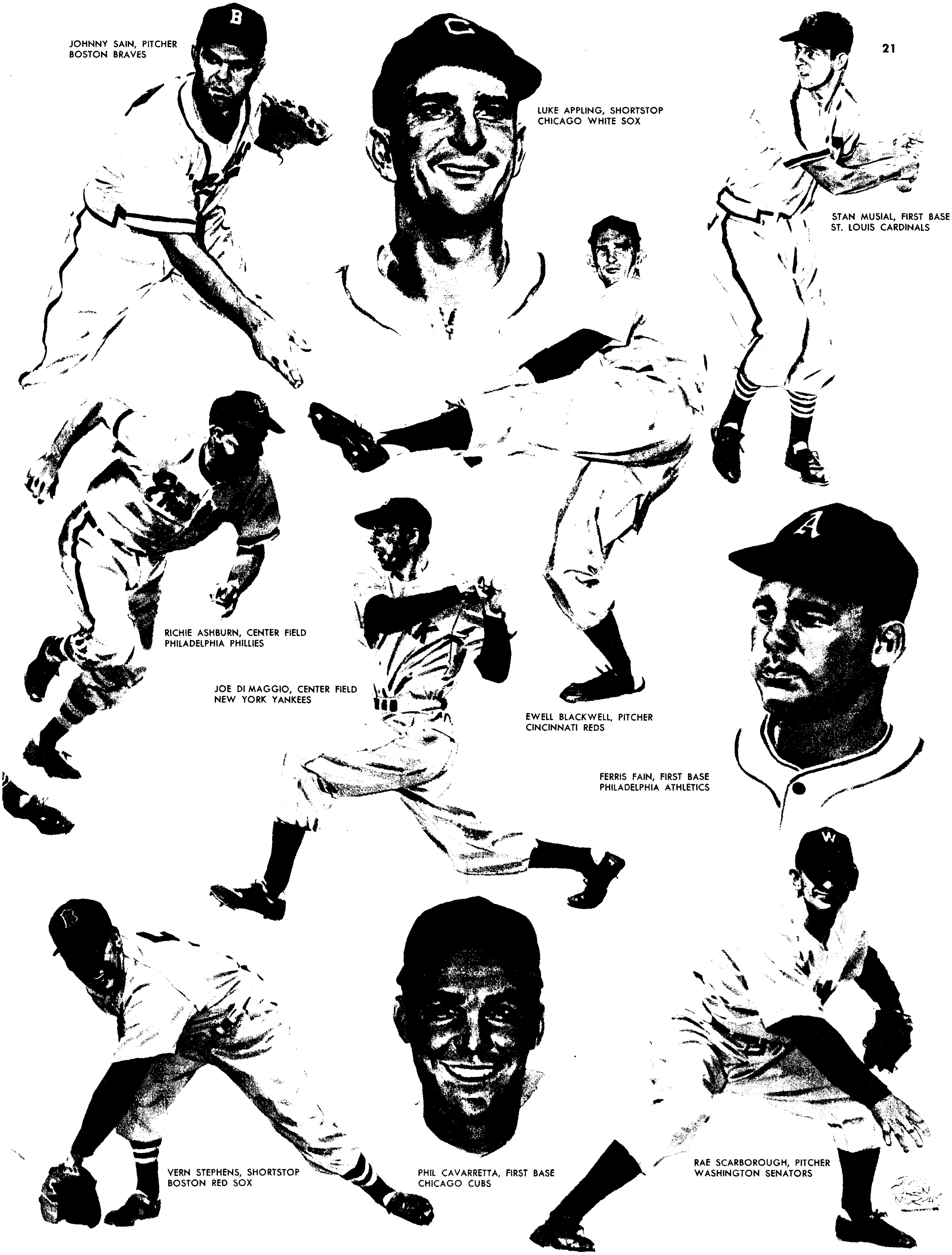
JACKIE ROBINSON, SECOND BASE
BROOKLYN DODGERS

BOB FELLER, PITCHER
CLEVELAND INDIANS

STAN ROJEK, SHORTSTOP
PITTSBURGH PIRATES

WALKER COOPER, CATCHER
NEW YORK GIANTS

AL ZARILLA, RIGHT FIELD
ST. LOUIS BROWNS



JOHNNY SAIN, PITCHER
BOSTON BRAVES

LUKE APPLING, SHORTSTOP
CHICAGO WHITE SOX

STAN MUSIAL, FIRST BASE
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

RICHIE ASHBURN, CENTER FIELD
PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

JOE DI MAGGIO, CENTER FIELD
NEW YORK YANKEES

EWELL BLACKWELL, PITCHER
CINCINNATI REDS

FERRIS FAIN, FIRST BASE
PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS

VERN STEPHENS, SHORTSTOP
BOSTON RED SOX

PHIL CAVARRETTA, FIRST BASE
CHICAGO CUBS

RAE SCARBOROUGH, PITCHER
WASHINGTON SENATORS

Lurking behind a kind and affable-looking Richard Widmark of Down to the Sea in Ships is his old villainous self, ready for a comeback in case the experiment in sweetness and light is a flop

Young Man With A Sneer

Nature gave Richard Widmark the fiendish giggle of a ring-tailed baboon. Capitalizing on this, 20th Century-Fox put him to work pushing old ladies in wheel chairs down flights of stairs in homicidal glee

By KYLE CRICHTON

HAT do you do with a man who looks like an undernourished knife grinder and has the idiotic laugh of a ring-tailed baboon? If he's Richard Widmark you build him up as a psychopathic monster and then spend the rest of the years trying to de-Frankenstein him. This is known as the law of diminishing horrors and is being followed to the letter at 20th Century-Fox, where they are trying desperately to dredge Widmark up from the catacombs.

This is prompted both from self-interest and patriotic zeal. M. Zanuck of the afore-mentioned studio had a feeling that M. Widmark could be turned into a romantic blaze and there was the further possibility that the police would soon start clucking at M. Widmark's evil influence. He had obviously ruined an entire generation with his murderous giggle and had lent such a tone of joy to homicide that it showed signs of becoming a national pastime.

"Don't tell me the guy has a wife and child," said Victor Mature grimly, when they were making Kiss of Death. "No girl is that brave."

If your attendance at the flickers has been commendably steady you will have noted the sensation aroused by Widmark when he started pushing old ladies in wheel chairs down flights of stairs. This brought him such admiration from stalwart male organizations that ten fraternities formed Tommy Udo clubs (the role he played in Kiss of Death) with the intent of putting women in their place.

Any serious analysis of Widmark's influence would inevitably arrive at a fearful conclusion, to wit: America is made up of fratricidal groups that prefer their mayhem with laughter. Strangest of all, purity organizations that looked with horror on a girl's slipping shoulder strap seemed to have no objection whatever to Widmark.

The studio was well aware of the situation and quite prepared to protect the populace, but after consultation with various theater managers, who were hearing for the first time in months the pleasant tinkling of coins on box-office windows, it was agreed that Widmark should be allowed one more chance. He was given an appealing role in Street with No Name, which permitted him to cavort as a combination of Two Gun Crowley, Jack the Ripper and the Java Ape Man. It was this experience that convinced Widmark himself that reform was the honest thing.

Widmark was playing the part of a gang leader who specialized in robbery and incidental murders. They decided to film it at Main Street Gymnasium on Skid Row in downtown Los Angeles, a hangout for pugs and soft-spoken gentry who talked without moving their lips. Mrs. Widmark went down one night to pick her husband up and found that in this tough neighborhood her little boy was considered Tommy Udo and not just another actor.

"As we stopped at a corner another couple came toward us across the street," she reports. "Just as they were about to step up on the curb, the man pulled out a knife and drove it into the woman's side. As we stood there, too paralyzed to move, a hard-faced youth sidled swiftly up to Dick and said, 'Scram, kid; this ain't your show.' "

The informant, Widmark explained patiently to his wife, was not really his dearest friend but merely a young man who had appointed himself the Widmark bodyguard and guide. The relationship had started when Widmark was doing preliminary work on Skid Row for authentic background color. The friendship had ripened in an atmosphere of mutual admiration, with his associate introducing Widmark to the assembled collection of thugs as "a right guy." The only effect this had on Mrs. Widmark was to terrorize her.

"You go right up and speak to Mr. Zanuck," she demanded tearfully.

Widmark might be the demon of the screen but he had no intention of bearding Zanuck in his den and to this day has never broached the matter to him. He accepted with grace when they put him in Road House and Yellow Sky, both hard-boiled enterprises but rather on the honorable side after his previous deviations from the normal. There was an evident intention on the part of the studio to work him out of deviltry and he has finally been rewarded by a reprieve in Down to the Sea in Ships.

If this masterpiece should happen to be received with restraint by the public, there will be a cabinet session at 20th Century-Fox and the matter will be discussed. It will result either in another attempt to calcimine Widmark, his exile to New York or a return to murder with maniacal overtones. He will personally have little to do with it.

Too Light for Football Glory

If Hollywood were not generally filled with contradictions, one might express surprise at the difference between Widmark's personal and professional life. When acting finally struck him as being an interesting device to avoid work, he was teaching in the dramatic department at Lake Forest College in Illinois. He had spent four years at the same college, played on the football team, and still cherishes a clipping from the Chicago Tribune describing him as the lightest man in college football. His wife insists that her memory of his football experience consists of seeing his skinny back as he sat on the bench.

"He was just trying to take the curse off himself," she says. "He was president of the Iron Key, captain of the debating team and president of the senior class. That was his way of keeping the tough boys from thinking he was a frill."

What soured him on teaching was the job. He had come from the same college, was known to all students in his classes and looked as young as half of them. His lectures were received with mysterious noises that represented lack of respect.

After two years of ramming culture down the throats of characters who much preferred pubs, he gave up and started for New York and an acting career. His faculty associates assured him he would starve to death and he almost made their bets good. When there was finally nothing between his last pair of pants and nudity but a thin shiny surface, he got a radio audition through the help of a former classmate and nearly shook Radio City to the ground in his anxiety to make good.

"I grabbed the mike in both hands," he says, "and mugged and howled and laughed. That screwy laugh really got 'em. They didn't know it was only nervous desperation and considered me the greatest actor since McCullough, the madman. The station manager thought I had a couple of buttons short and kept a hand on the door just in case, but they finally gave me a spot on a mystery show."

He became a bloodcurdler on half a dozen shows and chased up and down stairs from morn to midnight in a succession of roles that made him a great deal of money, scared housewives into fits of nonsweeping and got him a reputation with nobody but his own family.

Only a Slight Ripple on Broadway

There were various interludes in which he allowed Broadway to sample him. However, with the exception of Kiss and Tell, in which he played for a year, the good burghers of Manhattan had small chance to know him. He had a part in Trio, Dorothy Baker's epic, which closed just before the gendarmery got to it. He was in Get Away, Old Man, Saroyan's savage satire on Hollywood; Kiss Them for Me, an adaptation of Frederic Wakeman's book, Shore Leave, and Dunnigan's Daughter, S. N. Behrman's mistake for the Theatre Guild.

Widmark had no movie ambitions and had even turned down an offer because he didn't feel it would do him any good. He was working steadily in such radio stand-bys as Inner Sanctum, Grand Central Station and The Shadow and was only mildly interested when Frances Robinson, a New York agent, suggested that he do a test for Henry Hathaway, who was in New York hunting for somebody to play Tommy Udo in Kiss of Death. Hathaway wanted a new type and for a time had settled on a gentleman who played the piano in a gin mill and was himself a dope fiend.

"He was great," sighs Hathaway in retrospect. "He twitched, grimaced and 'floated' in the most charming way. Had only one drawback: couldn't remember a single line."

When Widmark was haled into his presence, Hathaway took one look and let his eyes wander away. "Uh-uh," he said to himself. "This could be a soda jerk, or a shipping clerk, or a guy studying for the ministry, but he ain't Tommy Udo." He grumpily handed Widmark the script and mechanically turned off his mind so he wouldn't have to listen. Hazily following the mumble of words in a half-comatose state, Hathaway suddenly became alive with a bang.

"Wa-aa-a-it a minute!" he cried, sitting up. "That silly giggle—where'd you get it?"

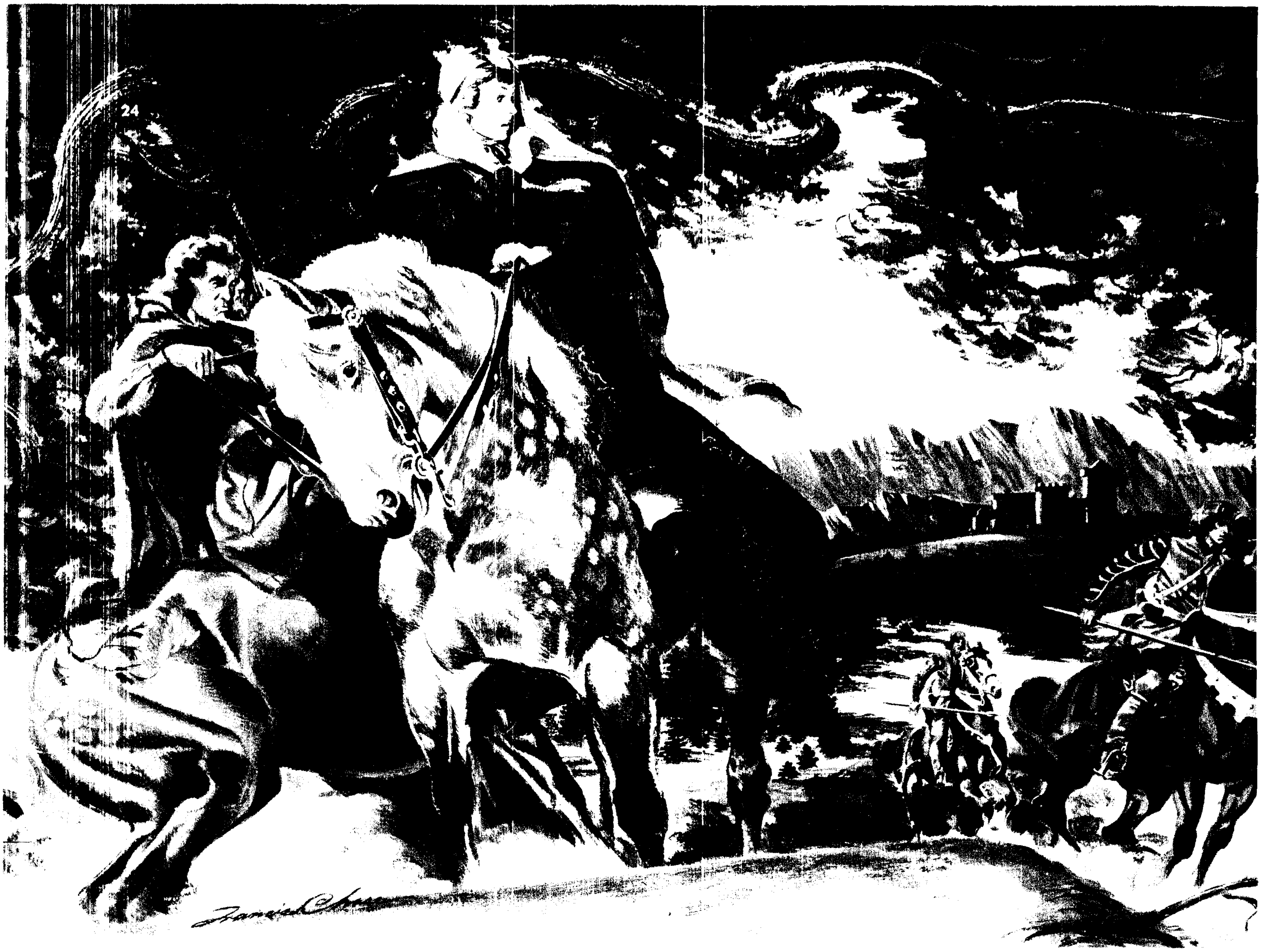
"I didn't get it. That's the way I laugh."

"Like anything it is," said Hathaway. "You laugh like that and some guy in a blue coat's handling your case."

Naturally Widmark got the part, proving that Hollywood success comes only from long, serious

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN



The Stolen Countess

By HAROLD LAMB

THAT fair May morning the man hunt started. It started when they told Eugenia about the thieves. She was breakfasting in bed, putting off her day's duty as the young Countess of Karth as long as she could. Eugenia did not like to sit over an embroidery frame or inspect a wine press or watch a cow dropping a calf until it was necessary to do so. So she made Elfrida and Old Fred—he was too old to be head of the foresters, but she kept him on—tell her all the doings of this thief.

Over at Durenstein castle, explained Old Fred, three horses had been taken, and one of them was a great dappled war horse. From the hunting lodge of Königstor, next door to their land, a bag of silver coins had been snatched, and along with it a fine silver-mounted hunting horn.

And only last night, from the courtyard of Karth castle itself, right under their feet, a side of salted venison had been carried off, and along with it a jug of the best Sava wine.

"Horses for the thief to ride away on." Eugenia smiled, interested. "Meat to stay his hunger and silver to pay his way. So he took those things. But why take a charger trained to battle, or a horn to sound a hunting call, or vintage wine to guzzle?" When the servants did not answer, she said, "Because this thiever has a taste for noble things."

"Noblemen," objected Old Fred who had grown up before the world wars, "do not steal."

"Don't they?"

Eugenia thought of her first cousin, Leopold the First, Duke of Austria, who had slunk back so early from the last Crusade that he found the bishop still preaching the duty of all Christians to free Jerusalem from the pagan Saracens. She thought of her second cousin and nearest neighbor, young Otto of Königstor, who had not gone to the war but hunted deer in her forest.

Duke Leopold was increasing his power, to make himself a king. He wanted Eugenia to marry Cousin Otto so that their small family of Babenbergs might have a son in it, but Eugenia had not said that she would.

"Whatever the thief is," sniffed Elfrida, "he has changed his shape thrice."

At Durenstein the thief had looked like a thickset wagon driver, leading off the horses. Yet poor Otto's foresters swore that he was a thin minstrel, full of funny jokes.

"Ay," amended Elfrida, "yesternight he took the shape of a *tall* pilgrim with staff and pouch. He looked in upon you, my lady, at dinner—"

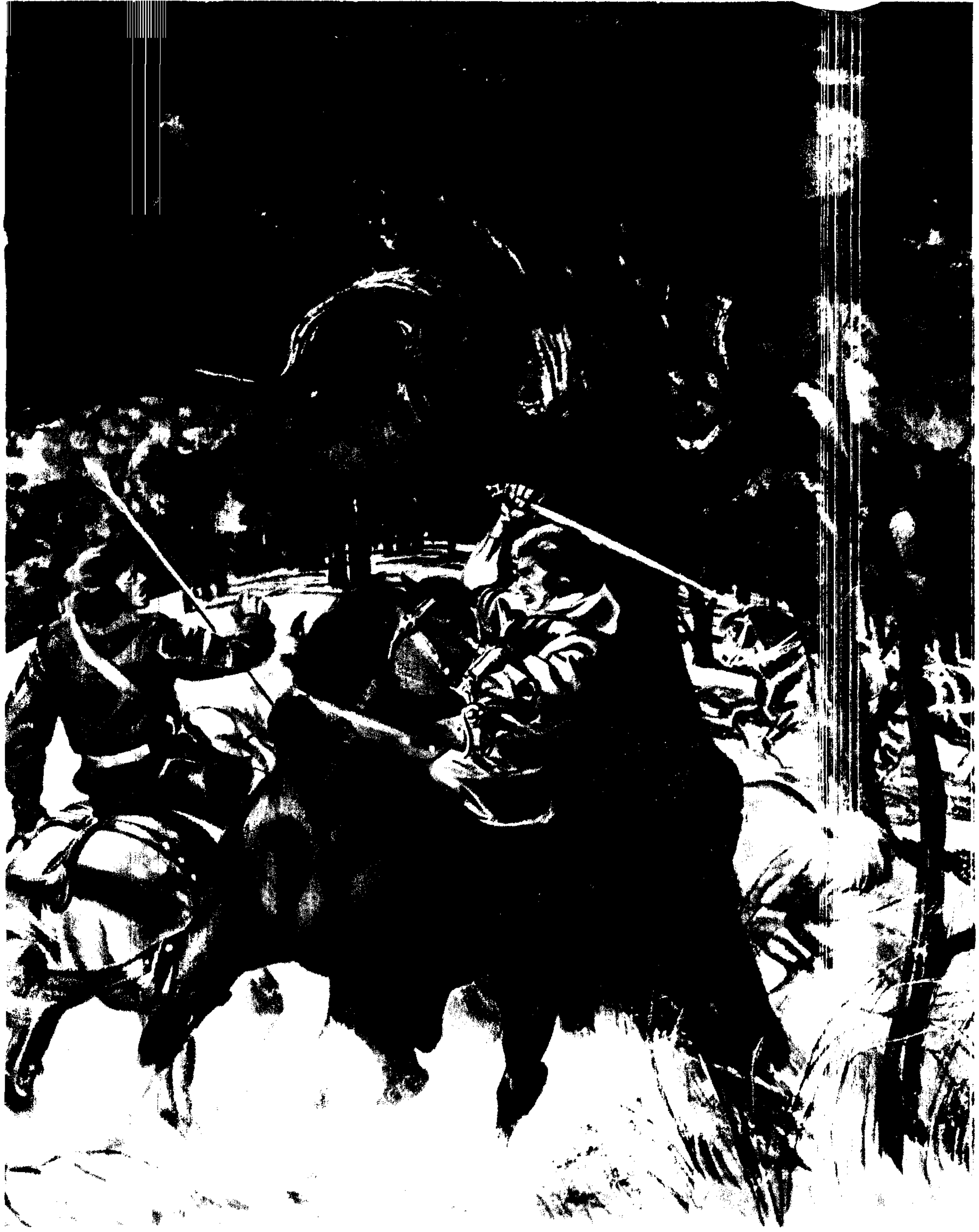
"At me?"

"Ay, and he asked gently for a taste of meat and sip of wine. Then, when our backs were turned, he carried off enough to stuff ten churls."

This thief seemed to Eugenia to be no man of the countryside; still, thrice he had walked boldly in and out, as if he had a right to do that. "*He* may be three men, Elfrida," she pointed out.

And what, she wondered, would he be doing this morning? Surely not riding the great dappled charger, wearing the horn, along the highway to Venice where he would be seen and marked.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE



The huntsmen rushed Mark. He did not surrender himself. Instead, backing his horse against a tree, he slashed at the face of the first rider

In the mountains of Karth a thief was being hunted. Eugenia Babenberg's beauty had always been a shield in that savage land. But when she rode out to see if she could find the thief, she was captured—not by one man, but by three

"He will be after hiding out," announced Old Fred, "until the hue and cry dies down."

"Where?"

The veteran forester knew the mountainlands of Karth better than any written book. "High along the ridges," he decided, "above the paths, where the forest is thickest, where a stream runs by an open glade—for he will be needing water and grass for the beasts."

EUGENIA sent for her mare to be saddled. Then alone and unarmed she rode out upon her man hunt. Fast she rode from the courtyard.

"Jasomirgott," breathed Elfrida after her mistress. "So help me God." It was the family oath of the wayward Babenbergs. "The poor lamb, alone and twenty-and-one years old—six years past the marrying age, and still unwed."

The girl's beauty was a shield to her in these savage mountains. Her small head, you might say, had its helm of bright bronze hair; her slight, straight body, its armor of fashionable gown and flowing mantle and silken scarf. For the sight of her was known to the forestfolk, and what man would dare harm the lovely cousin of the Duke of Austria?

"She rides fast to her rendezvous," said the charcoal burners at the timber's edge, where lindens spread over a rushing stream. For, though the man she had loved was dead, it was thought she rode thus, and often, to meet his spirit in the forests.

Eugenia had no fear of hunted beast or landless men. She had waved that scarf of hers, gaily, to Walt when he had ridden off to the war, four years before.

Walt—so she named Waldemar—had been stubborn. Yes, he had stayed beyond the sea with that stubborn Richard, called the Lionheart, to fight their last battles, for glory in defeat. "For God and for King Richard of England," she whispered fiercely, hating the war, and Richard. Walt had died in the last days, without seeing Jerusalem. Since then her mocking gray eyes could look through a man who tried to touch her body.

She heard a horn's note sounded, recognized it as her cousin Otto's, and knew by token of it that her young neighbor would be riding after deer—here, on her land—and not searching for the thieves at all. Otto was like that.

So she reined the mare to a walk, to let the huntsmen pass by ahead of her. She wanted no one near her when she reached the rendezvous where no other came to meet her now. There in a glade by the forest stream she had lain in Walt's arms that last evening, unable to believe that she would not feel the touch of his hand again, perhaps for years.

Since then, other men of mark had stayed the night at Karth. Sometimes she had felt the mad surge of her blood, when her eyes searched their faces for the semblance of a remembered glance, or even of the turn of a dark head toward her—and the distant echo of a voice that chimed with hers. At such times she had recognized only a certain hue of hair, or a way of speech, and the hunger in their eyes for her beauty—only bits of Walt in these wraiths of men who had visited Karth for a night and had gone away.

Eugenia had smiled at them all to hide the aching that passed from her heart into her body. And in Vienna the great dames of the ducal court, the margravines and chatelaines—her kinswomen, all of them—had said among themselves that she was light of love, remaining unwed to welcome many men to her door. Ay, that she should rather fear God and obey the Duke's behest to marry Otto and bring forth sons of the Babenberg blood—

NEARER now Otto's horn resounded, and she heard a snatch of song, although she saw no one as yet. Then she told herself, knowing it to be true, that there was nothing more left of Walt than this, her memory of their forest rendezvous.

She reined the mare toward the glade. She had seized upon Old Fred's words, that a thief might be hiding there, as an excuse to visit it this morning—

She started in the saddle as a slim man sprang up beside the trail where it opened into the sunny glade. He had streaks of gray in his long hair under the funny seaman's cap, and he stroked the harp in his hand as he sang with a sweet careless voice:

"Fresche com rose en mai— De cuer gai—"

Fresh as a May rose—gay of heart— He was singing about her in French. A stranger, then, a minstrel, and—the *thief!* Bowing to her courteously, he caught her rein fast. *"Ma dame,"* said he briskly, "my lady, I have taken a most lovely and unexpected prisoner."

Amused, she said—knowing well the language of the courts and Crusades: "Your lovely song takes an unexpected turn, singer. Whence come you?"

"From beyond the sea."

Having had a moment to size him up, Eugenia smiled, to disconcert him. She bent forward to look into his eyes, and pivoted the mare with a quick jerk of the rein. This broke his grip and she wheeled away.

She had not heard the other rider come up behind her, but she felt him. A rough arm closed around her waist and held her fast. The man behind the arm was as young as she, and tall, in a brown pilgrim's cloak, and angry.

"Blon—Luke!" he cried. "Will you never learn to stay under cover? Be still, girl."

She was still, hiding her anger. Her downcast glance recognized Otto's silver-mounted hunting horn hanging at his belt—a plaited knight's belt. So this was the second thief.

An animal crashed through brush, a doe and a fawn flicked across the glade and vanished. An oncoming huntsman hallooed at sight of this game. And her captor muttered, "Too late now, Luke."

Eugenia vowed silently that she would not be long in running free as the deer. Suddenly she looked up into the face above hers. Sweat darkened

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

In her tasteful New York custom salon the one and only Hattie Carnegie peers into the future to create the last word in fashion before it is spoken

Hot Fashions by Hattie

Once she ran a tiny dressmaking shop. But she had ideas, energy and a touch of genius. So today her name is one to conjure with in smart feminine circles everywhere, and she's doing an eight-million-dollar-a-year business. She has no secret of success except that she is the one and only Hattie Carnegie

By HAMBLA BAUER

A BUYER for a large women's specialty shop, seated in the ritzy gray-and-white wholesale showroom of Hattie Carnegie's manufacturing division in New York City, observed, "Here they sell you a name, an artistic aura. They tell you what to buy, with the complete confidence that what they're showing is *the* thing. There's no other wholesale house like it."

Hattie Carnegie's position in the huge garment industry is unique. Through an unerring sense of style, good taste and hard work, she has run a tiny dressmaking business into an eight-million-dollar-a-year apparel corporation. As Hattie Carnegie, wholesale, she manufactures ready-to-wear, accessories and cosmetics, distributed nationally. And as Hattie Carnegie, retail, she operates an exclusive shop, with an ultraplush custom dressmaking department.

The major portion of her income comes from her manufacturing activities. But her authority and prestige as a fashion leader come from her custom department. There, ladies of wealth and prominence, who have an urge to wear the last word in fashion before it is spoken, select from models those they like and have them made to order. Then these ladies wear them at smart gathering places where they are seen by other ladies of means and immediately coveted. Thus Hattie Carnegie custom is a sort of walking circular for Miss Carnegie's new fashion ideas as well as a proving ground for Hattie Carnegie wholesale.

Miss Carnegie's decisions on what will be stylish several years hence have been consistently right for so long that many of her manufacturing colleagues, apparently less sure of their judgment and aware that to guess wrong means failure, copy practically everything she makes. (In a normal year one apparel manufacturer out of every five goes bankrupt.) As a result, although few women can afford Carnegie originals, there are probably few women who haven't worn Carnegie copies.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TED CRONER

Hattie Carnegie is four feet ten inches and 104 pounds of pure dynamite. "Working with her," an employee says, "is like sitting on a powder keg. You never know when she's going to blow up."

She can switch in a few seconds from a charming little thing with a sort of sweet girlish gaiety to a shrew with spines. During a business deal, and often in repose, she assumes a dead-pan expression as inscrutable as a Chinese.

Her head is large and covered with ringlets of short blond hair. She has a high protruding forehead, large, well-shaped nose and a determined chin. Her eyes, usually hidden behind thick-lensed, horn-rimmed glasses, are a real sky blue.

She has the perpetually peering look of the very nearsighted, but she can spot a crooked seam or a sagging hem faster than the most expert fitter.

"Any time anything goes wrong and you're trying to hide it," her salespeople say, "who's there but Miss Carnegie?"

Varied Moods Affect Personality

A good mood gives Miss Carnegie a Dresden prettiness. She trips about lightly like a dancer and looks younger than her years. (Fifteen years ago she said she was born on March 15, 1889. Now she will only say that her birthday is on March 15th.)

When she's in a bad mood she seems heavier. Her face looks tired and harassed. She stalks around with the foreboding tread of a caged lioness. Nothing suits her. She snaps at suggestions from her associates. Her low metallic voice is sharp and hard. Her whole aspect is that of a shrewd, tough, highly suspicious businesswoman.

Miss Carnegie's statements are at all times clipped, and often witty. When a landscape architect gave her an exorbitant figure on moving some trees at her country place, she barked, "Who do you think I am—*Mrs.* Carnegie!"

Frequently she announces in her unexpected manner, "I've had three husbands, but my romance is my work."

There is probably no sizable business in the United States so thoroughly the expression of one individual's aesthetic preferences. Hattie Carnegie carries only merchandise which appeals to Hattie Carnegie. Her taste is luxurious but extremely conventional. The overfancy garment which causes heads to turn in amazement makes her bristle, "I don't like it. Take off all that junk!" Due to her subtle understanding of line, clothes she designs are always youthful. She says she makes them for small, beautiful, young women. "Of course, anyone can wear them," she'll add.

Miss Carnegie spends most of her time in her custom salon on the second floor of her retail shop, for she is at heart a dressmaker. There, a million things seem to go on at once in fantastic disorganization. Miss Carnegie takes care of a good customer, oversees a fitting, orders some French sweaters, supervises the creation of a new model. Employees wander about with scarfs, flowers, or dresses on hangers, pausing for exclamations of "Oh, how beautiful!" Everyone runs errands for Miss Carnegie.

"When you come to work for Carnegie," an employee says, "you more or less find your own position." Executives have titles, but their duties are so varied and interchangeable that the titles make only for confusion. As one explained, "You will be rearranging the stock room, having the ladies' room painted, shoveling snow after a storm, and at the same time be designing dresses."

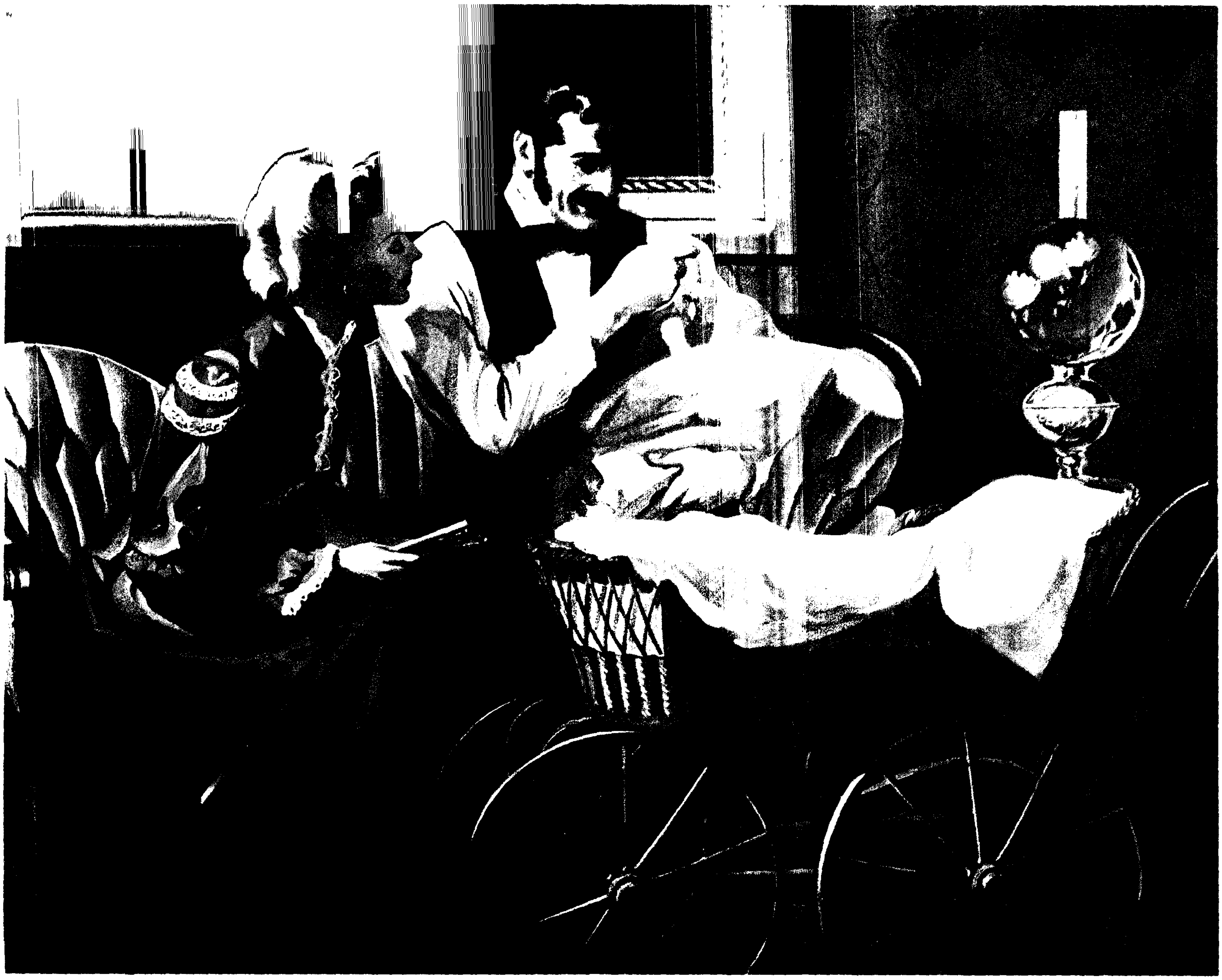
Miss Carnegie says her establishment functions in the tradition of the great French dressmaking houses and in an artistic enterprise you can't be efficient. She is fiercely loyal to employees she likes and never fires them.

However, "If she doesn't like you," a Carnegieite said, "you might as well quit because you're never going to get anywhere here."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

The industrious Hattie inspecting a dress with Mme. Louise, an expert fitter. Instead of experimenting with inexpensive cloth, Miss Carnegie's designers often cut right into the fabric that is to be used

Miss Carnegie showing a line to some fashion authorities. The model is wearing a spring suit from the custom order salon. Sometimes a customer insists on buying a new design right off Hattie's back



"She's so little and sweet," Pride grinned. "I can't get half my work done these days thinking about this kid"

Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY, RUTHLESS MAN, THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: PRIDE DAWSON was a man who never lived by the rules. He was consumed with a passion for money. He was in love with SHARON O'NEIL, a woman who was not his wife. In 1870, Pride came to New York City penniless—but by 1871 he was worth a million dollars and had married ESTHER STILLWORTH, heiress to the $40,000,000 Stillworth fortune. After his marriage Pride knew that he still loved Sharon, who had by this time become a successful businesswoman. Esther was aware of this situation, too, and her repeated nagging finally drove Pride out of the house to a saloon. Drunk, Pride pushed his way into Sharon's home and took her in his arms. After that, feeling she had sinned, Sharon attempted to starve herself to death. Pride got her to promise never to attempt suicide again. When Esther learned of Pride's affair with Sharon she began to hate him intensely. She secretly vowed vengeance. In another financial deal Pride managed to sell a railroad to Vanderbilt for twenty million dollars. All that winter Pride and Sharon tried to be just friends, but when spring came, Sharon, who loved Pride deeply, could no longer resist him. One evening, after a ride with Pride along the Hudson, Sharon turns to him at her door and says quietly, "Come up with me, Pride."

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

PART 3 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THE next morning as Pride ate the bacon and eggs that Sharon had prepared for him and drank the scalding coffee, he looked at her with awed tenderness. She sat across the table from him looking small and lost, wrapped in a soft pink robe. She did not say anything but simply sat there holding her cup and following his slightest motion with her great dark eyes.

"Sharon," Pride said huskily, "you—you're not sorry?"

Slowly she shook her head. "No, Pride."

"And you won't—"

"Harm myself? No, Pride—not any more now."

Pride's sigh was gusty with relief.

"Do me a favor, Pride," she said. "Go home now. I have to be by myself for a while. I need to think."

"I'll see you tonight," Pride said.

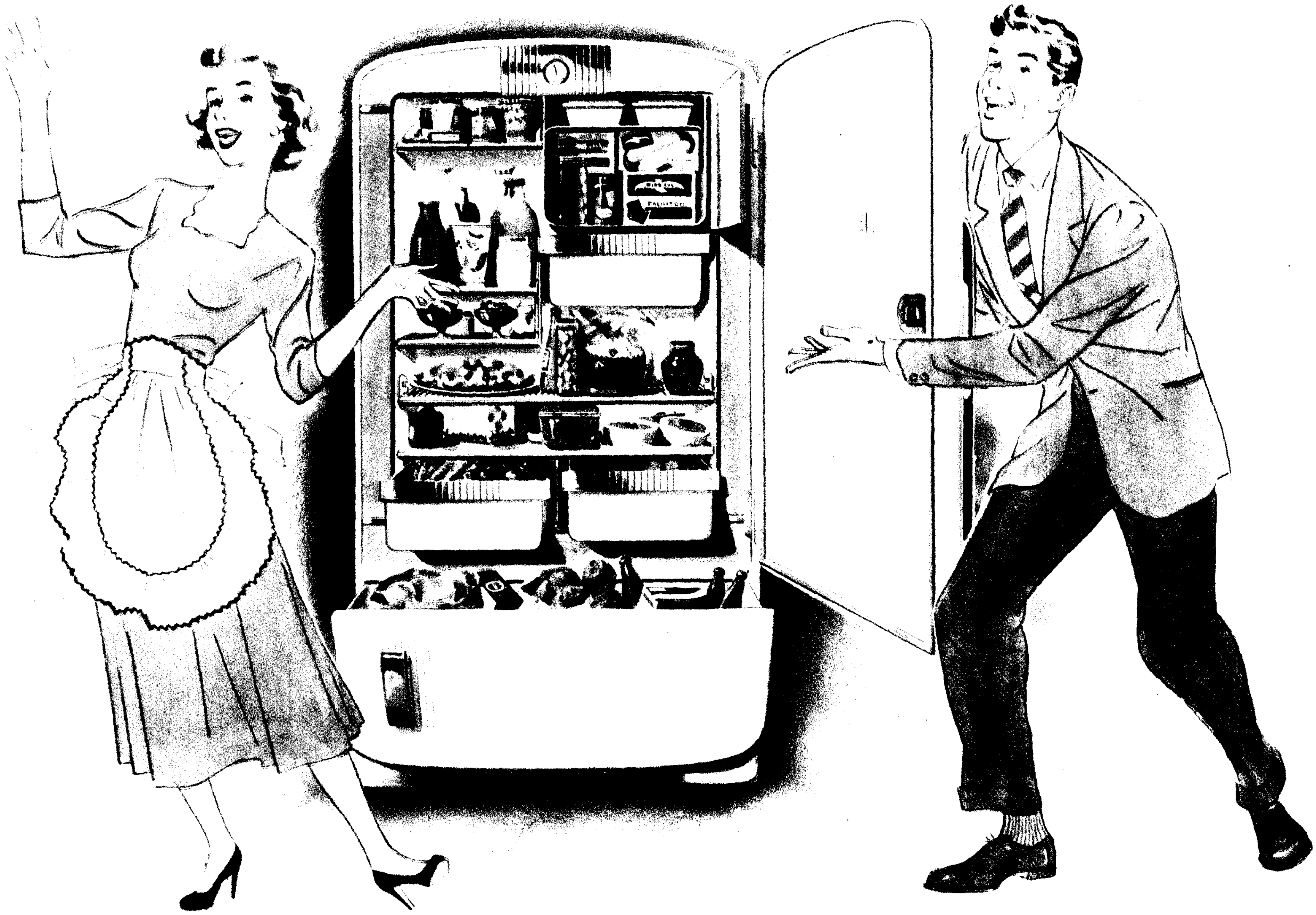
"No—not tonight. Next week, maybe. We mustn't see each other too often now. You still have a wife—remember?"

Pride's big face was ugly. "I'll fix that!"

"No, Pride," Sharon said sharply. "You must not. That's the one thing that would make me leave you now. I have enough to bear without

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)

The center of attraction at our house!



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER REFRIGERATOR

—draws friends and family like a magnet—it's so marvelous! Extra-big inside to hold more . . . special features for extra convenience . . . food protection!

It's love at first sight! This big, handsome 8-cubic-foot model makes e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y happy! It's the cold refrigerator with the warm heart! And it's got everything—pedigree, personality, purpose—this International Harvester Super De Luxe! Absolutely *the* quality refrigerator because it's built to IH *perfection*-standards. *Extra-big* inside to hold large economy amounts of food. And so easy to live with, for the IH *flexible* shelves adjust to fit *your* family's food-habits. Here's *more* shelf area . . . *more* crisper-storage space . . . *bigger* freezer-locker . . . *roomier* meat-drawer . . . "Tight-Wad" mechanism operates for a pittance, under a 5-year protection plan, another International Harvester *extra.*

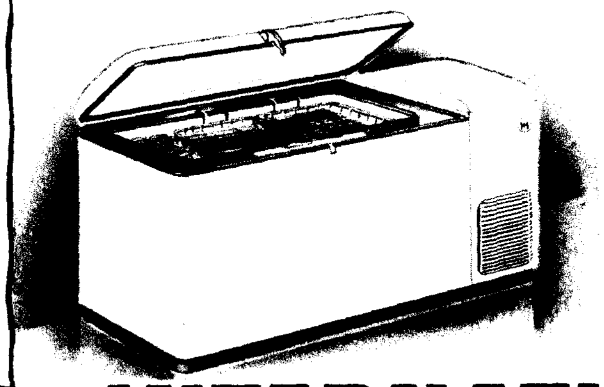
IH REFRIGERATOR RECIPE

French Strawberry Pie

Add 1 cup sugar to 1 quart washed capped berries; let stand in refrigerator 1 hour. Soften 1 envelope gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Press half the berries, all the juice through sieve. (Add water to make 1½ cups.) Add ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice; heat to boiling point; add softened gelatin. Add red food coloring. Chill till mixture begins to thicken. Arrange remaining whole berries in baked 9-inch pie shell. Cover with gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

For *Refrigerator Recipe Book,* write International Harvester Company, Dept. C, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER FREEZER



How to cut your kitchen time in half! Not a riddle, a reality! This huge 11.1-cubic-foot glamor-girl of home freezers puts meals on your table that taste divine. And quicker than you can say, "Soup's on!" Yes, you can whip up dinner on the double, or any meal, in a matter of minutes. Because, beneath this glacial glamor you keep 385 pounds of meat, vegetables, fruit and other food that you freeze and store right at home. Save time and enjoy fabulous food, thriftily—this easy IH way!

See International Harvester Refrigerators and Freezers at your IH dealer's today!

Tune in James Melton and "Harvest of Stars," now on NBC Sunday afternoons

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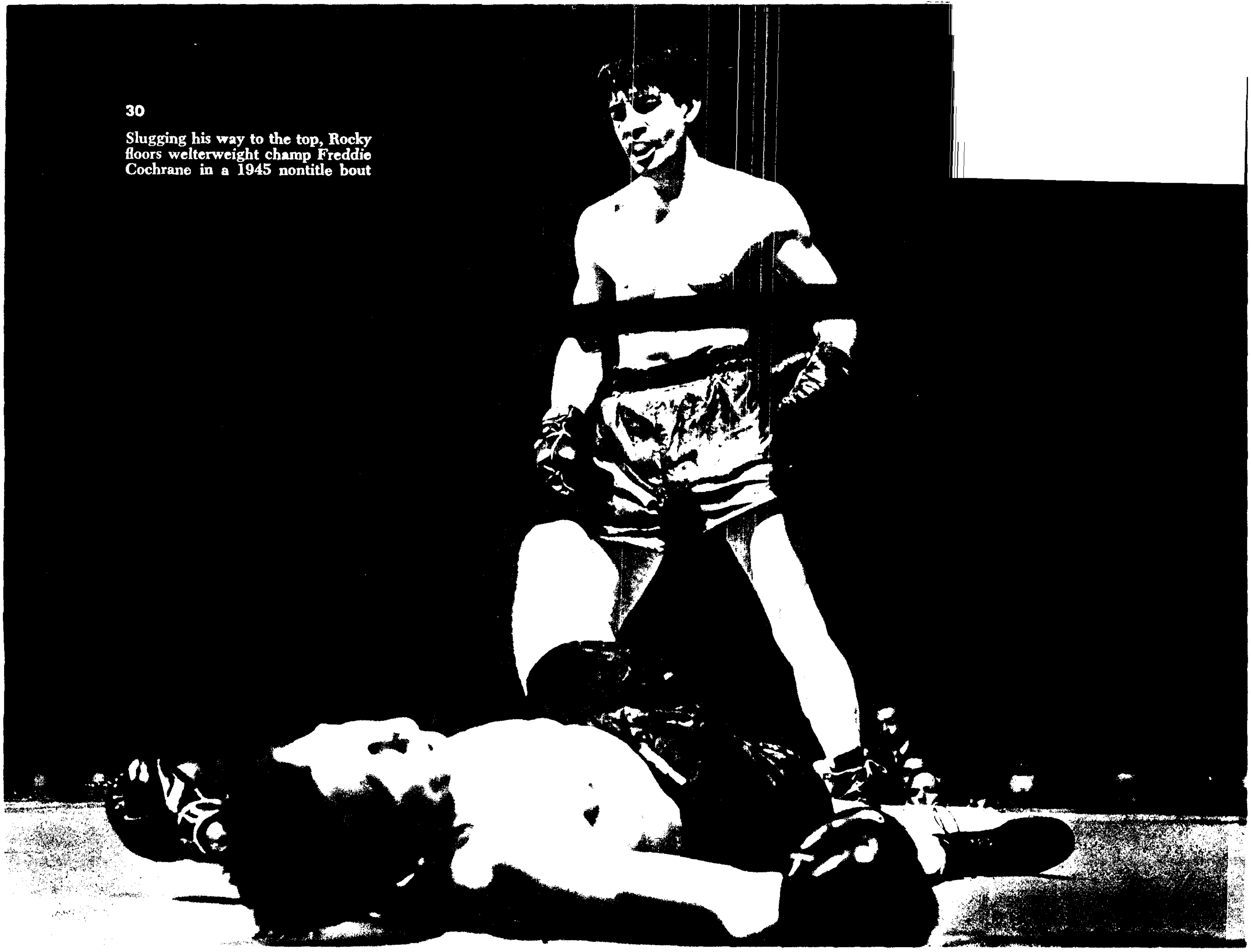


Slugging his way to the top, Rocky floors welterweight champ Freddie Cochrane in a 1945 nontitle bout

WIDE WORLD

Trouble Is My Middle Name

By ROCKY GRAZIANO *as told to WALTER BERNSTEIN*

PART [illegible] OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE

A product of New York's tough lower East Side, Rocky Graziano's life story is packed with every hard knock in the book. In the first installment he told of his childhood and youth in a neighborhood where might was right. Rocky was good enough as a fighter to be always right and it was almost inevitable that he should turn to his fists to earn the money he had been so long without. But there were some things Rocky couldn't fight, as he discovers in this second installment. The words are his, caught by a tape recorder in the long interviews with Mr. Bernstein. Rocky is talking. He has just lost the first Zale fight. Hear him out.

I WENT in the Army after I had about eight professional bouts. I was drafted in 1942, right at the beginning of the war. I was always very carefree, a general bust-up, never could take orders from anybody, and when I went in the Army it was like being in jail to me. But I went in and tried to be a soldier.

I went first to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and the second day I was there I had a lot of trouble. They wanted us to police the area and pick up cigarette butts with my hand. Which I refused. I told the guy I come to the Army to fight and I don't want to pick up no cigarette butts. So the corporal got wise with me. And I pushed the corporal around, because I didn't know anything about the Army. So he reported me to the captain. I had a little trouble with the captain. I had a fight with him. He was a wise guy, too, the captain, and he says to me: You're from New York and you're one of these wise guys.

And I said: I'm not a wise guy, but I understand you come here to train and to fight, not to pick up the cigarette butts. What am I? I said to him. This is the second day that I'm here. Is that what you do to guys?

And I read books and looked at moving pictures too much and I said: Take the uniform off and come outside. So, when he was walking outside, I didn't know he didn't want to fight me. He was going to call the guards and take me someplace. But I figure he's going to walk outside to fight me. So I hit him a shot. And I scored another knockout.

So they put me in the guardhouse.

And it was pretty rough for a guy that was in the Army two days to be in the guardhouse. I figured: Look at this, every place I go I'm always kicked around. Here I am in the guardhouse and what did I do? Nothing.

I didn't realize what I did. I figured it was nothing. And they were going to start proceedings, with general court-martial and twenty years and this and that. Only I didn't get the court-martial, because I was a new guy.

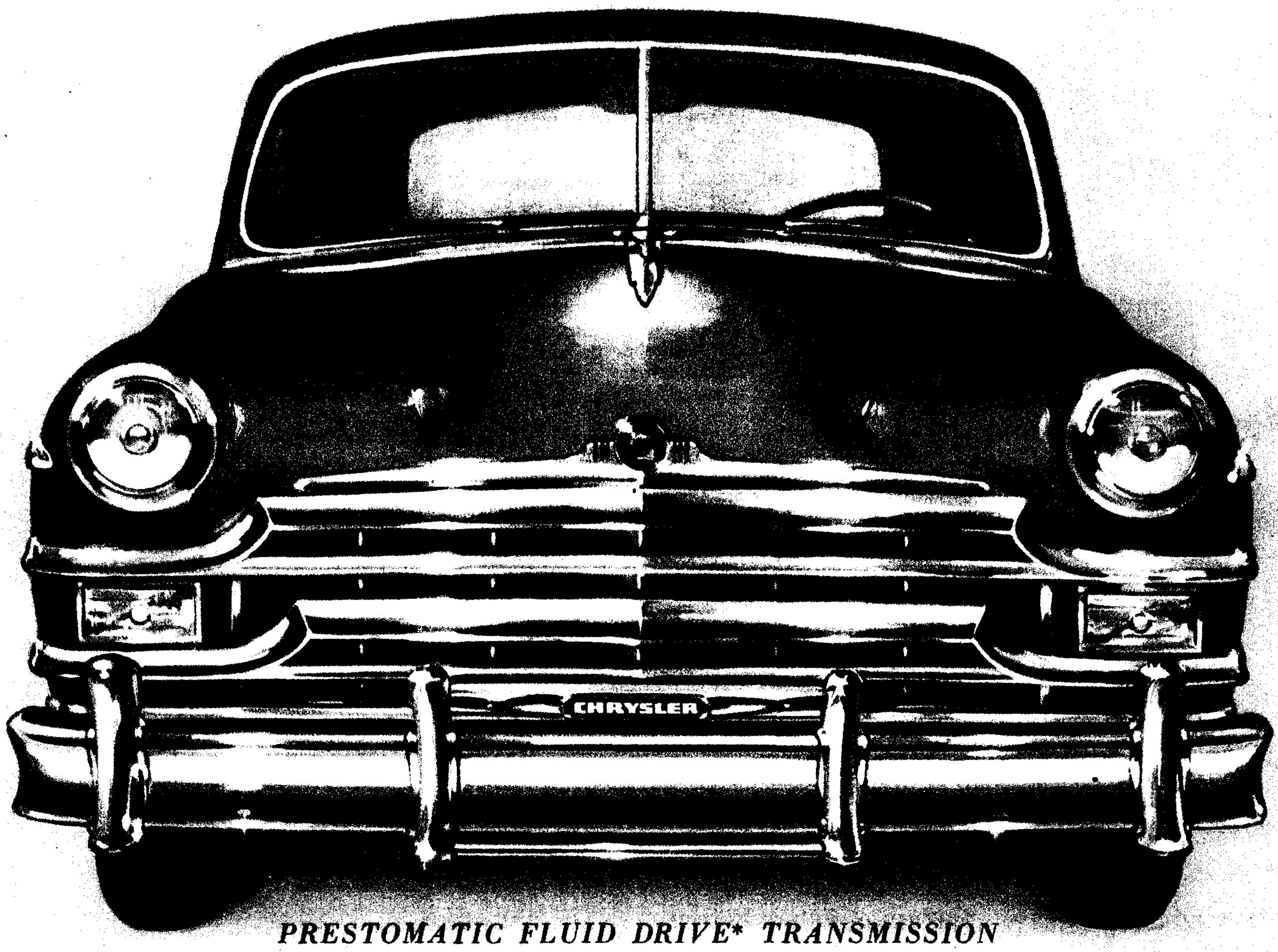
They just moved me back to my company. And the first opportunity, I said: The hell with this, let me out of here. And I went over the hill. I went home.

I went into the neighborhood. I went to Irving

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Chrysler's Great

The Beautiful Chrysler | *Silver Anniversary Model*

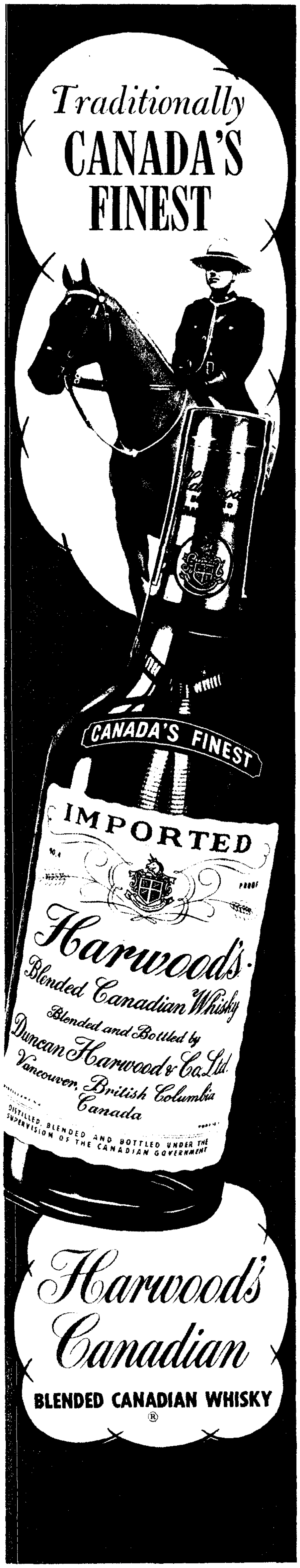


PRESTOMATIC FLUID DRIVE* TRANSMISSION

**gyrol Fluid Drive*

Now on display at Chrysler dealers all across America! The most beautiful Chrysler of *all time!* The Silver Anniversary Chrysler! Completely new in its well-bred beauty! Advanced in its inspired engineering! Designed with common sense and imagination—with over 50 of the advances you count on *first* from Chrysler. With Prestomatic Fluid Drive Transmission . . . with more horsepower from the great high compression Spitfire engine . . . with new, wider chair-height seats . . . plenty of headroom, legroom and shoulder-room . . . with a softer, safer, smoother ride . . . with Safety Rim Wheels . . . this is the car you'll want to live with for years to come! Tailored to taste . . . the safest, most comfortable Chrysler ever built. See it today! The greatest value we've ever offered!

New Car



YOUNG MAN WITH A SNEER

Continued from page 23

training and a trick laugh or eyes like Ben Turpin's.

It was about time his wife, the former Jean Hazlewood, got him out of New York; Widmark was so tender of mind she was afraid their next possession would be the Brooklyn Bridge. It is a difficult thing to believe in this atomic era, but a side-street opportunist actually sold Widmark a "genuine silver fox neckpiece" for only fifty dollars. It was easily worth two hundred, said the man, and was a steal at the price, the sale being required by reason of the serious illness of his mother.

Widmark presented it proudly to *his* mother, who managed to look delighted and must have entertained interesting speculations on its heredity. When her dissimulation proved short of convincing, Dickie took the neckpiece to an established fur merchant who promptly pronounced it plain old country collie, perhaps of a mixed and nasty breed.

On another occasion he invited a self-professed actor into his apartment to help him over a lean period. This individual, who had a clipped British accent and charming manners, moved his baggage in and prepared to outlast the duration. Weeks passed and the guest made no effort to find employment. Instead he became official host of the establishment, getting up jolly cocktail parties for his lady friends and occasionally inviting the Widmarks. He would probably still be there if he hadn't made a tactical error.

"He gave Dick quite a nasty going-over because we had no bourbon in the house," says Mrs. Widmark. "Out of sheer pride, Dick had to throw him out. We found later he wasn't an actor and never had been nearer England than Cape Cod."

It is believed that Widmark's apparent simplicity, which is in such contrast to most of his ruthless movie roles, springs from his small-town upbringing in the Middle West. He was born in Sunrise, Minnesota, a hamlet so small that when Widmark tried to find it several summers ago he had to enlist the services of cartographers, state patrolmen and ancient historians. The family left Sunrise when he was a year old and moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where Dick stayed until he was twelve. The next and final move was to Princeton, Illinois, where his father became sales manager for an outdoor advertising concern.

Specters of Future Poverty

Widmark's one outstanding characteristic is his fear of the future. The move to Hollywood has done nothing but transfer him from an apartment to a house. He has the same secondhand car he bought in New York and they are using the same furniture, rugs and draperies. The Skid Row experience gave him a bad turn in another respect because he ran into three old actors, now derelicts, who had once been big Hollywood names.

"One of them was dying right before my eyes from dope and drink," says Widmark shuddering, "and right across the street they were playing an old picture in which he was a star."

His movie training has been on the vigorous side because, in becoming a menace, he has had to acquire proficiencies he had merely read about previously. In Yellow Sky his education in learning to ride a horse provided amusement for everybody in the company but Widmark. The unit was shooting in Death Valley in a section filled with Gila monsters, scorpions and heat so intense that even the horses after a half-mile run couldn't sweat.

After painful days of effort Widmark finally reached a point where he could stay in the saddle when a horse was galloping and could even give a feeble wave with his sombrero to show his nonchalance. Driven mad by success, he climbed on the back of a burro that was dozing in the sun. The burro uncoiled himself and heaved Widmark into a cactus patch.

"His hair stood up so straight from fright," the report has it, "that blackbirds could have used it for nesting."

At home he is obsessed by the conviction that he has mechanical genius of an extraordinary type and is forever monkeying with the plumbing or building bookcases. His wife discourages this on the theory that hot water flowing from *both* taps can be dangerous for the inhabitants, and a bookcase without shelves actually is not a satisfactory adjunct to the house.

She encourages him in his real hobby, which is seeing old motion pictures. He has gone through the complete collection at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and has been noted at nightfall skulking down back streets in Los Angeles in quest of a film long, and properly, forgotten by other decent folk. Whenever he meets a faded luminary of the old days, he promptly invites him to the house for an extended stay.

"He prefers actors," says his wife, sourly, "who last worked about the time he was in grade school."

The Widmarks have turned out to be a complete social bust in Hollywood. Henry Hathaway insists they have invented a new form of the English language for the purpose of turning down invitations without offending their hostess. They avoid parties like the plague, and not even the last Academy Award dinner, at which he was nominated for an Oscar, could hold them long. They came, shook hands around, and left. Widmark explains this by saying they haven't time. Jean is writing a play and he is eternally trifling with the idea of breaking into prose. He regards writers with awe and has secret ambitions of startling the critics with an opus that will cause Tolstoy to twitch slightly in the grave.

Even around the studio he dresses in a faded shirt and trousers without a belt, and looks as if he is attending to a few errands and will be back in the furrow by nightfall.

Role Shocked His Own Child

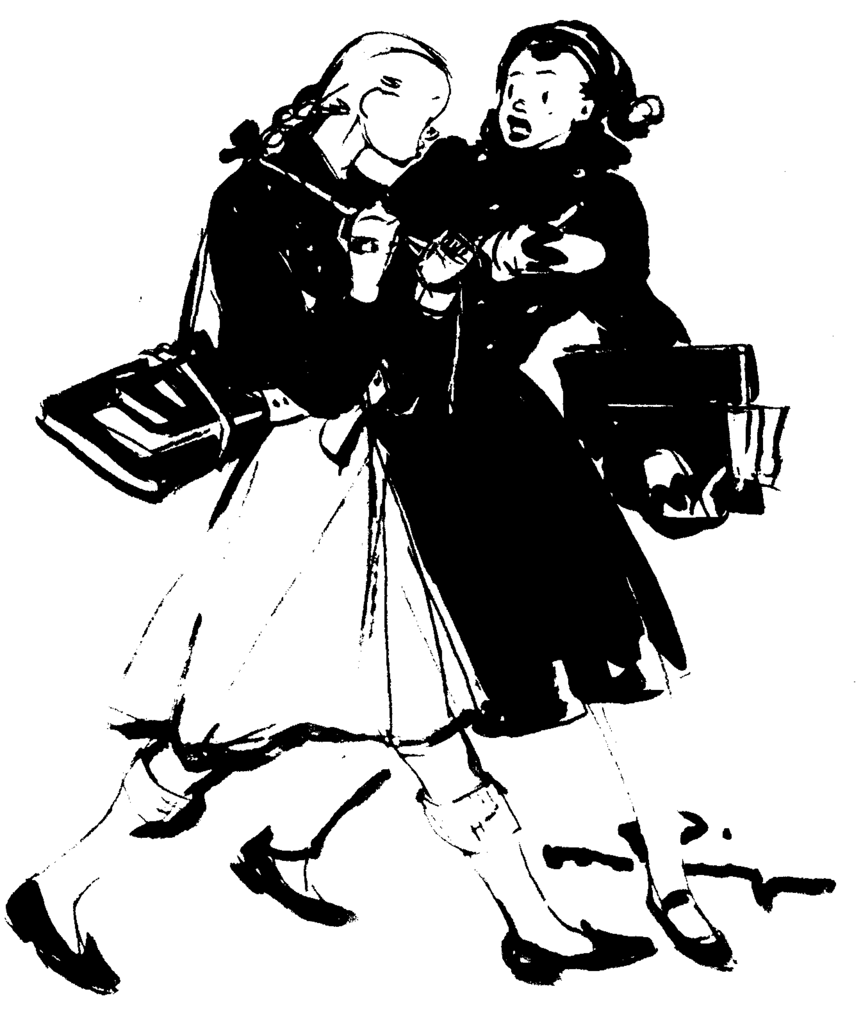
The family pride is their three-year-old daughter, who was so shocked at seeing her father in Kiss of Death that she has barely sat on his lap since and may have suffered a traumatic shock. It is hoped that a view of Papa in the picture Slattery's Hurricane and the new gentle one he will do with Paul Douglas and Betty Grable will bring her around.

Widmark is assembling a collection of mowers, spades and sod edgers to operate on his Brentwood home, which has a large back yard. He points with modesty to the sand play pen, swing and shallow wading pool he has recently built for the youngster.

"Lucky I'm handy around the house," Widmark said. "There's sure a lot to do."

As he spoke a childish wail sounded from somewhere amid the shrubbery and he left his chair like a V-2 rocket. His wife smiled.

"There goes your Tommy Udo," she said affectionately. "A great big sodbuster and he couldn't fix the lawn mower if his life hung on it."



"It was a mistake to help him adjust the carburetor on his jalopy—now he thinks of me more as a mechanic than a girl"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low . . . calms you down when you're tense!

LUCKY STRIKE
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CIGARETTES
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Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the right level—the Lucky level—to feel your level best, do your level best.

That's why it's important for you to remember that Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco—mild, ripe, light tobacco that makes a thoroughly enjoyable smoke. No wonder more independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Lucky Strike regularly than smoke the next two leading brands combined.

Light up a Lucky! Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low, calms you down when you're tense. So get on the Lucky level where it's fun to be alive. Get a carton of Luckies and get started today!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

LAST KISS

Continued from page 17

Hollywood Bowl SONJA HENIE Will Skate on HOT SOUP.

By the bar Jim saw the producer whom he was displacing tomorrow having an unsuspecting drink with the agent who had contrived his ruin. Next to the agent was the girl whose face had seemed sad as she danced by in the rumba.

"Oh, Jim," said the agent, "Pamela Knighton—your future star."

She turned to him with professional eagerness. What the agent's voice had said to her was: "Look alive! This *is* somebody."

"Pamela's joined my stable," said the agent. "I want her to change her name to Boots."

"I thought you said Toots," the girl laughed.

"Toots or Boots. It's the *oo-oo* sound. Cutie shoots Toots. Judge Hoots. No conviction possible. Pamela is English. Her real name is Sybil Higgins."

IT SEEMED to Jim that the deposed producer was looking at him with an infinite something in his eyes—not hatred, not jealousy, but a profound and curious astonishment that asked: Why? Why? For Heaven's sake, why? More disturbed by this than by enmity, Jim surprised himself by asking the English girl to dance. As they faced each other on the floor his exultation of the early evening came back.

"Hollywood's a good place," he said, as if to forestall any criticism from her. "You'll like it. Most English girls do—they don't expect too much. I've had luck working with English girls."

"Are you a director?"

"I've been everything—from press agent on. I've just signed a producer's contract that begins tomorrow."

"I like it here," she said after a minute. "You can't help expecting things. But if they don't come I could always teach school again."

Jim leaned back and looked at her—his impression was of pink-and-silver frost. She was so far from a schoolmarm, even a schoolmarm in a Western, that he laughed. But again he saw that there was something sad and a little lost within the triangle formed by lips and eyes.

"Whom are you with tonight?" he asked.

"Joe Becker," she answered, naming the agent. "Myself and three other girls."

"Look—I have to go out for half an hour. To see a man—this is not phony. Believe me. Will you come along for company and night air?"

She nodded.

On the way they passed Elsie Donohue, who looked inscrutably at the girl and shook her head slightly at Jim. Out in the clear California night he liked his big car for the first time, liked it better than driving himself. The streets through which they rolled were quiet at this hour. Miss Knighton waited for him to speak.

"What did you teach in school?" he asked.

"Sums. Two and two are four and all that."

"It's a long jump from that to Hollywood."

"It's a long story."

"It can't be very long—you're about eighteen."

"Twenty." Anxiously she asked, "Do you think that's too old?"

"Lord, no! It's a beautiful age. I know—I'm twenty-one myself and the arteries haven't hardened much."

She looked at him gravely, estimating his age and keeping it to herself.

"I want to hear the long story," he said.

She sighed. "Well, a lot of old men fell in love with me. Old, old men—I was an old man's darling."

"You mean old gaffers of twenty-two?"

"They were between sixty and seventy. This is all true. So I became a gold digger and dug enough money out of them to go to New York. I walked into 21 the first day and Joe Becker saw me."

"Then you've never been in pictures?" he asked.

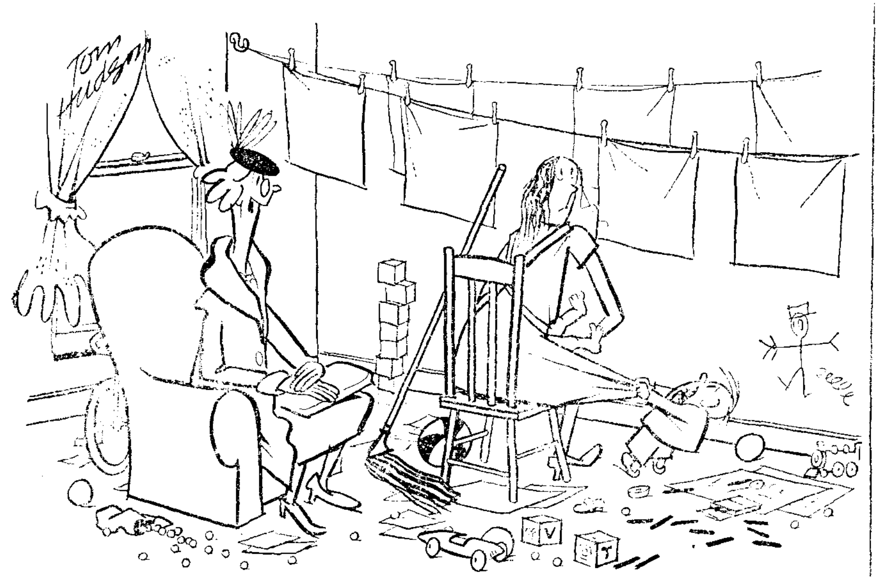
"Oh, yes—I had a test this morning," she told him.

Jim smiled. "And you don't feel bad taking money from all those old men?" he inquired.

"Not really," she said, matter-of-fact. "They enjoyed giving it to me. Anyhow it wasn't really money. When they wanted to give me presents I'd send them to a certain jeweler, and afterward I'd take the presents back to the jeweler and get four fifths of the cash."

"Why, you little chiseler!"

"Yes," she admitted. "Somebody told me how. I'm out for all I can get."



COLLIER'S "It seems such a pity they have to grow up" TOM HUDSON

"Didn't they mind—the old men, I mean—when you didn't wear their presents?"

"Oh, I'd wear them—once. Old men don't see very well, or remember. But that's why I haven't any jewelry of my own." She broke off. "This I'm wearing is rented."

Jim looked at her again and then laughed aloud. "I wouldn't worry about it. California's full of old men."

They had twisted into a residential district. As they turned a corner Jim picked up the speaking tube. "Stop here." He turned to Pamela, "I have some dirty work to do."

He looked at his watch, got out and went up the street to a building with the names of several doctors on a sign. He went past the building walking slowly, and presently a man came out of the building and followed him. In the darkness between two lamps Jim went close, handed him an envelope and spoke concisely. The man walked off in the opposite direction and Jim returned to the car.

"I'm having all the old men bumped off," he explained. "There're some things worse than death."

"Oh, I'm not free now," she assured him, "I'm engaged."

"Oh." After a minute he asked, "To an Englishman?"

"Well—naturally. Did you think—" She stopped herself but too late.

"Are we that uninteresting?" he asked.

"Oh, no." Her casual tone made it worse. And when she smiled, at the moment when a street light shone in and dressed her beauty up to a white radiance, it was more annoying still.

"Now you tell *me* something," she asked. "Tell me the mystery."

"Just money," he answered almost absently. "That little Greek doctor keeps telling a certain lady that her appendix is bad—we need her in a picture. So we bought him off. It's the last time I'll ever do anyone else's dirty work."

She frowned. "Does she really need her appendix out?"

He shrugged. "Probably not. At least that rat wouldn't know. He's her brother-in-law and he wants the money."

After a long time Pamela spoke judicially. "An Englishman wouldn't do that."

"Some would," he said shortly, "—and some Americans wouldn't."

"An English gentleman wouldn't," she insisted.

"Aren't you getting off on the wrong foot," he suggested, "if you're going to work here?"

"Oh, I like Americans all right—the civilized ones."

From her look Jim took this to include him, but far from being appeased he had a sense of outrage. "You're taking chances," he said. "In fact, I don't see how you dared come out with me. I might have had feathers under my hat."

"You didn't bring a hat," she said placidly. "Besides, Joe Becker said to. There might be something in it for me."

After all he was a producer and you didn't reach eminence by losing your temper—except on purpose. "I'm sure there's something in it for you," he said, listening to a stealthily treacherous purr creep into his voice.

"Are you?" she demanded. "Do you think I'll stand out at all—or am I just one of the thousands?"

"You stand out already," he continued on the same note. "Everyone at the dance was looking at you." He wondered if this was even faintly true. Was it only he who had fancied some uniqueness? "You're a new type," he went on. "A face like yours might give American pictures a—a more civilized tone."

This was his arrow—but to his vast surprise it glanced off.

"Oh, do you think so?" she cried. "Are you going to give me a chance?"

"Why, certainly." It was hard to believe that the irony in his voice was missing its mark. "But after tonight there'll be so much competition that—"

"Oh, I'd rather work for you," she declared. "I'll tell Joe Becker—"

"Don't tell him anything," he interrupted.

"Oh, I won't. I'll do just as you say," she promised.

Her eyes were wide and expectant. Disturbed, he felt that words were being put in his mouth or slipping from him unintended. That so much innocence and so much predatory toughness could go side by side behind this gentle English voice.

"You'd be wasted in bits," he began. "The thing is to get a fat part—" He broke off and started again, "You've got such a strong personality that—"

"Oh, don't!" He saw tears blinking in the corners of her eyes. "Let me just keep this to sleep on tonight. You call me in the morning—or when you need me."

The car came to rest at the carpet strip in front of the dance. Seeing Pamela, the crowd bulged forward grotesquely, autograph books at the ready. Failing to recognize her, it sighed back behind the ropes.

In the ballroom he danced her to Becker's table.

"I won't say a word," she whispered. From her evening case she took a card with the name of her hotel penciled on it. "If any other offers come I'll refuse them."

"Oh, no," he said quickly.

"Oh, yes." She smiled brightly at him and for an instant the feeling Jim had had on seeing her came back. It was an impression of a rich warm sympathy, of youth and suffering side by side. He braced himself for a final quick slash to burst the scarcely created bubble.

"After a year or so—" he began. But the music and her voice overrode him.

"I'll wait for you to call. You're the—you're the most civilized American I've ever met."

She turned her back as if embarrassed by the magnificence of her compliment. Jim started back to his table—then seeing Elsie Donohue talking to a woman across his empty chair, he turned obliquely away. The room, the evening had gone raucous—the blend of music and voices seemed inharmonious and accidental and his eyes covering the room saw only jealousies and hatreds—egos tapping like drumbeats up to a fanfare. He was not above the battle as he had thought.

He started for the coatroom thinking of the note he would dispatch by waiter to his hostess: "You were dancing." Then he found himself almost upon Pamela Knighton's table, and turning again he took another route toward the door.

A PICTURE executive can do without intelligence but he cannot do without tact. Tact now absorbed Jim Leonard to the exclusion of everything else. Power should have pushed diplomacy into the background, leaving him free, but instead it intensified all his human relations—with the executives, with the directors, writers, actors and technical men assigned to his unit, with department heads, censors and "men from the East" besides. So the stalling off of one lone English girl, with no weapon except the telephone and a little note that reached him from the entrance desk, should have been no problem at all.

Just passing by the studio and thought of you and of our ride. There have been some offers but I keep stalling Joe Becker. If I move I will let you know.

A city full of youth and hope spoke in it—in its two transparent lies, the brave falsity of its tone. It didn't matter to her—all the money and glory beyond the impregnable walls. She had just been passing by—just passing by.

That was after two weeks. In another

Hell Driver Number 1

"LET'S GO, MEN!" Toby Couture, the boss engineering test driver, climbs into his great New Plymouth and leads his caravan of expert drivers out onto the great open spaces.

His job starts when a new model is developed . . . long before it goes into production. He takes the cars out and gives them what his title implies.

Down into Death Valley, where the mercury hits the top of the tube. Up into coldest Minnesota, when zero is mild weather. Over mountains during the West's worst blizzard. Jolting over roads that are just some ruts between fences. Hunting for trouble . . . inviting and finding it . . . day after day.

Every night the engineers in Detroit hear how the tests are going . . . how every part of every car is standing up under the punishment. Later, the first Plymouths out of regular production get the same treatment . . . as a *double* check.

There is great engineering to start with. Then there is this terrific *double* testing and proving . . . with *all America* as the proving ground. It is only after *this* that the New Plymouth cars are permitted to go to the motoring public. That's why Plymouth cars stand up. *That's why the man who buys a Plymouth is always glad he did!*

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

SEE THE GREAT NEW PLYMOUTH NOW!

The greatest of a long line of great Plymouths is now at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. It's tested and proved—through and through—to give you the biggest automobile value your money can buy!

Now there's more difference than ever in low-priced cars—and the great New Plymouth makes the difference.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The NAME *everyone looks up to!* . . .

—AND MORE THAN EVER IN '49!

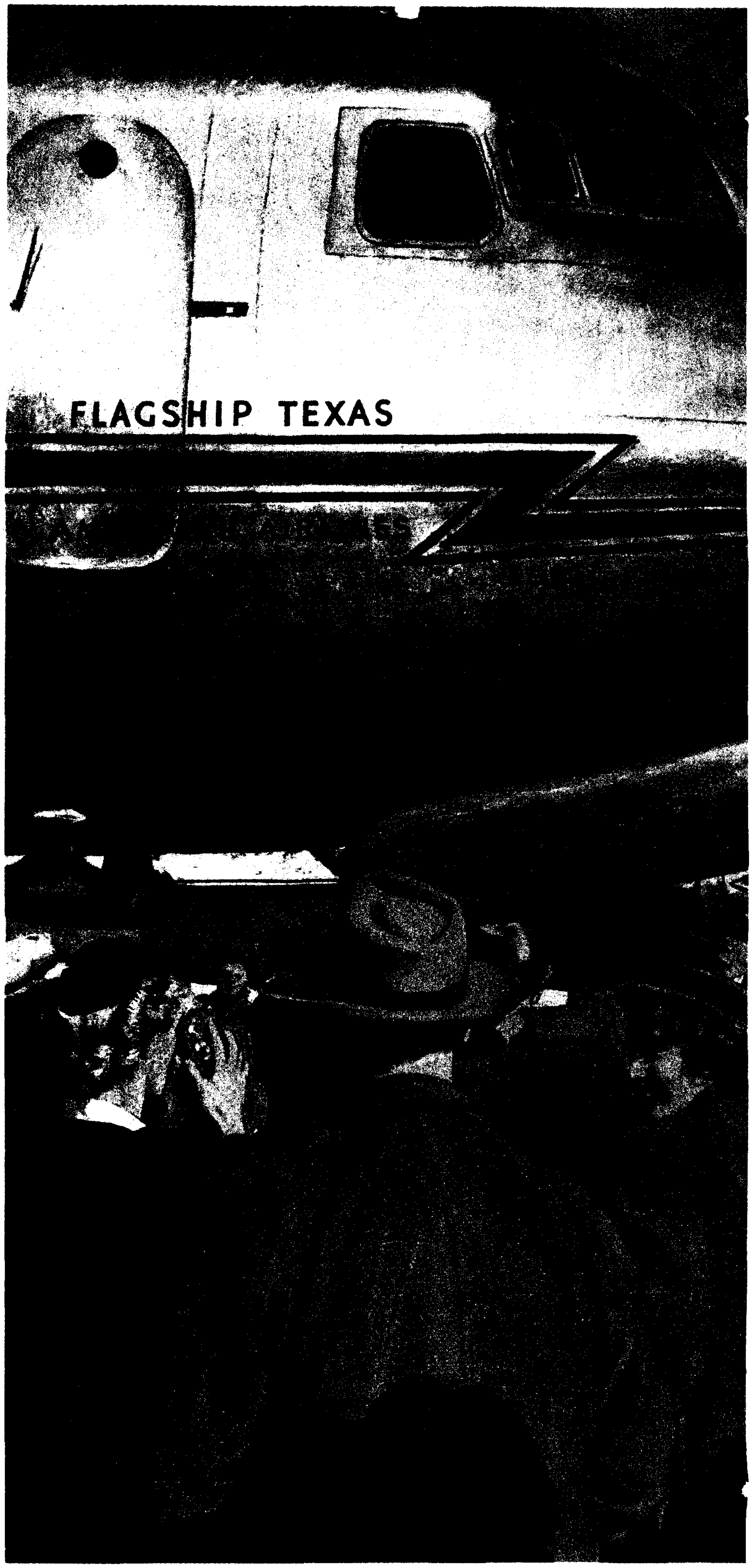
The name is *Flagship*—highest tribute given to any airplane—exclusive designation for all aircraft flown by American Airlines.

The name Flagship must be *earned.* It is awarded only when an aircraft is built to meet American's exacting specifications, then proves itself in exhaustive tests.

Now in '49, American launches a new Flagship Fleet, unsurpassed in transportation history, to carry out its tradition of leadership.

> ***THE DC-6 FLAGSHIP,*** *first really new post-war transport, offers a new concept of passenger luxury on transcontinental travel.*
>
> ***THE CONVAIR FLAGSHIP*** *provides on short trips the kind of speed and comfort hitherto restricted to distant travel.*
>
> ***TOGETHER*** *these two great aircraft form a five-mile-a-minute Flagship Fleet that guarantees you the finest in air transportation, regardless of your journey's length.*

And whatever the future holds forth in the way of better, more modern aircraft, you can be sure that the finest, the fastest, the most dependable of all will still bear the name *Flagship.*



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Mr. Thomas owns his own car and his own home and pays his bills when due. He provides his children with a good education and tries to teach them the value of savings as a means of acquiring an even higher standard of living in the future.

Mr. Thomas' pattern of living is excellent and only unexpected emergencies will upset it. These emergencies do occur. Relatively few families go through life without sometime facing an emergency requiring more money than they have available. It is these basically thrifty people who are served by consumer finance companies.

Household Finance Corporation and its subsidiaries operate 466 branch offices in the United States and Canada where the Thomas family may get a cash loan whenever the need arises.

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Since 1878 HFC *466 Branch Offices in the United States and Canada*

For the Branch Office Nearest You, See Your Telephone Directory Under Household Finance Corporation.

week Joe Becker dropped in to see him. "About that little English girl, Pamela Knighton—remember? How'd she strike you?"

"Very nice."

"For some reason she didn't want me to talk to you." Joe looked out the window. "So I suppose you didn't get along so well that night."

"Sure we did."

"The girl's engaged, you see, to some guy in England."

"She told me that," said Jim, annoyed. "I didn't make any passes at her if that's what you're getting at."

"Don't worry—I understand those things. I just wanted to tell you something about her."

"Nobody else interested?"

"She's only been here a month. Everybody's got to start. I just want to tell you that when she came into 21 that day the barflies dropped like—like flies. Let me tell you—in one minute she was the talk of café society."

"It must have been great," Jim said dryly.

"It was. And Lamarr was there that day too. Listen—Pam was all alone, and she had on English clothes, I guess, nothing you'd look at twice—rabbit fur. But she shone through it like a diamond."

"Yeah?"

"Strong women," Joe went on, "wept into their Vichyssoise. Elsa Maxwell—"

"Joe, this is a busy morning."

"Will you look at her test?"

"Tests are for make-up men," said Jim, impatiently. "I never believe a good test. And I always suspect a bad one."

"Got your own ideas, eh?"

"About that," Jim admitted. "There've been a lot of bad guesses in projection rooms."

"Behind desks, too," said Joe rising.

A SECOND note came after another week: *"When I phoned yesterday one secretary said you were away and one said you were in conference. If this is a run-around tell me. I'm not getting any younger. Twenty-one is staring me in the face—and you must have bumped off all the old men."*

Her face had grown dim now. He remembered the delicate cheeks, the haunted eyes, as from a picture seen a long time ago. It was easy to dictate a letter that told of changed plans, of new casting, of difficulties which made it impossible—

He didn't feel good about it but at least it was finished business. Having a sandwich in his neighborhood drugstore that night, he looked back at his month's work as good. He had reeked of tact. His unit functioned smoothly. The shades who controlled his destiny would soon see.

There were only a few people in the drugstore. Pamela Knighton was the girl at the magazine rack. She looked up at him, startled, over a copy of The Illustrated London News.

Knowing of the letter that lay for signature on his desk Jim wished he could pretend not to see her. He turned slightly aside, held his breath, listened. But though she had seen him, nothing happened, and hating his Hollywood cowardice he turned again presently and lifted his hat.

"You're up late," he said.

Pamela searched his face momentarily. "I live around the corner," she said. "I've just moved—I wrote you today."

"I live near here, too."

She replaced the magazine in the rack. Jim's tact fled. He felt suddenly old and harassed and asked the wrong question.

"How do things go?" he asked.

"Oh, very well," she said. "I'm in a play—a real play at the New Faces theater in Pasadena. For the experience."

"Oh, that's very wise."

"We open in two weeks. I was hoping you could come."

They walked out the door together and stood in the glow of the red neon sign. Across the autumn street newsboys were shouting the result of the night football.

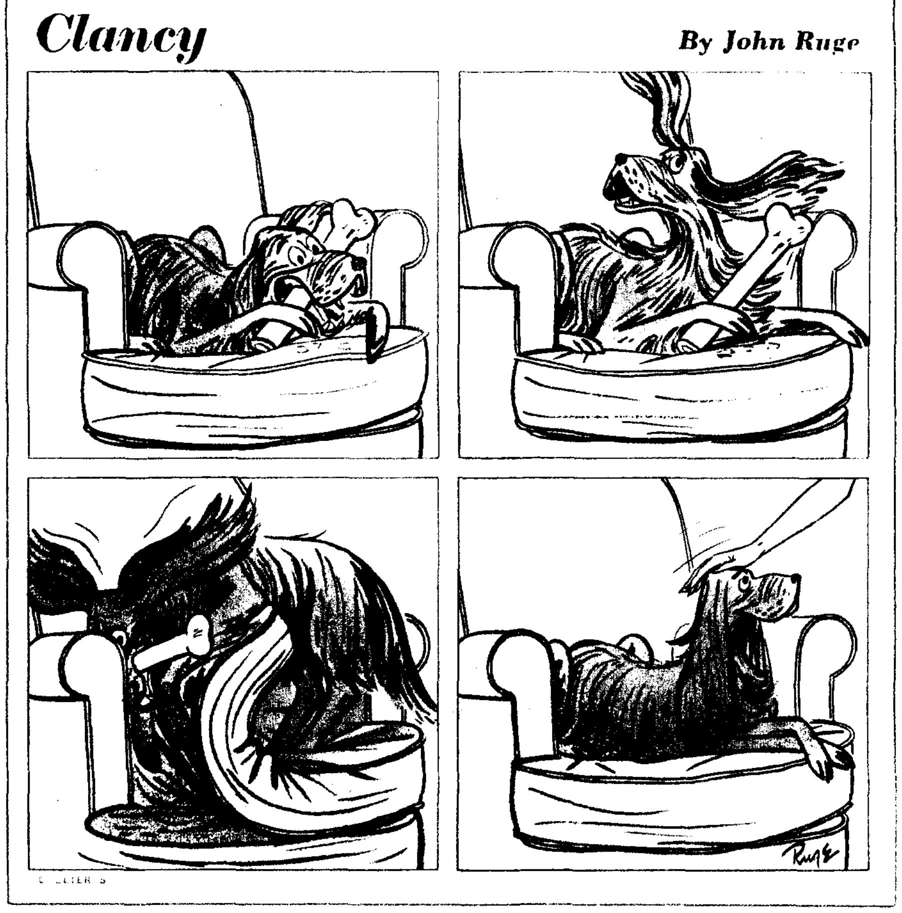
"Which way?" she asked.

The other way from you, he thought, but when she indicated her direction he walked with her. It was months since he had seen Sunset Boulevard, and the mention of Pasadena made him think of when he had first come to California ten years ago, something green and cool.

Pamela stopped before some tiny bungalows around a central court. "Good night," she said. "Don't let it worry you if you can't help me. Joe has explained how things are, with the war and all. I know you wanted to."

He nodded solemnly—despising himself.

"Are you married?" she asked.



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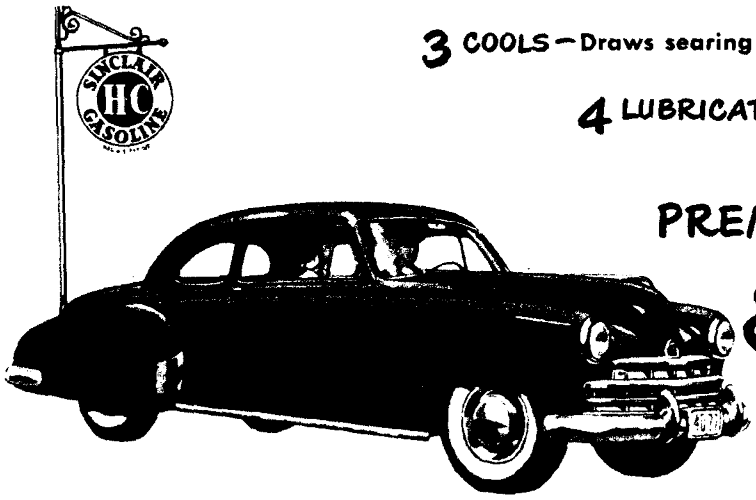
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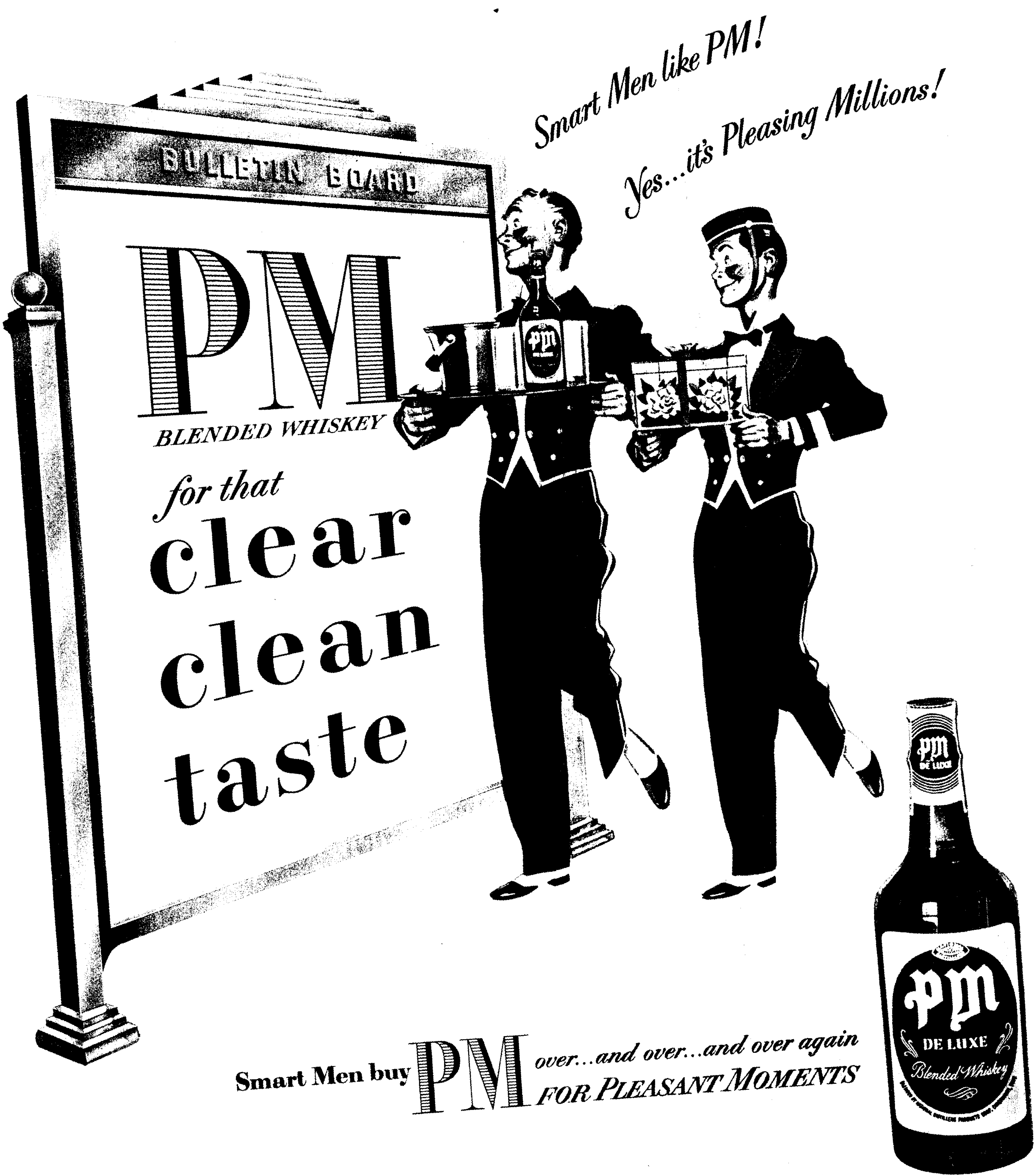
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"No."

"Then kiss me good night."

As he hesitated she said, "I like to be kissed good night. I sleep better."

He put his arms around her shyly and bent down to her lips, just touching them—and thinking hard of the letter on his desk which he couldn't send now—and liking holding her.

"You see it's nothing," she said. "Just friendly. Just good night."

On his way to the corner Jim said aloud, "Well, I'll be damned," and kept repeating the sinister prophecy to himself for some time after he was in bed.

ON THE third night of Pamela's play Jim went to Pasadena and bought a seat in the last row. A likely crowd was jostling into the theater and he felt glad that she would play to a full house, but at the door he found that it was a revival of Room Service—Pamela's play was in the Experiment Hall up the stairs.

Meekly he climbed to a tiny auditorium and was the first arrival except for fluttering ushers and voices chattering amid the hammers backstage. He considered a discreet retirement but was reassured by the arrival of a group of five, among them Joe Becker's chief assistant. The lights went out; a gong was beaten; to an audience of six the play began.

It was about some Mexicans who were being deprived of relief. Concepcione (Pamela Knighton) was having a child by an oil magnate. In the old Horatio Alger tradition, Pedro was reading Marx so someday he could be a bureaucrat and have offices at Palm Springs.

Pedro: "We stay here. Better Boss Ford than Renegade Trotsky."

Concepcione: (Miss Knighton): "But who will live to inherit?"

Pedro: "Perhaps the great-grandchildren, or the grandchildren of the great-grandchildren. Quién sabe?"

Through the gloomy charade Jim watched Pamela; in front of him the party of five leaned together and whispered after her scenes. Was she good? Jim had no notion—he should have taken someone along, or brought in his chauffeur. What with pictures drawing upon half the world for talent there was scarcely such a phenomenon as a "natural." There were only possibilities—and luck. He was luck. He was maybe this girl's luck—if he felt that her pull at his insides was universal.

Stars were no longer created by one man's casual desire as in the silent days, but stock girls were, tests were, chances were. When the curtain finally dropped, domestically as a Venetian blind, he went backstage by the simple process of walking through a door on the side. She was waiting for him.

"I was hoping you wouldn't come tonight," she said. "We've flopped. But the first night it was full and I looked for you."

"You were fine," he said stiffly.

"Oh, no. You should have seen me then."

"I saw enough," he said suddenly. "I can give you a little part. Will you come to the studio tomorrow?"

He watched her expression. Once more it surprised him. Out of her eyes, out of the curve of her mouth gleamed a sudden and overwhelming pity.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry. Joe brought some people over and next day I signed up with Bernie Wise."

"You *did?*"

"I knew you wanted me and at first I didn't realize you were just a sort of supervisor. I thought you had more power—you know?" She could not have chosen sharper words out of deliberate mischief. "Oh, I like you better *personally,*" she assured him. "You're much more civilized than Bernie Wise."

All right then he was civilized. He could at least pull out gracefully. "Can I drive you back to Hollywood?"

They rode through an October night soft as April. When they crossed a bridge, its walls topped with wire screens, he gestured toward it and she nodded.

"I know what it is," she said. "But how stupid! English people don't commit suicide when they don't get what they want."

"I know. They come to America."

She laughed and looked at him appraisingly. Oh, she could do something with him all right. She let her hand rest upon his.

"Kiss tonight?" he suggested after a while.

Pamela glanced at the chauffeur insulated in his compartment. "Kiss tonight," she said. . . .

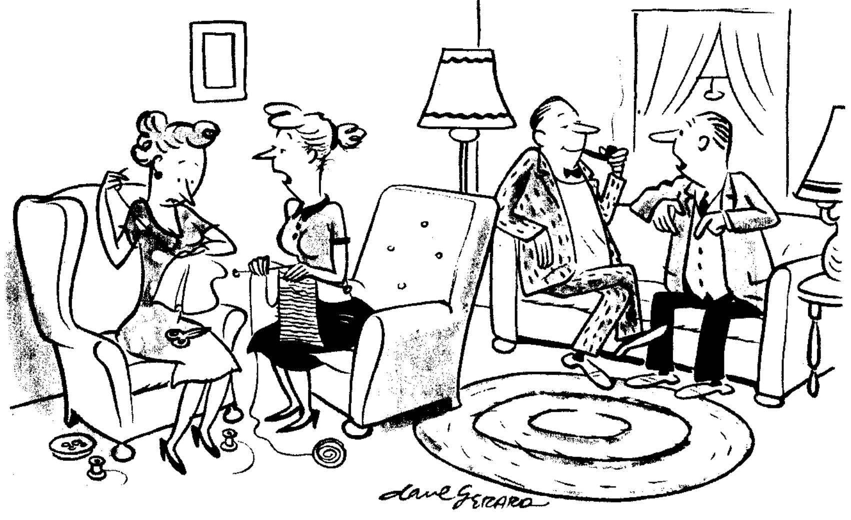
He flew East next day, looking for a young actress just like Pamela Knighton. He looked so hard that any eyes with an aspect of lovely melancholy, any bright English voice, predisposed him; he wandered as far afield as a stock company in Erie and a student play at Wellesley—it came to seem a desperate matter that he should find someone exactly like this girl. Then when a telegram called him impatiently back to Hollywood, he found Pamela dumped in his lap.

"You got a second chance, Jim," said Joe Becker. "Don't miss it again."

"What was the matter over there?"

Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD



"It just seems to me the city could do something! Harvey has been held up and robbed twice during the last month!"

"I knew he'd opened and drew three cards—so I gave him a pair. But I held aces up and I kicked it two dollars—!"

COLLIER'S

NEW!

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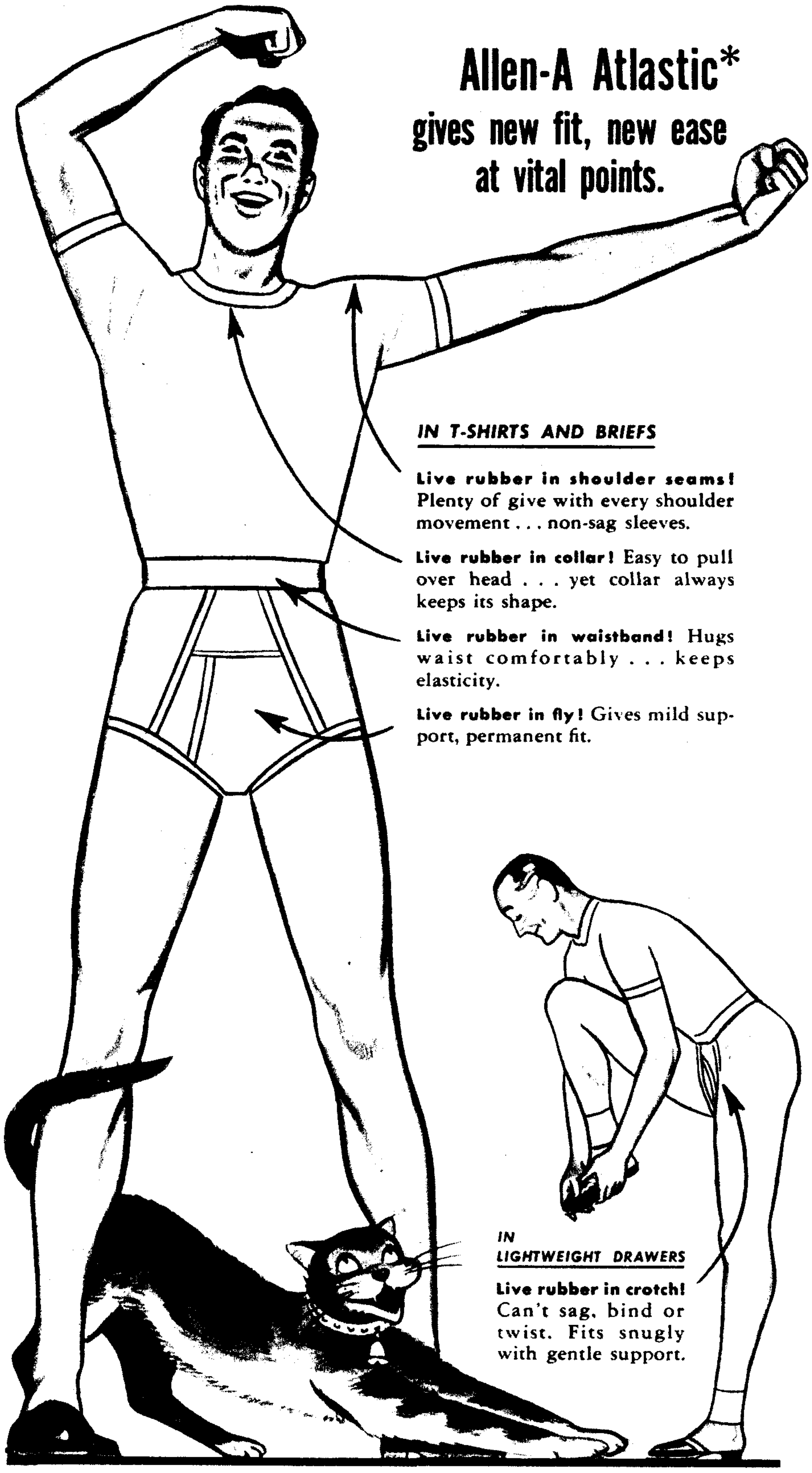

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AT LAST! ATLASTIC! Allen-A puts this new rubber and combed yarn fabric in the spots where you need it most. Flexes like your muscles. Well-ventilated, perspiration-absorbent. Launders *and launders* . . . and live-rubber stretch stays in for life of garment!

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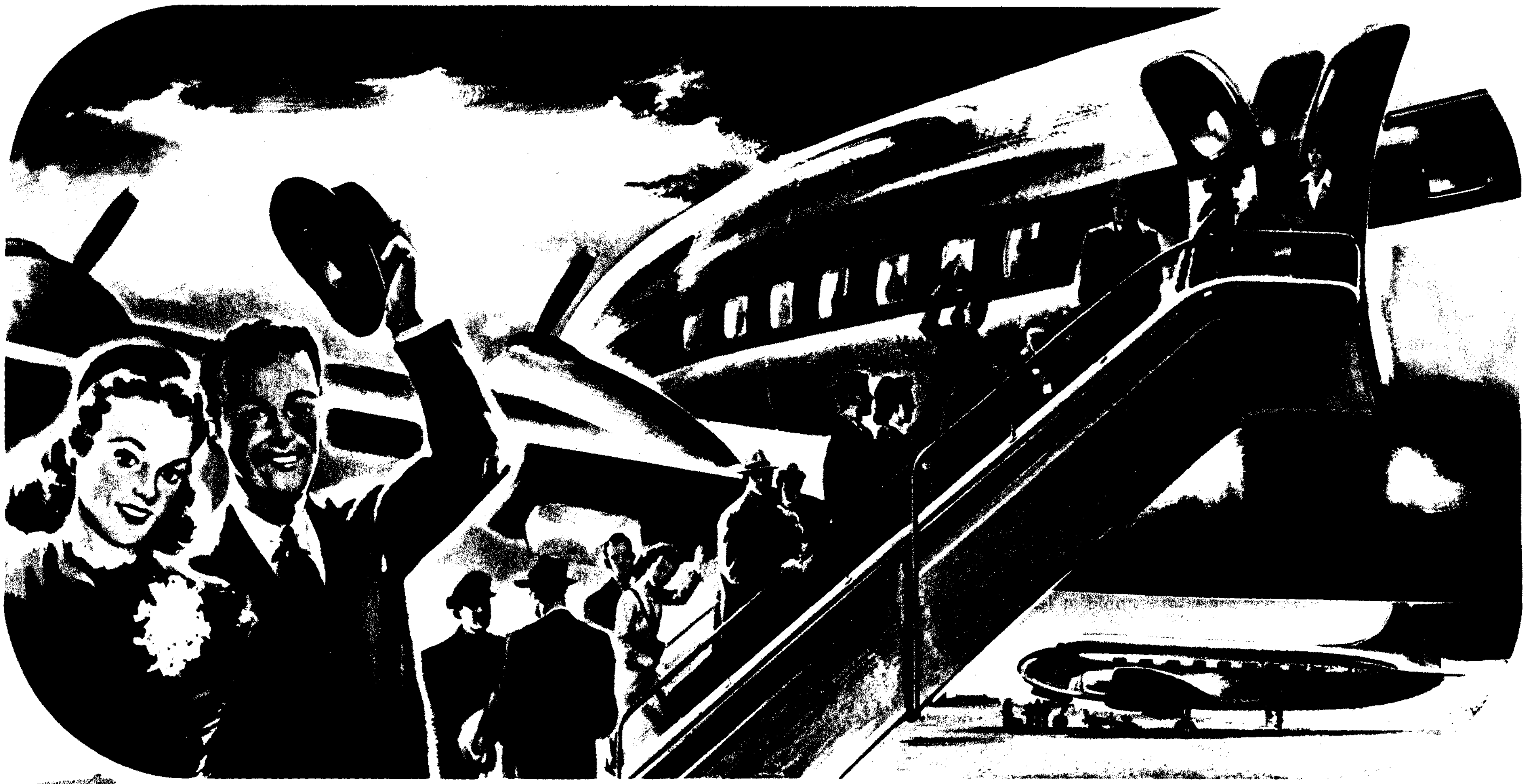

The air is yours... use it to see this wonderful land of ours!

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

America: wonderful, fascinating land! Whichever part of the country you call home, you owe it to yourself to see the rest . . . to taste the salt spray as the surf rolls in on the New England coast . . . to gaze in awe at the snow-capped Rocky Mountains . . . to smell the fragrance of the southern pines . . . to see the lakes, the rivers, the plains, the deserts, the peaceful villages and the teeming cities that make America what it is.

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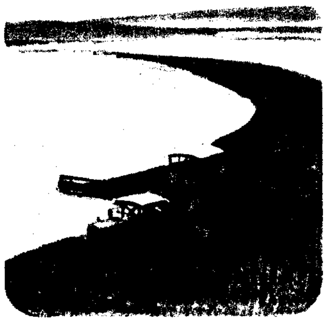


Unforgettable! Wheat as far as the eye can see: In Kansas and the other great grain-growing states of the Middle West, the wheat fields reproduce the restless beauty of the ocean deeps.

California calls you all the year 'round: Spring or fall, winter or summer, you'll find peace and beauty in the high Sierras, the green valleys, and the sparkling coastline of this fabulous land.

See the South: peaceful, picturesque, romantic: Ask anyone who's been there about Southern hospitality, the magnolias and azaleas, the soft moonlit nights and the leisurely, friendly days.

"They had no part for her. They're in a mess—change of management. So we tore up the contract."

Mike Harris, the studio head, investigated the matter. Why was Bernie Wise, a shrewd picture man, willing to let her go?

"Bernie says she can't act," he reported to Jim. "And what's more she makes trouble. I keep thinking of Simone and those two Austrian girls."

"I've seen her act," insisted Jim. "And I've got a place for her. I don't even want to build her up yet. I want to spot her in this little part and let you see."

A WEEK later Jim pushed open the padded door of Stage III and walked in. Extras in dress clothes turned toward him in the semidarkness; eyes widened.

"Where's Bob Griffin?"

"In that bungalow with Miss Knighton."

They were sitting side by side on a couch in the glare of the make-up light, and from the resistance in Pamela's face Jim knew the trouble was serious.

"It's *nothing*," Bob insisted heartily. "We get along like a couple of kittens, don't we, Pam? Sometimes I roll over her but she doesn't mind."

"You smell of onions," said Pamela.

Griffin tried again. "There's an English way and an American way. We're looking for the happy mean—that's all."

"There's a nice way and a silly way," Pamela said shortly. "I don't want to begin by looking like a fool."

"Leave us alone, will you, Bob?" Jim said.

"Sure. All the time in the world."

Jim had not seen her in this busy week of tests and fittings and rehearsals, and he thought now how little he knew about her and she of them.

"Bob seems to be in your hair," he said.

"He wants me to say things no sane person would say."

"All right—maybe so," he agreed. "Pamela, since you've been working here have you ever blown up in your lines?"

"Why—everybody does sometimes."

"Listen, Pamela—Bob Griffin gets almost ten times as much money as you do—for a particular reason. Not because he's the most brilliant director in Hollywood—he isn't—but because he never blows up in his lines."

"He's not an actor," she said, puzzled.

"I mean his lines in real life. I picked him for this picture because once in a while I blow up. But not Bob. He signed a contract for an unholy amount of money—which he doesn't deserve, which nobody deserves. But smoothness is the fourth dimension of this business and Bob has forgotten the word 'I.' People of three times his talent—producers and troupers and directors—go down the sink because they can't forget it."

"I know I'm being lectured to," she said uncertainly. "But I don't seem to understand. An actress has her own personality—"

He nodded. "And we pay her five times what she could get for it anywhere else—*if* she'll only keep it off the floor where it trips the rest of us up. You're tripping us all up, Pamela."

I thought you were my friend, her eyes said.

He talked to her a few minutes more. Everything he said he believed with all his heart, but because he had twice kissed those lips, he saw that it was support and protection they wanted from him. All he had done was to make her a little shocked that he was not on her side. Feeling rather baffled, and sorry for her loneliness he went to the door of the bungalow and called: "Hey, Bob!"

Jim went about other business. He got back to his office to find Mike Harris waiting.

"Again that girl's making trouble."

"I've been over there."

"I mean in the last five minutes!" cried Harris. "Since you left she's made trouble! Bob Griffin had to stop shooting for the day. He's on his way over."

Bob came in. "There's one type you can't seem to get at—can't find what makes them that way. I'm afraid it's either Pamela or me."

There was a moment's silence. Mike Harris, upset by the whole situation, suspected that Jim was having an affair with the girl.

"Give me till tomorrow morning," said Jim. "I think I can find what's back of this."

Griffin hesitated but there was a personal appeal in Jim's eyes—an appeal to associations of a decade. "All right, Jim," he agreed.

When they had gone Jim called Pamela's number. What he had almost expected happened, but his heart sank none the less when a man's voice answered the phone. . . .

Excepting a trained nurse, an actress is the easiest prey for the unscrupulous male. Jim had learned that in the background of their troubles or their failures there was often some plausible confidence man, some soured musician, who asserted his masculinity by way of interference, midnight nagging, bad advice. The technique of the man was to belittle the woman's job and to question endlessly the motives and intelligence of those for whom she worked.

Jim was thinking of all this when he reached the bungalow hotel in Beverly Hills where Pamela had moved. It was after six. In the court a cold fountain splashed senselessly against the December fog and he heard Major Bowes's voice loud from three radios.

When the door of the apartment opened Jim stared. The man was old—a bent and withered Englishman with ruddy winter color dying in his face. He wore an old dressing gown and slippers and he asked Jim to sit down with an air of being at home. Pamela would be in shortly.

"Are you a relative?" Jim asked wonderingly.

"No, Pamela and I met here in Hollywood. We were strangers in a strange land. Are you employed in pictures, Mr. ——Mr.—"

"Leonard," said Jim. "Yes. At present I'm Pamela's boss."

A change came into the man's eyes—the watery blink became conspicuous, there was a stiffening of the old lids. The lips curled down and backward and Jim was gazing into an expression of utter malignancy. Then the features became old and bland again.

"I hope Pamela is being handled properly?"

"You've been in pictures?" Jim asked.

"Till my health broke down. But I am still on the rolls at Central Casting and I know everything about this business and the souls of those who own it—" He broke off.

THE door opened and Pamela came in. "Well, hello," she said in surprise. "You've met? The Honorable Chauncey Ward—Mr. Leonard."

Her glowing beauty, borne in from outside like something snatched from wind and weather, made Jim breathless for a moment.

"I thought you told me my sins this afternoon," she said with a touch of defiance.

"I wanted to talk to you away from the studio."

"Don't accept a salary cut," the old man said. "That's an old trick."

"It's not that, Mr. Ward," said Pamela. "Mr. Leonard has been my friend up to now. But today the director tried to make a fool of me, and Mr. Leonard backed him up."

"They all hang together," said Mr. Ward.

"I wonder—" began Jim. "Could I possibly talk to you alone?"

"I trust Mr. Ward," said Pamela frowning. "He's been over here twenty-five years and he's practically my business manager."

Jim wondered from what deep loneliness this relationship had sprung. "I hear there was more trouble on the set," he said.

"Trouble!" She was wide-eyed. "Griffin's assistant swore at me and I heard it. So I walked out. And if Griffin sent apologies by you I don't want them—our relation is going to be strictly business from now on."

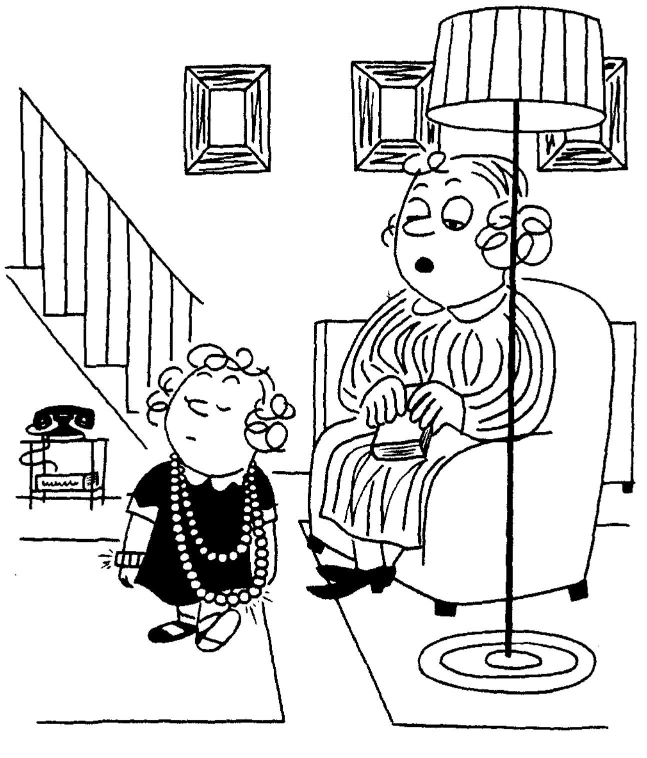
"He didn't send apologies," said Jim uncomfortably. "He sent an ultimatum."

"An ultimatum!" she exclaimed. "I've got a contract, and you're his boss, aren't you?"

"To an extent," said Jim, "—but, of course, making pictures is a joint matter—"

"Then let me try another director."

"Fight for your rights," said Mr.



COLLIER'S "Pardon me, but may I have a word with you?" BORIS DRUCKER

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Unbelievable? Not at all. For they both combine *softness* and *liveliness.* These are qualities hatters say are essential in fine hats. And if you'll pick up a Mallory, *feel* its mellow felt, your own fingertips will tell you what we mean.

famous as a lightweight, has the softness and liveliness you feel in all Mallory Hats. And it has a jaunty, casual style all its own. Cravenette shower-proofed, $7.50. Or in Mallory's exclusive Pliafelt,* $10. Other Mallorys, $7.50 to $20. Danbury, Conn.

*Registered

Ward. "That's the only thing that impresses them."

"You're doing your best to wreck this girl," said Jim quietly.

"You can't frighten me," snapped Ward. "I've seen your type before."

Jim looked again at Pamela. There was exactly nothing he could do. Had they been in love, had it ever seemed the time to encourage the spark between them, he might have reached her now. But it was too late. In the Hollywood darkness outside he seemed to feel the swift wheels of the industry turning. He knew that when the studio opened tomorrow, Mike Harris would have new plans that did not include Pamela at all.

FOR a moment longer he hesitated. He was a well-liked man, still young, and with a wide approval. He could buck them about this girl, send her to a dramatic teacher. He could not bear to see her make such a mistake. On the other hand he was afraid that somewhere people had yielded to her too much, spoiled her for this sort of career.

"Hollywood isn't a very civilized place," said Pamela.

"It's a jungle," agreed Mr. Ward. "Full of prowling beasts of prey."

Jim rose. "Well, this one will prowl out," he said. "Pam, I'm very sorry. Feeling like you do, I think you'd be wise to go back to England and get married."

For a moment a flicker of doubt was in her eyes. But her confidence, her young egotism, was greater than her judgment—she did not realize that this very minute was opportunity and she was losing it forever.

For she had lost it when Jim turned and went out. It was weeks before she knew how it happened. She received her salary for some months—Jim saw to that—but she did not set foot on that lot again. Nor on any other. She was placed quietly on that black list that is not written down but that functions at backgammon games after dinner, or on the way to the races. Men of influence stared at her with interest at restaurants here and there but all their inquiries about her reached the same dead end.

She never gave up during the following months—even long after Becker had lost interest and she was in want, and no longer seen in the places where people go to be looked at. It was not from grief or discouragement but only through commonplace circumstances that in June she died. . . .

When Jim heard about it, it seemed incredible and terrible. He learned accidentally that she was in the hospital with pneumonia—he telephoned and found that she was dead. "Sybil Higgins, actress, English. Age twenty-one"

She had given old Ward as the person to be informed and Jim managed to get him enough money to cover the funeral expenses, on the pretext that some old salary was still owing. Afraid that Ward might guess the source of the money he did not go to the funeral but a week later he drove out to the grave.

It was a long bright June day and he stayed there an hour. All over the city there were young people just breathing and being happy and it seemed senseless that the little English girl was not one of them. He kept on trying and trying to twist things about so that they would come out right for her but it was too late. He said good-by aloud and promised that he would come again.

Back at the studio he reserved a projection room and asked for her tests and for the bits of film that had been shot on her picture. He sat in a big leather chair in the darkness and pressed the button for it to begin.

In the test Pamela was dressed as he had seen her that first night at the dance. She looked very happy and he was glad she had had at least that much happiness. The reel of takes from the picture began and ran jerkily with the sound of Bob Griffin's voice off scene and with prop boys showing the number of blocks for the scenes. Then Jim started as the next to the last one came up, and he saw her turn from the camera and whisper: "I'd rather die than do it that way."

Jim got up and went back to his office where he opened the three notes he had from her and read them again.

"*—just passing by the studio and thought of you and of our ride.*"

Just passing by. During the spring she had called him twice on the phone, he knew, and he had wanted to see her. But he could do nothing for her and could not bear to tell her so.

"I am not very brave," Jim said to himself. Even now there was fear in his heart that this would haunt him like that memory of his youth, and he did not want to be unhappy.

Several days later he worked late in the dubbing room, and afterward he dropped into his neighborhood drugstore for a sandwich. It was a warm night and there were many young people at the soda counter. He was paying his check when he became aware that a figure was standing by the magazine rack looking at him over the edge of a magazine. He stopped—he did not want to turn for a closer look only to find the resemblance at an end. Nor did he want to go away.

He heard the sound of a page turning and then out of the corner of his eye he saw the magazine cover, The Illustrated London News.

HE FELT no fear—he was thinking too quickly, too desperately. If this were real and he could snatch her back, start from there, from that night.

"Your change, Mr. Leonard."

"Thank you."

Still without looking he started for the door and then he heard the magazine close, drop to a pile and he heard someone breathe close to his side. Newsboys were calling an extra across the street and after a moment he turned the wrong way, her way, and he heard her following—so plain that he slowed his pace with the sense that she had trouble keeping up with him.

In front of the apartment court he took her in his arms and drew her radiant beauty close.

"Kiss me good night," she said. "I like to be kissed good night. I sleep better."

Then sleep, he thought, as he turned away—sleep. I couldn't fix it. I tried to fix it. When you brought your beauty here I didn't want to throw it away, but I did somehow. There is nothing left for you now but sleep. THE END

MY FRIEND MISS BARRYMORE

By TALLULAH BANKHEAD

On one occasion, Ethel Barrymore, a real baseball fan, greeted Tallulah with: "Well, I see the Bums blew two today." The irrepressible girl from way down South in Dixie tells about that and a lot of other Barrymoreisms

In Collier's *next week*

PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 28

having any further sins upon my head. Esther must not know about—this. She is your wife—your wife, Pride, whatever the reasons you married her. I won't have her deserted because of me. I'll stay here—in the backwaters of your life, but no more than that. Promise me!"

"I promise," Pride growled, and kissed her good-by.

But, on the way home, he turned the matter over in his mind. Don't know that I'll keep that promise, he thought angrily. Sharon is my wife really—not Esther. Never had this feeling before about Sharon—of coming home, of being all peaceful like, of being where I belong. I'm going to talk to Esther. She's got money—and I'll give her more. Every cent I have if necessary. She'll see it my way. I saw in the paper yesterday that there was over sixteen thousand divorces last year. I want Sharon for my wife. If I hadn't been such a damned. greedy fool, she'd be that now—and we'd be happy. . . .

WHEN he reached the Stillworth mansion, Esther was up and waiting for him. She did not say a word about his night-long absence. She sat there over the breakfast table, where Pride joined her for another cup of coffee, with an expression of quiet triumph upon her face. Finally Pride could not stand it any longer.

"Esther," he said, "I've got to talk to you."

"Is it important? I don't feel like talking this morning. I just want to sit here and be happy."

"Yes," Pride said grimly, "it is."

"Oh," Esther said. "Well—since we must talk, I'd better tell you something first. I'm going to have a baby, Pride."

Pride sat there, his mouth dropping open foolishly, staring at the slim and lovely figure of his wife as though he were seeing her for the first time. A baby! A son—oh, it would be a son—to grow up tall and handsome at his side, to follow in his footsteps and to inherit his worldly goods.

"Oh, Esther," he mumbled, "a kid! We're going to have a kid!"

"Yes," Esther chuckled. "We are."

"Wow! I know it's going to be a boy!" Pride exulted. "Oh, Esther, hon—" Then he came around the table and took her in his arms.

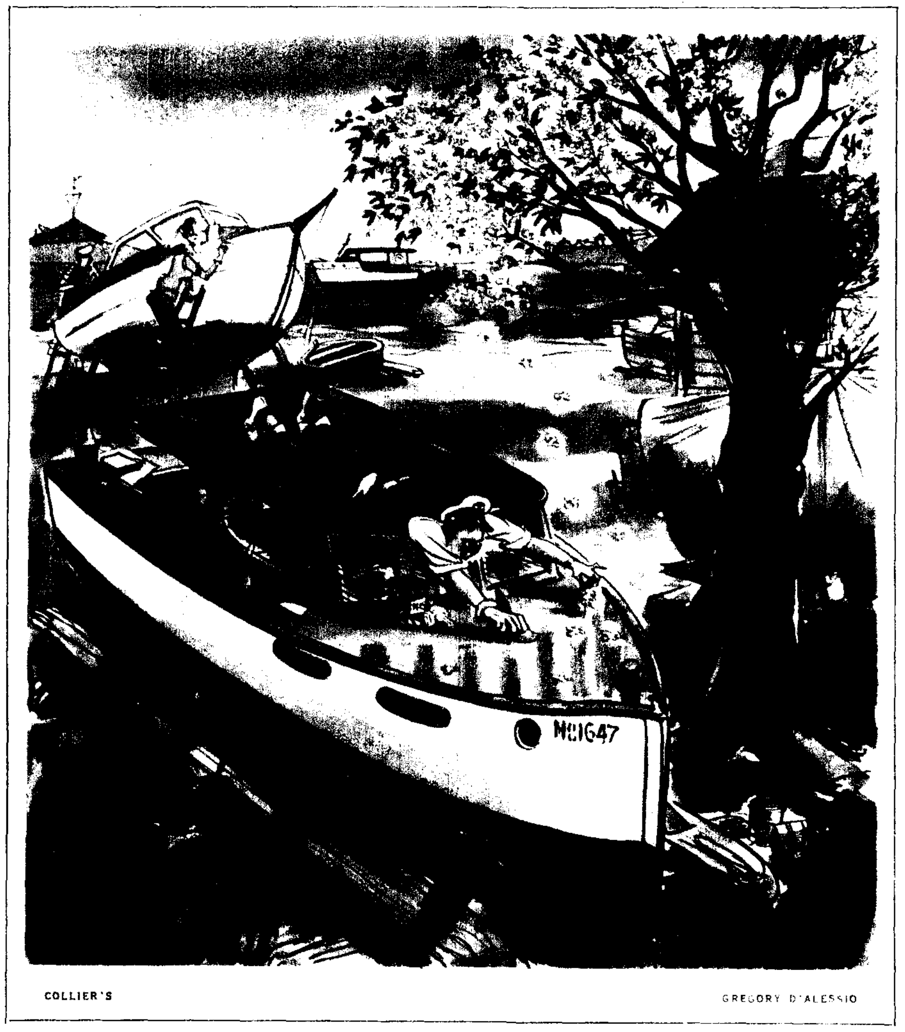
PRIDE sat in his study trying to concentrate on the work that lay before him. But the events of the past months tugged at his mind, tart and bitter in reflection. At Christmastime, he had gone to Tiffany's and bought a magnificent diamond necklace for Sharon. It had cost him a fortune, and as he had driven toward her flat he had savored the anticipation of how her eyes would light up at seeing it.

But Sharon had stood there holding the necklace in her hand without saying a word, and the slow tears had crept down from the corners of her eyelids. Then silently, she had handed it back.

"I am given, Pride," she said simply, "not bought. There's a name for women who take gifts and money in exchange for love."

Damn it all, he thought morosely, there's no understanding women! I wonder. He paused, took a cigar out of the box in the drawer, lighted it, and then resumed his thought. I wonder where on earth Esther got a name like Caprice for the baby.

Esther, late in September, had presented him with his long-awaited heir. But to his acute disappointment, the child was a girl. He was, for about an hour, quite bitter about it—and much shaken with fear and confusion over the fact that little Caprice had arrived seven months to the night from the date of Esther's return from Carolina. He had feared that the child, being premature, would be malformed or idiotic. But his



COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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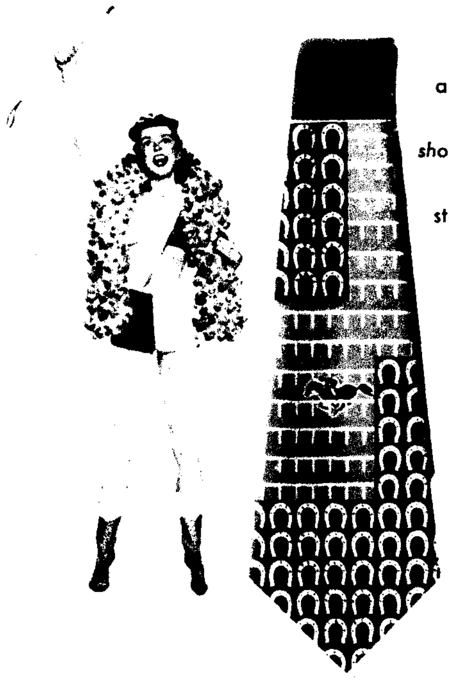
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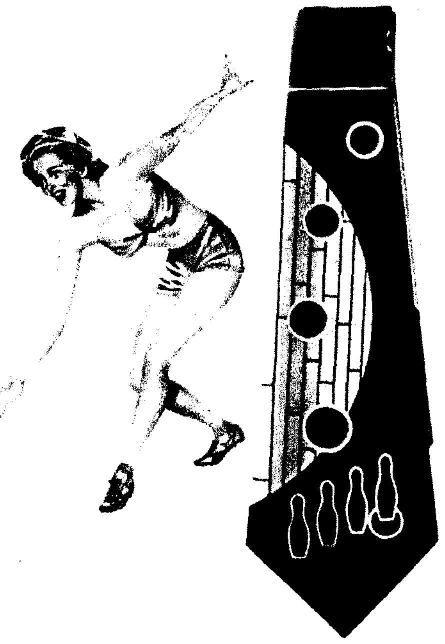
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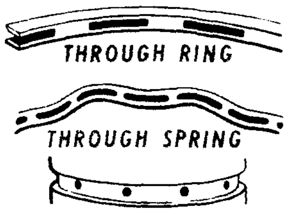
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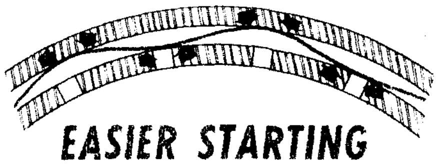

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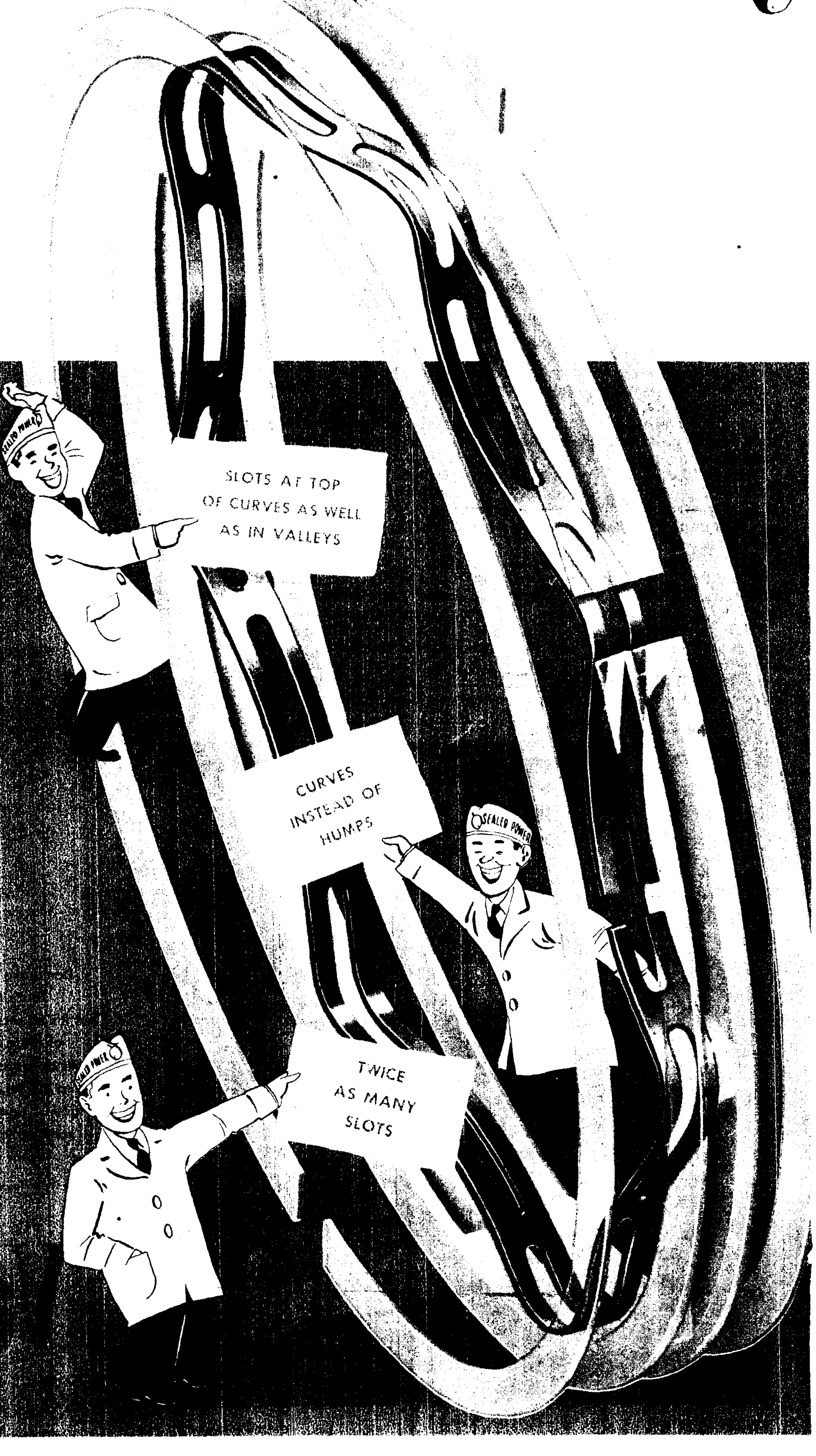
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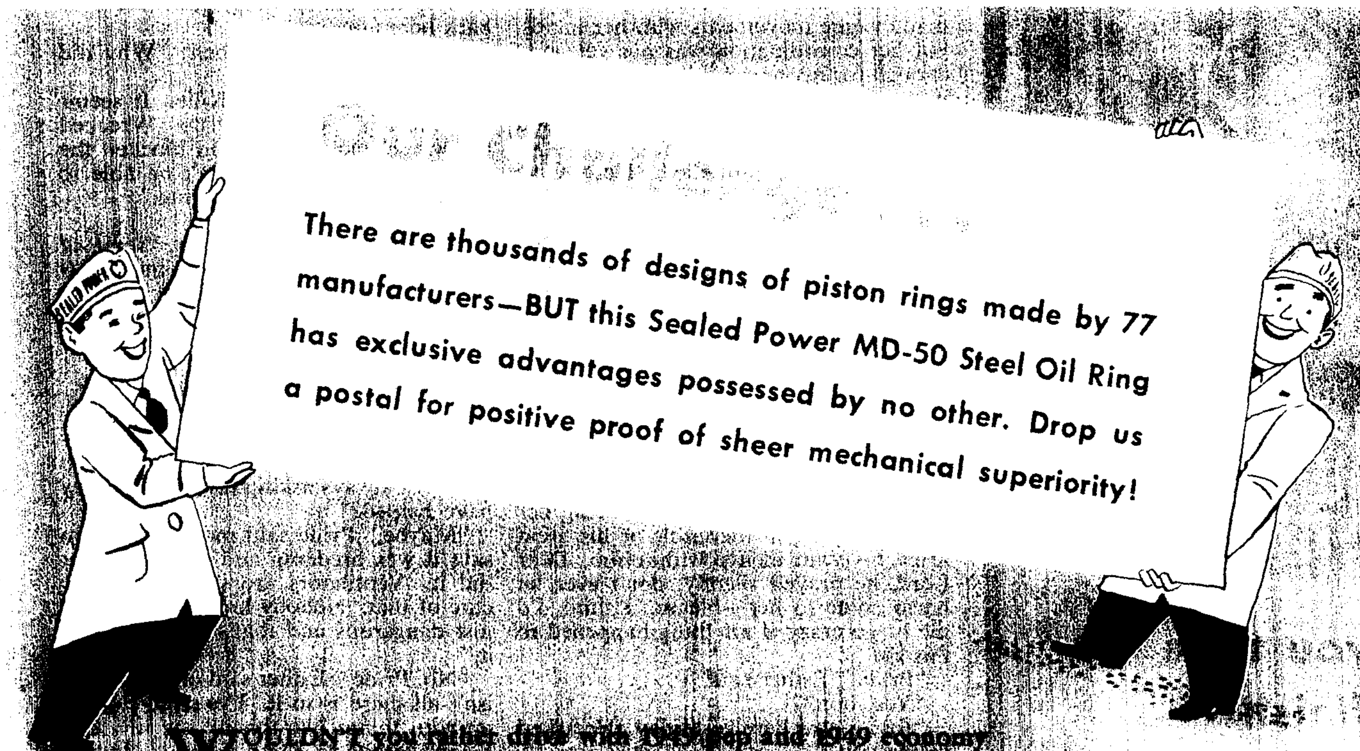
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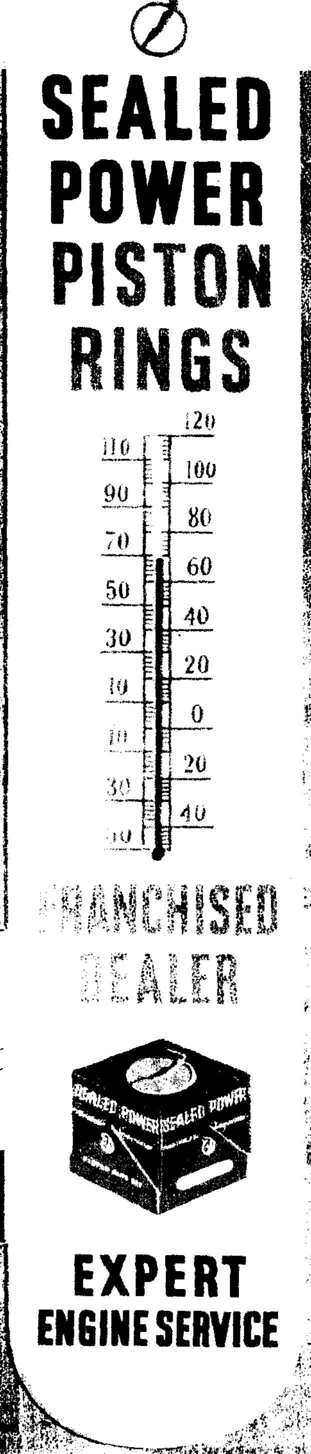
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fear and bitterness had lasted a scant hour, for at the end of that time, Doctor Bergman had allowed him to see the most beautiful girl baby in all the world.

And Pride's heart melted within him. Seeing the expression upon his face Esther knew real triumph. At last the chink in his armor had been found.

He got up now from the desk and going into the room where the baby was, took his four-month-old daughter in his arms. Bending down, he kissed her pink cheek. As he did so, his mustache tickled her delicate skin, and she laughed aloud.

"Es!" Pride roared. "She laughed! Did you hear her? I didn't know they could laugh so young!"

"They can't," Esther said calmly, "You're mistaken, Pride."

"The *hell* I *am*! Oh, excuse me, Cappy. Your old daddy's got to stop that. He can't cuss any more, can he? Not in front of you."

"Pride," Esther said gaily, "I never would have believed you'd be such a fool over a child."

"Ain't I, though?" Pride grinned. "She's so little and sweet. I didn't deserve anything like this. Guess that's why I love her so. God, but she's pretty! I can't half get my work done these days, thinking about this kid. She's got to have the best of everything."

He drew out his nugget luck piece and dangled it before the baby. Caprice made vague movements with her hands, but her co-ordination was not yet good enough for her to catch it. So Pride gave it to her, grinning.

Caprice took the nugget at once and plopped it into her mouth.

"Pride!" Esther shrieked. "Here! Give her to me!"

Fearfully, Pride surrendered the baby and watched as Esther fished the nugget out of her mouth.

"You might have strangled her!" Esther snapped.

Pride's face was ashen with real fear. "Damn my stupid hide!" he said. "I sure could have! Here, give her back to me, Es. I'll be more careful."

"See that you are," Esther said sternly.

Pride continued to rock the baby until the big blue eyes closed. Seeing her there, sleeping in the circle of his great arms, his heart melted within him. Dear Lord, he prayed silently, don't ever let harm come to her—please. I think I'd die or go crazy if anything happened to this kid.

"Pride," Esther said.

"Yes, hon?"

"Joseph was here yesterday. He asked to see you."

"Little Joe Fairhill? What did he want—you to leave me and come back to him?"

"No." Esther smiled. "At least he didn't say so. Why don't you bury the hatchet, Pride? After all, Joe has never done you any real harm. I think he'd like to be friends now—and he is nice."

"All right," Pride said indulgently. "Have him over to dinner some night. I always liked him anyhow—even if he did buck up against me. Plenty of nerve, that fellow. Did you show him Cappy?"

"Yes," Esther said. "Why?"

"No reason. How'd he like her?"

"Very much," Esther said quietly. "He said she's the most beautiful baby he's ever seen."

"Damned right she is! Joe's got sense. And taste too; he proved that by trying to marry you."

"That, I suppose, is a compliment?" Esther said.

"Yes," Pride said. "Cappy got her looks from you, thank God! She doesn't look like me at all."

MALCHOLM came into the room and paused just inside the door. He had a letter on a silver tray in his hand. Pride gave the baby back to Esther and got up and took the letter. Swiftly he tore it open and read it.

"Now," he said, when he had finished, his voice heavy with disgust, "I got to get me a new manager!"

Esther looked up in surprise.

"A manager?" she asked. "For what?"

"For the mines. Tim quit. He'll be back here tomorrow."

"Oh," Esther said. Then: "Why did he quit, Pride?"

"Some trouble in Millville. It seems that the main shaft blew up. Wrecked the winch and the lift, and blocked the main tunnel. Hell! I won't be able to get no coal out now till spring."

"And Tim quit over *that?*"

"Well," Pride said uneasily, "some of the men got killed—and you know how Tim is."

"Some of the men—how many, Pride?"

"Well—"

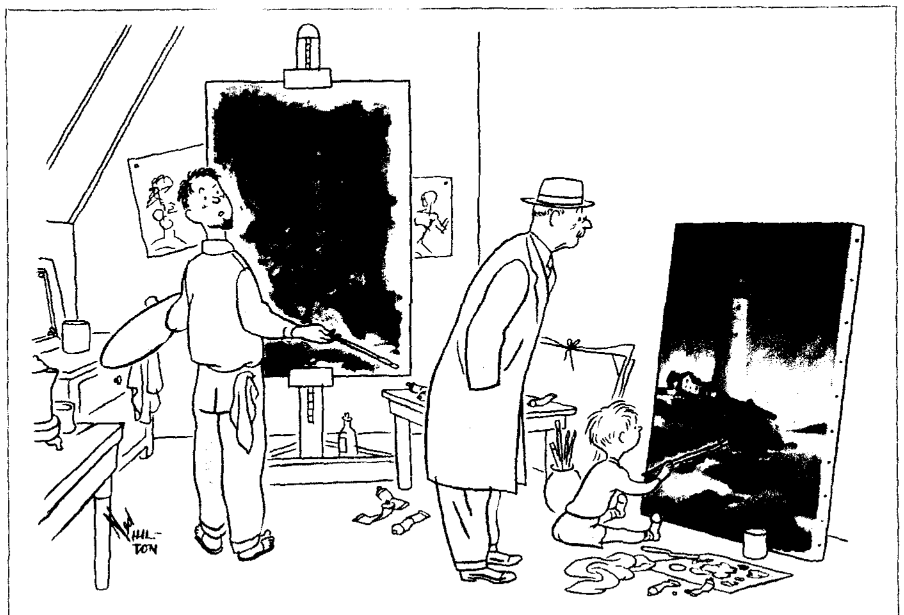
"I asked you a question, Pride."

"Three hundred."

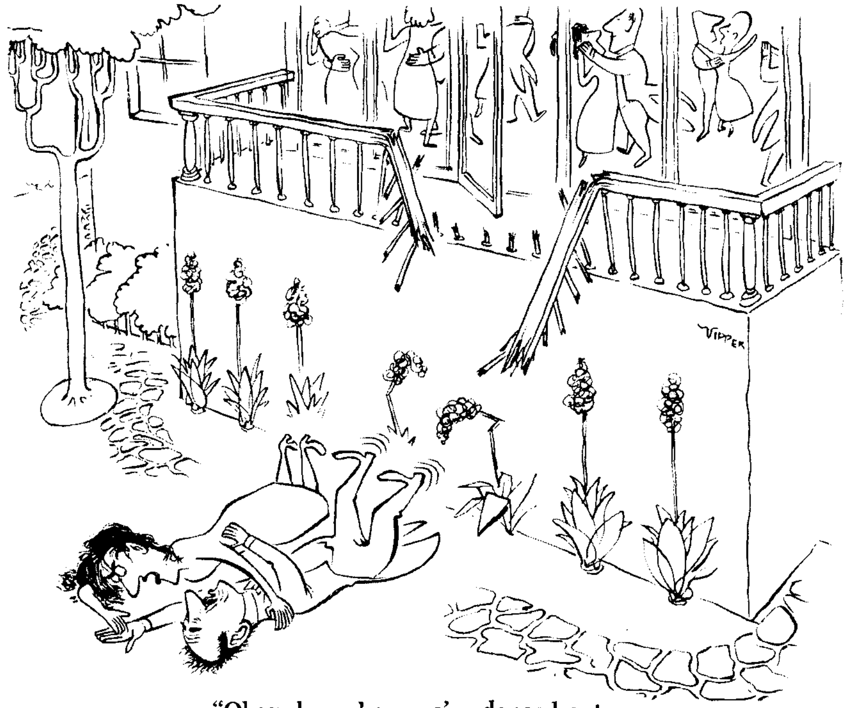
"Three hundred! No wonder Tim resigned. Tell me, Pride, those ventilators Tim was always asking for—would they have helped?"

"Maybe," Pride said morosely. "Tim says it was firedamp and coal dust that did it. Ventilators are s'posed to take care of that. Nobody knows. Mining is just dangerous and that's all there is to it."

"No, Pride," Esther said quietly, "that isn't all there is to it. I've been putting up with things like this all my life, and I don't intend to go on doing it. Father made his money any way he could, but I didn't understand that until I was grown. But I do understand now. I don't want that kind of wealth. I don't



COLLIER'S "Call that art? Why, a child can do it" NED HILTON



COLLIER'S "Okay, lover boy, we've danced out into the garden . . . now what?" VIRGIL PARTCH

want Caprice to have your sins fall upon her head."

"But, Esther," Pride protested, "them things cost money!"

"What does life cost, Pride?" Esther said. "What is the measure in dollars and cents of the grief of those men's widows?"

"Now you're talking foolishness!"

"Am I? I'm sorry. Only, my dear husband, you're going to do some of those things Tim asked you to. You're going to put in the ventilators. You're going to build a hospital and a decent school. I'll do my share, too. If you do those things, I'll build an orphanage for the Millville children—and establish a relief fund for the widows."

"Esther, you're crazy! Plumb stark raving. You sound downright radical like those fellows always talking in Tompkins Square."

"Radical? No—I call it decency, that's all. I don't agree with the Socialists. I don't believe in state ownership and confiscation. Only that's precisely what we're going to get if men like you don't develop a conscience. We've had a good life, Pride. I want to keep it that way. And sooner or later the only way we're going to be able to do it is to show the world that the things the radicals—quite rightly, Pride—say that working people ought to have can be provided under our system. We've got to prove that private wealth can be just."

"Daft!" Pride growled. "It's just like this fellow Darwin says: the survival of the fittest. The world's a jungle, hon. And the biggest and toughest win out. Been that way ever since the beginning of time. You can't change things."

"Perhaps not. But there are tall cities standing where the jungle was before. A jungle doesn't have to stay a jungle, Pride. And this particular one isn't going to."

"No?"

"No. I'll leave you if you don't do something about those people. Oh, I know that doesn't bother you. You'd be sitting on your Sharon's doorstep before my carriage was out of sight. Only, Pride, I'll take Caprice with me." Esther could see the livid spots of rage appearing upon Pride's cheeks. But she could see something else, too—the tiny glow of fear in his eyes. She had won.

Pride crossed over to her and stood looking down at the baby. Then he put out one thick finger and Caprice caught it in her chubby fist, cooing with delight.

"You—you wouldn't," he growled.

"Oh, yes I would. Caprice has to have a—father she can be proud of. I'm going to see that she has. Or none at all. Or, perhaps another one."

"No!" Pride roared.

Strange what a hold the child has on him, Esther thought. Thank God for that. Next time I'll have to see what can be done about Sharon.

"You win," Pride croaked. "I'll have the papers drawn up first thing in the morning."

"See that you do," Esther said serenely.

PRIDE stood looking at Caprice. Beautiful, he thought, prettiest baby I ever did see. I don't even worry about her not being a boy any more. Never loved anything in my whole damned life like I love this rosy little angel.

He bent down to the infant.

"Got to have the best, haven't you, hon?" he murmured. "Finest clothes, biggest carriage, best damn' schooling in the land. The boy who comes to marry you is going to have a hard way to go. He's going to have to show me his bankbook with seven figures in it. Going to climb up and down his family tree worse than a monkey to make sure ain't no craziness or meanness or wildness in his blood! Going to make him bring me a letter from his preacher showing how good he is. The boy that marries you has got to be right!"

"And in turn," Esther mocked, "would you swear that there's no craziness or meanness or wildness in her blood?"

"Don't make no difference!" Pride said stoutly. "By the time she's grown, you'n me'll have to straighten out most of what she got from the both of us. That wildcat temper of yours, and my mean streak. Think we can do it?"

"I hope so," Esther said softly.

"I got something I want to show you—something I got for you'n her," Pride said. "I'll tell Terrance to get the carriage ready."

"But," Esther protested, "it's so cold!"

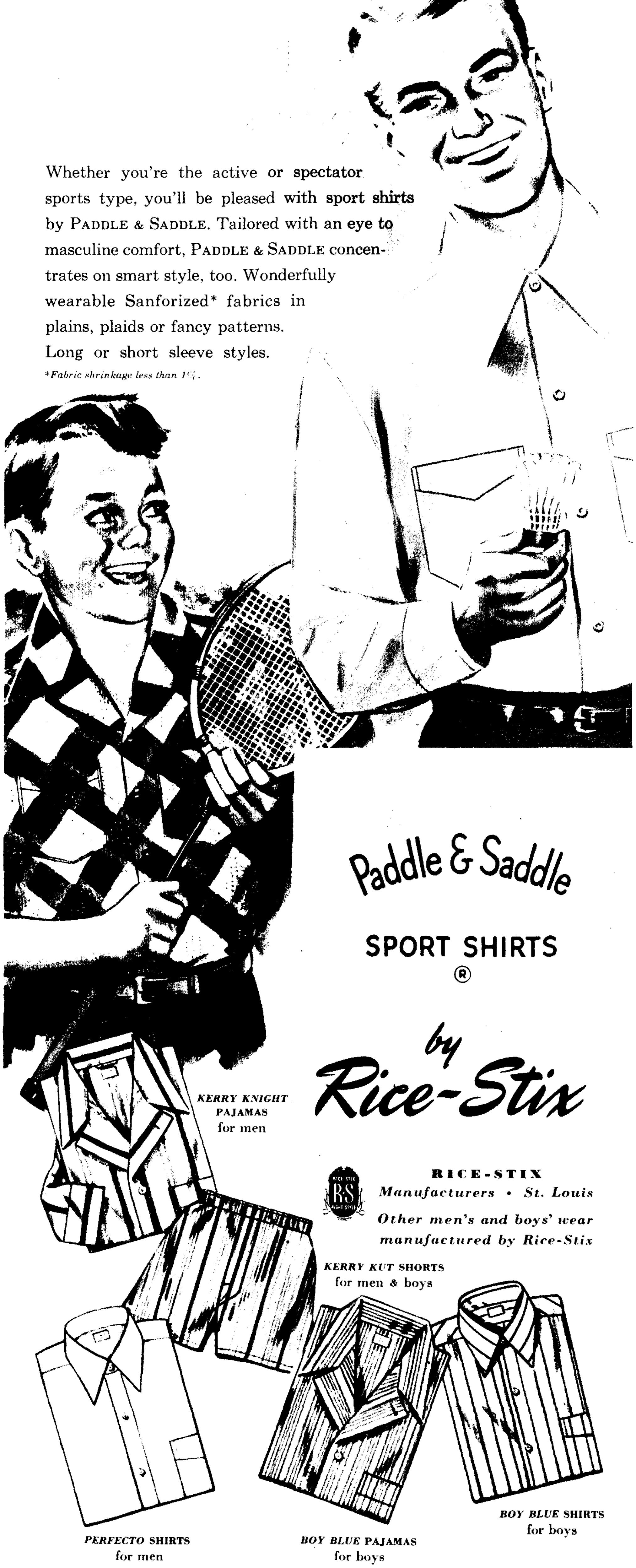
"Wrap her up good, then. This here is worth seeing."

It was warm in the carriage under the buffalo robe. Terrance managed the well-trained four with expert skill. They went straight up Fifth Avenue past the French flats they had formerly occupied.

"You know," Esther said, "I miss that place."

"You won't much longer," Pride grinned.

They left the city behind them. Fi-



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MY POP'S THE BEST..!

I had to separate my kid from one of his pals the other day. They were scrapping over which father was the better baseball umpire. I pretended to be angry with my Tommy—though I was secretly proud of his faith in me.

That little incident started me wondering if his faith was really justified. Sure, I'd done my best to give him a good home . . . but what would happen to him and his Mom if something should happen to me?

Then I remembered my talk with a Mutual Life representative, who explained how his Company's *Insured Income* service could provide a comfortable monthly income for Tommy and his mother in case they were left alone. At the same time, he said *Insured Income* would build up a retirement fund, so I'd never be a financial burden on my son.

I decided that was the kind of life insurance planning I was going to have for my family. And believe me, I was a happy man when I found I could afford real family security, so Tommy and his mother would never be let down.

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VETERANS: KEEP YOUR "G. I." LIFE INSURANCE!

nally they reached the place which would, Esther reckoned, be in the neighborhood of Eighty-second Street when the narrow footpaths became streets. Then Terrance began to work the carriage westward.

He pulled at the reins, and the horses drew to a stop. Looking out the window, Esther could see the smoke from many fires, and a swarm of men hard at work despite the cold. They were digging into the frozen earth atop a high bluff overlooking the Hudson, while a man clad in a fur greatcoat held a bundle of plans and talked with the foreman.

"Is this," Esther demanded sharply, "what you brought me to see?"

"Yep. See that man in the fur coat? That's Rosini—best damned architect in the country. They talk about Stewart's house—cost him a measly two million. Well, this here one is going to cost five million!"

"A house?" Esther whispered. "You're building a house?"

"For her," Pride said gently. "She's got to have the best."

"But, Pride, Father left us a wonderful house," Esther reminded him. "We don't need—"

"Ain't thinking about us. It's for Caprice. And it ain't no ordinary house—it's a castle."

"A—a castle!"

"Yep. Ever see a princess without a castle? Half the crowned heads of Europe is poorer than I am anyhow. Why shouldn't I build a castle? Towers and battlements—maybe even a drawbridge."

"A castle," Esther whispered. "Pride's Castle!" Then softly, merrily she began to laugh.

"What's funny?" Pride growled.

"You. You're a throwback. You're exactly the sort of man who built castles in the first place. They built them to protect themselves against the people they had defrauded and stolen from. And they put them at strategic points where travelers had to pass so they could go on robbing. And ever so often, Pride, the serfs rose up and besieged their liege lord—or an enemy baron decided to take over. Then they died in their castles with an arrow through their hearts, or from starvation after they had eaten even the dogs and the rats. Or they surrendered and were beheaded. Take your choice, Pride!"

"You think something like that's going to happen to me? Well, it ain't. I'm too big and too damned strong. Besides, can't nobody kill Pride—'cepting maybe pride itself."

"That could happen, too," Esther said.

THE next afternoon Tim McCarthy walked into Pride's office. An hour later, completely dazed, he walked out again, in complete possession of the brokerage office of Morrison, who had died a month before.

Pride had not made him an outright gift of the business. He knew Tim too well for that. But he accepted Tim's note against fifty thousand dollars, to be paid when and how Tim saw fit at interest rates so small as to be ridiculous.

After the conference, Pride impulsively asked Tim to have lunch with him. But, when they reached Delmonico's, the waiter directed them to a table for three.

"The lady hasn't come yet, sir," he said.

"Esther coming down here?" Tim asked. "How is she? Hear you've got a kid, now."

Pride frowned. "Esther's fine," he said. "Yep, we got a baby daughter. Sweetest, prettiest little thing what ever drew breath. You got to bring Lucy and Lance over to see her. How about Sunday?"

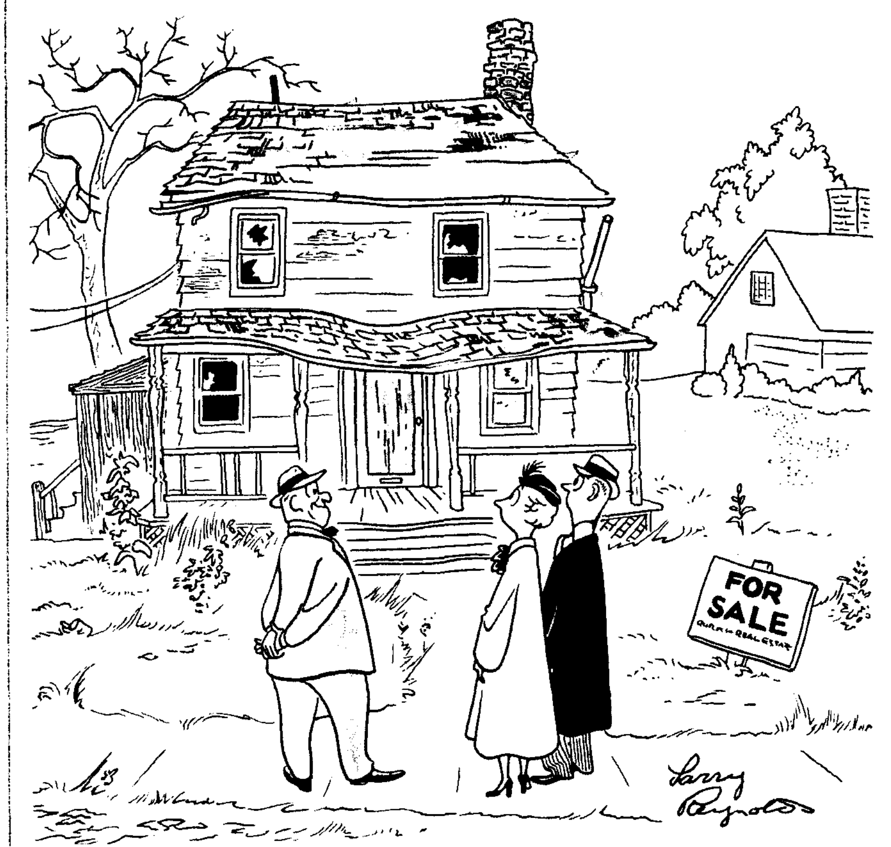
"Sure," Tim said. "Sunday'll be just fine!"

Pride waited in silence, fidgeting in his seat. Something's wrong, Tim thought. He's worried about something. Then he saw Pride's big head jerk. He half turned in his seat and gazed toward the door.

Sharon O'Neil stood there searching the tables with her eyes. Then she saw Pride. She started toward their table, walking swiftly, her thin face radiant.

"I'm late!" she said gaily. "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry!" Then she saw Tim.

Why did I come? Tim thought miserably. Pride just invited me on the spur of the moment. Just like him—never thinking longer'n his nose, 'cepting about money. 'Druther I'd gone hungry than see this. 'Druther I'd half starved than to see the misery and the guilt in her poor little face—one of the few



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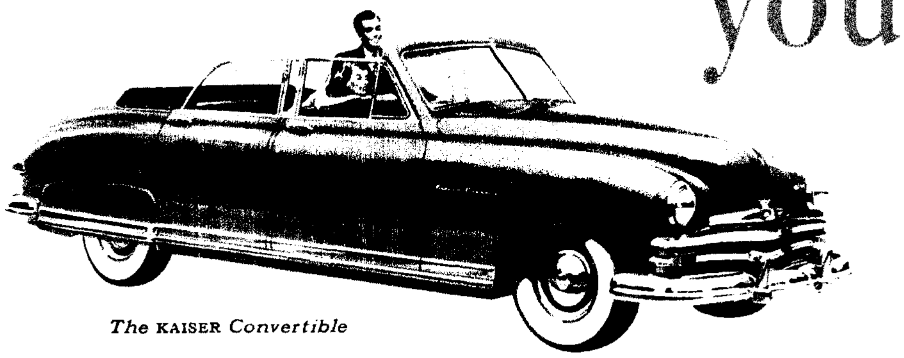

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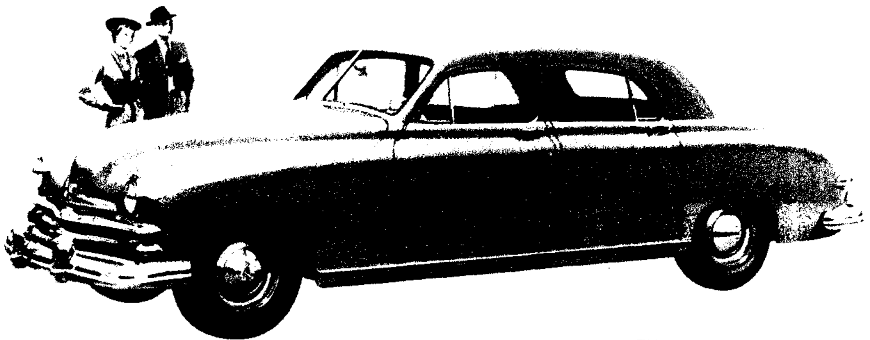

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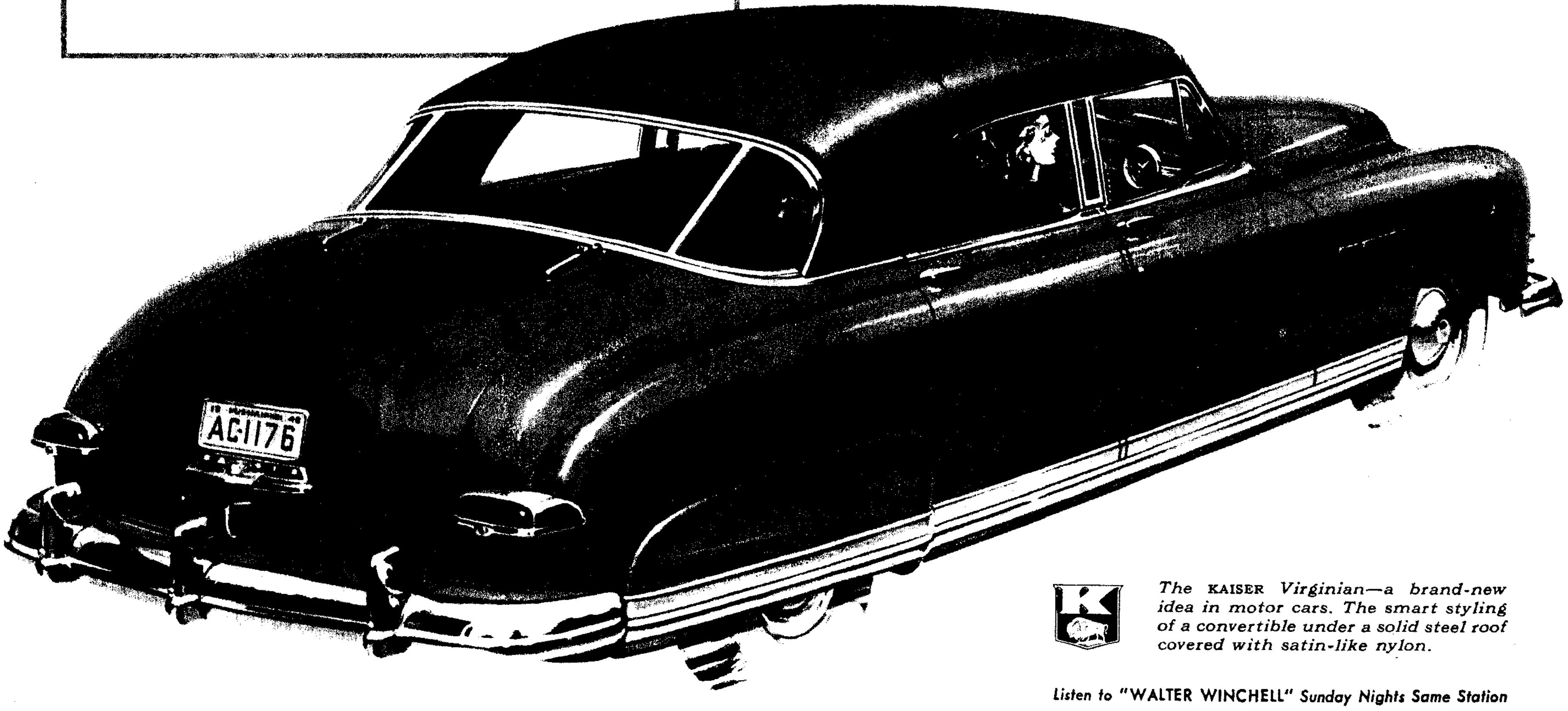

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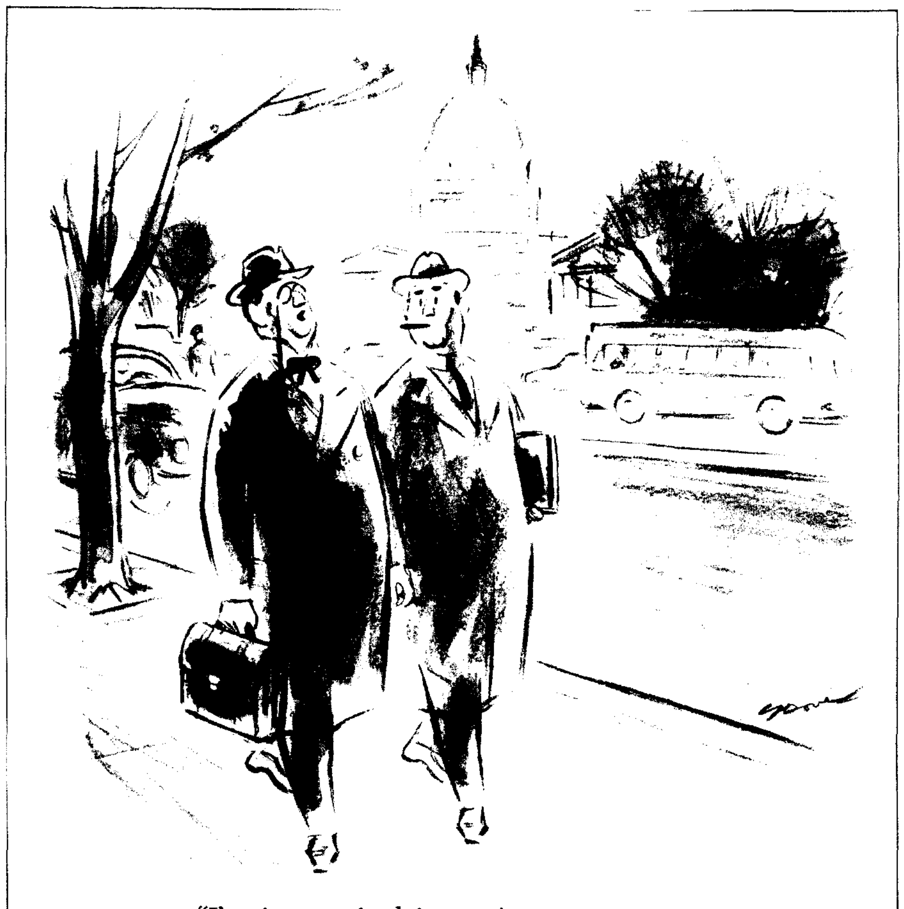

"I've just received instructions to set up a bureau of 700 investigators to find out which of the federal employees are unnecessary"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

damn' people on this miserable earth I had faith in!

Sharon stood quite still looking at Tim, seeing his face bleak, frowning, forbidding. But it was too late now—now and forever.

I'll have to get used to it, she thought. Get used to people thinking about me that way. Only that's not what Tim's thinking. He's telling himself: "Her! I never would have believed it!" And that's worse.

"Hello, Tim," she said softly.

"Howdy, Miss Sharon," Tim said. "Glad to see you again."

Only you're not—are you Tim? You'd almost rather see me dead than like this. You saved me once—remember. Now are you glad, Tim? Now that you see for what high purpose you saved my life? She blinked her eyes hard to keep back the tears that tugged at her eyelids.

"How's Lucy?" she asked. "And Lance?"

"Fine," Tim said, "just fine."

"Tell Lucy I'm coming to see her," Sharon said impulsively. "It's been so long."

"Yes," Tim said, "it has." He cleared his throat noisily. "Only Lucy—ain't having no visitors right now. She ain't so—well, and we ain't fixed up yet."

SHARON stiffened as though she had been struck across the face. No, she thought, she's not receiving visitors—is she, Tim? Not any visitors like me. No decent man would permit his wife the company of—of a woman like me. Now all the doors are closing. All the doors in the whole world!

She bowed her head for a brief instant and mastered her tears. She could do that now. She had had so much practice at it.

"Pride," she said gently, "I don't think I want lunch after all. I have the vilest headache."

"What the devil—" Pride began.

But Sharon had already turned and fled abruptly, weaving her way between the tables.

"Now what on earth got into her?" Pride complained.

I did it, Tim thought. I was about as delicate as a boar hog in a parlor. It was, he afterward recalled, the most miserable meal he had ever eaten in all his life.

Lucy, the moment he stepped into the door of their dingy little flat, read his face as though it were a printed page.

"What is it, Tim?" she said. "Something's wrong. Did Pride—"

"No," Tim said heavily. "In fact he was awful good to us. Fixed it so I could take over a business that'll make us rich for life."

"That's wonderful!" Lucy exclaimed. "Wonderful. But something is wrong. I can tell."

"Where's Lance?" said Tim.

"Out looking for a job. Why?"

"Got something to tell you, hon. Something what ain't fitting for his young ears. It's about—Sharon O'Neil. Pride's keeping her."

"No!"

"Yes. Wish I wasn't so sure. Me'n Pride had lunch together—at Delmonico's. The waiter laid places for three. I thought for a while that Esther was coming. Then I looked up and saw—her. Didn't see me at first. Called him 'darling' right there in front of me. And when she did see me, you ought to of seen her face!"

"No," Lucy whispered, "Oh, no, Tim!"

"Asked about you. Said she was coming to see you. So then I told her you wasn't well and couldn't have no visitors right now. Thought I was being smart. But she got it—right between the eyes."

"Tim, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did. Can't have that kind of woman coming to my house, even if we did used to be friends. She got right up and made excuses. Said she had a headache. She left the place without eating—Lucy! Where're you going?"

"To see her, you big oaf! Don't you know that whatever she's done—whatever she's doing, it's Pride's fault? Don't you remember how fine she was?"

"But, Lucy—"

"No buts about it! Now you can get your own supper, Tim McCarthy! And don't expect me back until late!"

When Lucy reached Sharon's shop, it was nearly closing time. She went in, shrugging off the manageress' offers of

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help and strode toward the back where Sharon sat, bent over a cup of black coffee. Sharon's thin body was one eloquent expression of pure despair, and Lucy felt the hot tears rising in her eyes. She walked very slowly over to where Sharon sat, and gently put an arm around her shoulders.

"Hello, child," she said.

Sharon looked up startled. Then very slowly she came erect. "Lucy!" she whispered. "You—you came to see me! Oh, Lucy, it was so good of you to come!"

Then they both fell, sobbing, into each other's arms.

"Hush," Lucy crooned. "Hush, child—hush, my poor baby—my poor little lost baby—hush."

"You don't know," Sharon said brokenly. "How could you know? You're so good, while I—while I—"

"Hush," Lucy whispered. "Not here—not now. We'll go to some other place,

EATING-IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Ham with Red Gravy from Aunt Fanny's Cabin, Smyrna, Georgia

AUNT FANNY'S CABIN is an utterly simple restaurant on an old plantation in Smyrna, Georgia, about 15 miles outside of Atlanta. The plain brick walls are hung with copper and brass. The warmth of candlelight and the clutter of antiques give you the feeling that nothing has changed very much since Aunt Fanny's parents lived here. This may be because Marjorie Bowman and Harvey Hester, who recently took over the management of Aunt Fanny's, told me they had decided it was wise to concentrate on the perfection of food rather than the modernization of the kitchen and appointments.

In my opinion the food is just about perfection and entirely typical of the area. Typical, too, are the soft-spoken waitresses who gather for part singing of spirituals from time to time, and the small Negro children who dance and sing and present a blackboard menu for your dinner selection.

My choice for dinner was a good, hot gumbo accompanied by crisp, thin little corn patties. This was followed by ham in red gravy and a small sample of my escort's beautifully fried chicken. We also had salad with a tangy French dressing, green beans (most of the vegetables are home-grown), characteristically cooked with fat meat, rice and gravy, baked squash (a delicious specialty of the house), and hot biscuits—as many as you can eat. A noble apple cobbler was my dessert. Serving dishes are passed to you, and your own capacity is the only limit to the number of helpings you may have.

The full dinner costs from $3 to $4. Lunch is $2 and may be had on reservation only. It is well to make dinner reservations, too, as people come from the surrounding country to eat at Aunt Fanny's. (No liquor is served, but setups may be had.)

HAM WITH RED GRAVY

4 slices Smithfield country-cured ham—½-inch thick
1½ cups boiling water

Soak ham slices at least 6 hours (it is very salty). Dry on paper toweling. Remove hard, black rind. Put slices into ungreased *heavy* skillet at fairly high heat. Fry each side 5-7 minutes, to a good brown, but don't burn. Remove slices to platter, pour off all but about 3 tablespoons fat, set pan back on heat so that all is smoking hot. Add water. Let boil up and be sure to scrape all "fry" from the bottom so that it gets into the gravy. Pour over the ham slices and serve with hominy grits. In my experience the gravy does not always come out red, but it always tastes very good.

If you wish to receive this Ham with Red Gravy recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 12, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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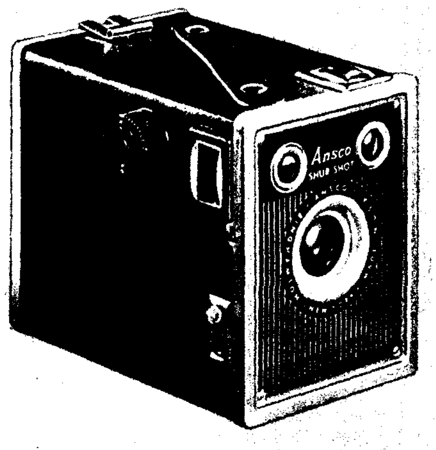

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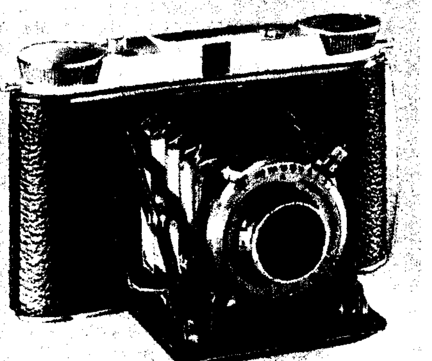

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and you'll tell me about it. Get it off your chest."

"My place," Sharon said. "We'll go to my flat, and—"

"No," Lucy said sternly, "We'll go somewhere else. I'll not put my foot in any place that that man—"

"I said *my* place, Lucy," Sharon said with gentle dignity. "Pride doesn't spend money on me in any way. He doesn't even give me presents—not even on my birthday, and at Christmas. He tried to—at first. But I sent them back to him."

"Bless you, child; I knew you hadn't changed." . . .

An hour later, Lucy said, "So, I knew it was his fault!"

"The first time, perhaps," Sharon whispered, "but not afterward. Then the fault was mine."

"The question is," Lucy said, "what are you going to do now?"

"Nothing," Sharon said quietly.

"Nothing!" Lucy's voice was shocked.

"Yes—nothing. What can I do, Lucy? I love him."

"Then stop loving him! It's a wicked love, child. It'll bring you nothing but shame and sorrow. Just—stop it."

"I can do that," Sharon said. "But do you know how, Lucy? All I have to do is to take a knife, and put it here"—her fine fingers touched her breast lightly—"and push it in until it finds my heart."

"Sharon!"

"I'm sorry, Lucy. Dear Lucy. Only it happens to be true. I shall cease to love Pride Dawson in the exact instant—that I die. But not before then."

"You're mad!" Lucy wept. "Oh, child, you're raving mad!"

"I know. But I can't help it, Lucy. Truly I can't. I've tried. God and the Blessed Virgin witness how I've tried! But it's no good. No good at all."

"But he's wicked," Lucy protested. "He's brutal and cruel and treacherous and unjust and—" She stopped, seeing Sharon's face.

"Finished?" Sharon said. "Don't read me a catalogue of his sins. I know them all—more of them than you could know. You could have added that he's avaricious beyond belief and utterly selfish—to mention a couple more. And it wouldn't matter. It doesn't matter."

SHE turned her great dark eyes, starry with tears, upon Lucy's face. "Now let me tell you about him—the other side, I mean. The reasons why I love him."

"Go on," Lucy said. "I'm waiting."

"With me, he's very gentle. Yes, Lucy, gentle—even tender. Would you believe me, Lucy, if I told you that often—oh, very often—he comes here and talks to me by the hour, then kisses me good night and goes home—and nothing more? He tells me his dreams. They are big dreams—full of his own ancient grandeur. He—he's a kingly man—bigger than most men in all ways, and even bigger in spirit. He doesn't mean to be cruel—it just happens that the false gods he worships—Moloch and Mammon, I call them—are cruel gods—and the road to their thrones is wet with blood. He has never ordered anyone hurt or killed. When something like that happens, he broods for days."

"I don't think . . ."

"Hear me out. I know what you're thinking. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am blind with love. There are other times when he comes here and sits and stares into the fire for hours on end and never says a word. And I keep silent too—for I know his moods. He tells me he needs me—that I am truly his wife—the wife he dreamed of. And I believe him. He asked me to marry him long before he met Esther Stillworth. I should have done it then. I should have insisted upon an immediate ceremony. But he was penniless—and as proud as Lucifer. So I was content to wait. Then—she met him. She dangled forty million dollars before his eyes. And you know Pride."

"I," Lucy said, "am beginning to think I don't."

"Nobody could entirely—not even I. He's something that perhaps doesn't exist any more. Every time I look at him I think of the passage of Scripture that says: 'There were giants in the earth.' And when he takes me in his arms, I remember the other verse, the one that goes: 'That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.' "

"A son of God!" Lucy gasped. "Him!"

"Yes—to me. Or an angel—the great dark angel cast out of paradise to brood upon his wrongs. Lucifer, the condemned of God, lying—all ten cubits of him—chained in his fiery lake—'Yet from those flames no light; but rather darkness visible . . .' That's Milton, I think. This is all very mad, I know. I'm just trying to make you see him as I do—as he is: ancient and terrible and grand—the most wonderful man in all the world."

Lucy stood up, shaking her head.

"God pity you," she said.

"Amen," Sharon whispered.

BY THE early spring of 1873, Pride Dawson had finished his castle. For a time, among New Yorkers, at least, it was the eighth wonder of the world. And, it must be said, so bad was public taste at the time that most of the onlookers admired the fantastic monstrosity greatly.

But, as spring changed into summer, Pride was conscious of a growing feeling of uneasiness in the world of business. Thereupon, he sent young William Bleeker, who had been Stillworth's clerk and who now served Pride with the same doglike devotion, upon a tour of inspection. Will came back and reported, and Pride acted at once: He set about trying to corner all the stocks that seemed certain to be dumped by insolvent operators, and he began to liquidate many of his own holdings.

The next morning, very quietly, the Massachusetts Mills were sold. In Millville, hundreds of men found themselves suddenly jobless. They drifted away by riding the rods, promising to send for their families when they found work. And hungry children went hungrier still—for Pride's millions had to be protected.

For all his vanity, Pride knew when to keep his mouth shut. He did not mention his plans even to Tim. Thereby he made a great error. For Elliot Johns, Tim's assistant, had arrived at much the same conclusions that Will had—and Tim was very busy trying to corner the same markets in which Pride's agents were quietly and efficiently buying. Tim had paid the fifty thousand, and was now worth a modest fortune, but appetite grows by increase of what it feeds on, and Tim had visions of equaling Pride himself.

One exception did Pride make to his rule of play sharp and say nothing. That same night, he looked at Sharon O'Neil sitting beside him on the sofa in her flat, and said to her suddenly, "How's business?"

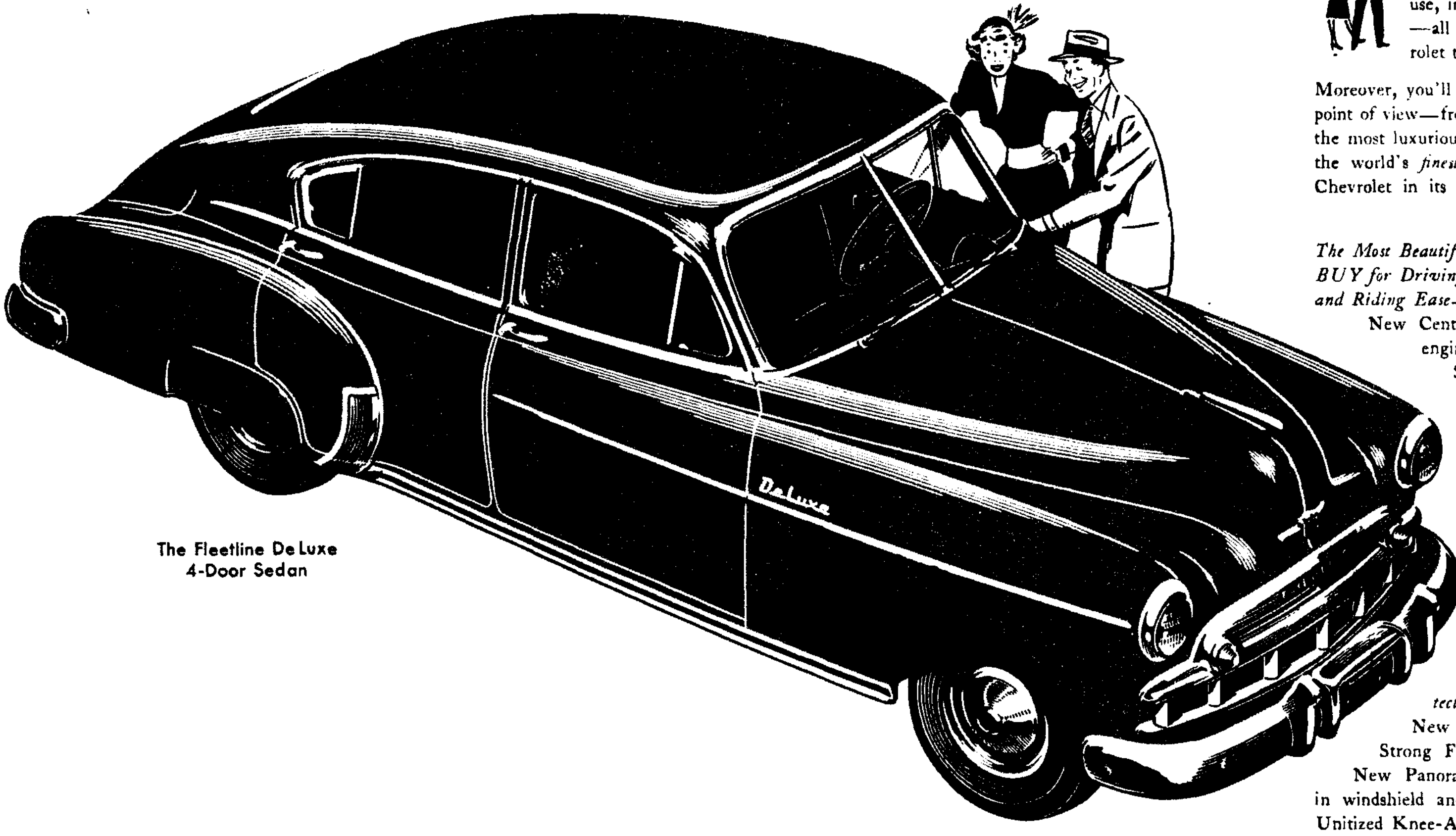
"Bad," Sharon said. "Pride, I don't understand it! Nobody seems to be buying any more. What is it, Pride? You know, don't you?"

"I think so. Look, Sharon—you'd better cut down. Right now—fast. Keep your shop—but reduce your staff. Will Bleeker says there's going to be a panic—and I never knew Will to be wrong yet."

"I—I hate to let my girls go. They've been so loyal."

"Look, hon, when this is over, you can hire them back. But you got to save yourself. In the long run that's their best chance too. If the one who's got the brains and the ability goes down, what chance has the poor devils who're de-

CHEVROLET



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pending on him to come to their rescue later?"

"There's sense in that," Sharon mused, "still—"

"You do what I tell you!" Pride thundered.

Sharon's dark eyes opened wide as she stared at him. "All right, Pride," she whispered.

"Good—now come here and kiss me good night, because I've got to go. I'll be up all night putting my affairs in shape to ride this thing through. But my mind's at ease now, knowing you'll be all right. 'Tain't like you'd let me take care of you."

"Please, Pride—we've settled that matter long ago."

"I know. Only when I give you something, I ain't paying you. It's kind of my way of showing you how much I love you—how much I need you—oh, damn! What's the use of talking about it?"

"None," Sharon said gently. "It's just that it makes me feel a little better about—us, this way. I have my pride, too, darling."

LATER, Sharon lay upon her bed thinking: Why is there no child? It was her pet nightmare that one day she might bring into the world an offspring of her shame and sorrow. During the first year of Pride's marriage, she had been somewhat reassured by the fact that Esther, too, had borne him no child. But now there was Caprice.

Sharon was relieved now when Pride sat brooding before the empty fireplace. She was light of heart when he plainly showed his mood was for slow, curiously philosophical talk. But she never repulsed him. For her sinning, there would be no escaping the consequences—she knew that. What troubled her was the fact that her punishment had been so long deferred. If God chose to put upon her this undeniable evidence of her shame for all the world to see and to make mock of her, she must bow her head and accept it—that was all. . . .

On the first day of August, Will Bleeker came into Pride's office, his thin face gray with misery. Pride took one look at him and jumped from his seat.

"Don't tell me you were wrong!" he roared. "We aren't caught—are we?"

"No, sir," Will whispered. "You'll make a profit. Quite a tidy profit—though how much I can't say exactly. It isn't that."

"Then what the devil is it?"

"It's my friend Johns, sir—and Mister McCarthy. They went short on the very stocks I told you to buy. I didn't think of that. Of course, with your having so much more money, your men were able to get them. I—I'm afraid they'll be ruined, sir."

"Jehoshaphat!" Pride exploded. "Tim! Will, you get right over there. Tell Tim I want to see him. I'll have to fix this—fast!"

But when Tim came, the bitter argument that raged for two hours between them was entirely inconclusive. Tim considered Pride's solution to his difficulties—that of pretending illness and discounting his notes to some other unsuspecting broker—dishonest. Which it was. He refused, too, Pride's offer to make him manager of the Colorado mine, and he stamped out of the office declaring that he would make his own way.

A week later, he disappeared, going West to seek a new start, and leaving Lucy and Lance what little money he had left. . . .

By September 18th, the greatest panic in American financial history was raging. The New York Warehouse and Securities Company had closed its doors on the 8th. On the 13th, Kenyon, Cox & Company, of which shrewd old Daniel Drew was a partner, announced its bankruptcy. And rumor had it that George Opdyke & Company was in danger.

And Pride Dawson, out of the devastation and ruin about him, made a profit of two and one half million dollars.

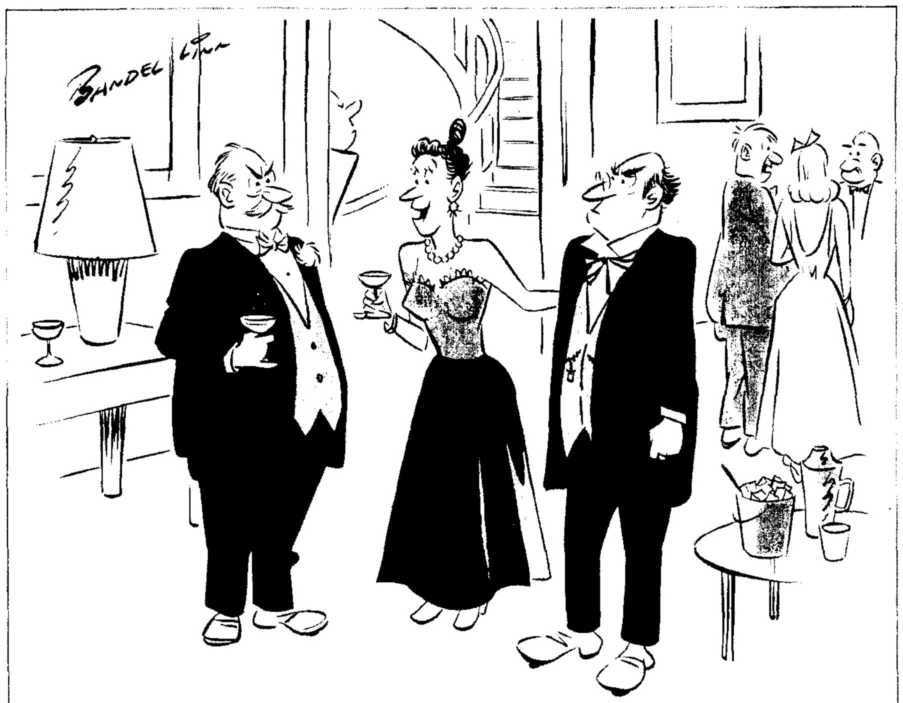
On September 18th, the unbelievable happened: Jay Cooke failed—and on the 20th, the Stock Exchange itself closed its doors.

Pride sat back, grinning and happy. He was neither buying nor selling. His assets were in gold, or in government bonds. And they were locked in his own big safe where no desperate fingers, tempted beyond their strength, could reach them.

And still heads rolled. The firm of Fiske & Hatch failed. The Union Trust and the National Trust companies were forced to suspend.

The day after that happened, Sharon came to Pride, her face filled with gratitude.

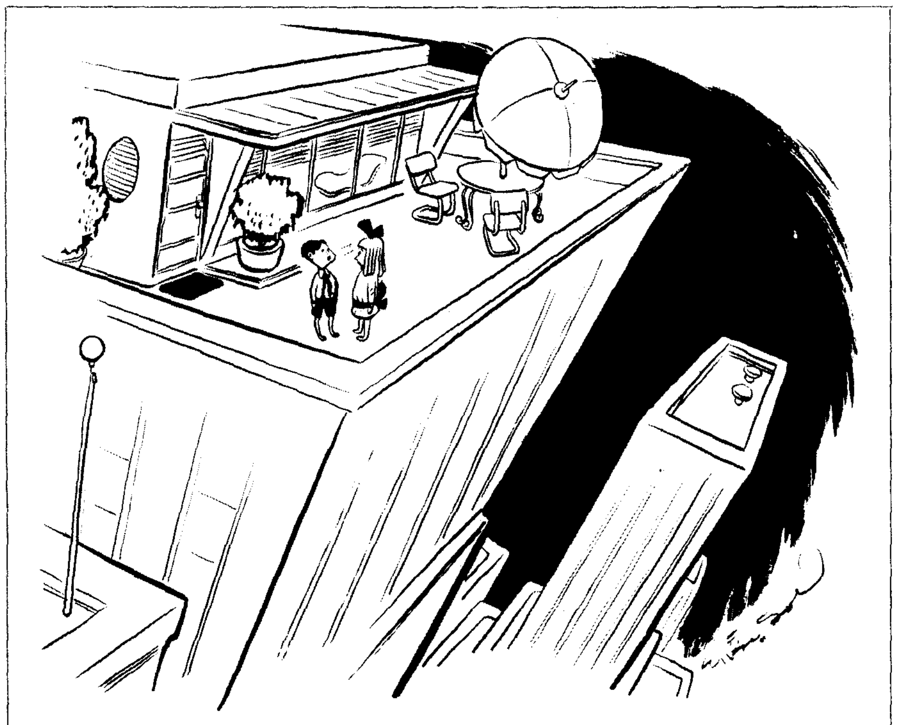
"Thank you, darling," she said. "I had all the store's funds and my own in the National Trust. I drew them all last month. Here they are. Keep them for me, won't you?"



"You two have so __much__ in common! This is Senator Bulge, who passed the new corporation tax law. Senator, this is Mr. Mosley, board chairman of Excelsior Steel!"

COLLIER'S

BANDEL LINN



"The last time I ran away from home
I only got as far as the fifth floor!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"Good!" Pride grunted. "Glad to see you're safe."

"I—I hired Lucy McCarthy, yesterday, Pride. She's very talented with the needle—and with Tim gone—"

"I see," Pride said heavily. "Reckon that was my fault in a way."

"Lucy says you didn't know. Tim's gone West, Pride—out to California. Intends to prospect, and see if he can't make a real strike. Lance is out—looking for work."

"I'll hire him," Pride said. "Tell Lucy to send him to me."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't come," Sharon said. "Lance is—a little bitter, Pride."

"So—" Pride mumbled. "Guess I can't blame him much. Tell you what I'll do. I'll pay Lucy's salary for you. You don't have to tell her."

"Thanks, darling—but no. I'll manage."

Then she kissed him lightly on the cheek and left. And Pride was reminded once more how much of life was not under his control.

DURING the months of November and December in 1873, Pride had his family's portrait painted. For the work Pride employed the great Lucius Rossi whose portrait of the Astor family is still considered a classic. Pride found the whole business of standing still exceedingly irksome, but Caprice solved one other problem by sleeping quietly in Esther's arms. After it was done, Pride was extremely proud of the portrait—for not only did it show his massive frame in all its dignity, but it managed to capture much of Esther's spirited beauty.

Best of all, it displayed the giltwork of the vast hall, the red plush furniture, the unbelievably rich carpets and draperies. It was a work of art of which such a man as Pride Dawson could rightly be proud. So impressed with it was he that he drew Rossi aside and broached the subject of having him do a portrait of "a dear friend."

The dear friend was, of course, Sharon O'Neil. But Sharon politely and firmly refused. Instead she went down to the studio of an immigrant photographer, a German, who claimed to have learned his art at the hands of Mathew Brady, himself, and sat with her head in a wire frame while the slow, wet plate camera recorded her image. The result was a wonderful picture, beautifully and pitifully revealing. The tenderness and pain in her great dark eyes looked out of it. Her plainness, her freckles, her almost grotesque thinness were all there—and her wide, too sensitive mouth. There was a woman who utterly lacked beauty, and who was, nonetheless, beautiful.

Sharon came up to Pride one night in the snow as he was leaving the Winslow Hotel where he had been having a sociable glass with friends, and handed it to him.

Pride tore open the wrappings and stared at it under the street lamp. "Beautiful!" he breathed. "Lord—it's you!"

"Thank you," she said simply. "I—felt bad about refusing you the portrait. But I couldn't, Pride. I couldn't sit still with that man's eyes upon me and know what he was thinking. So I had this taken for you."

Pride bent down and kissed her then. She drew away her face slowly, and stood looking up at him, her eyes filled with wistfulness.

"Pride," she said, "will you give me one—of you? I want something to remember you by if—"

"If, hell!" Pride snorted. "I'm going to be around a long time, hon."

"I know. But then you may not—or I may not. Time and people change. I believe I will love you forever; but I don't know how long it will be before you grow tired of me."

"Never!" Pride said.

"Never is a long time, Pride. I want your picture. Will you give me one, please?"

"Sure," Pride said. "Sure thing, honey. I'll have it taken tomorrow. Where's this man's studio?"

"It's printed on the bottom of the folder," Sharon told him. "Come—walk with me."

Pride strode along beside her in the snow, holding the photograph as though it were the treasures of the Indies. He didn't even ask her where she wanted to go, but followed her wherever she turned.

She caught him by the coatsleeve suddenly, and leaned against him, shuddering.

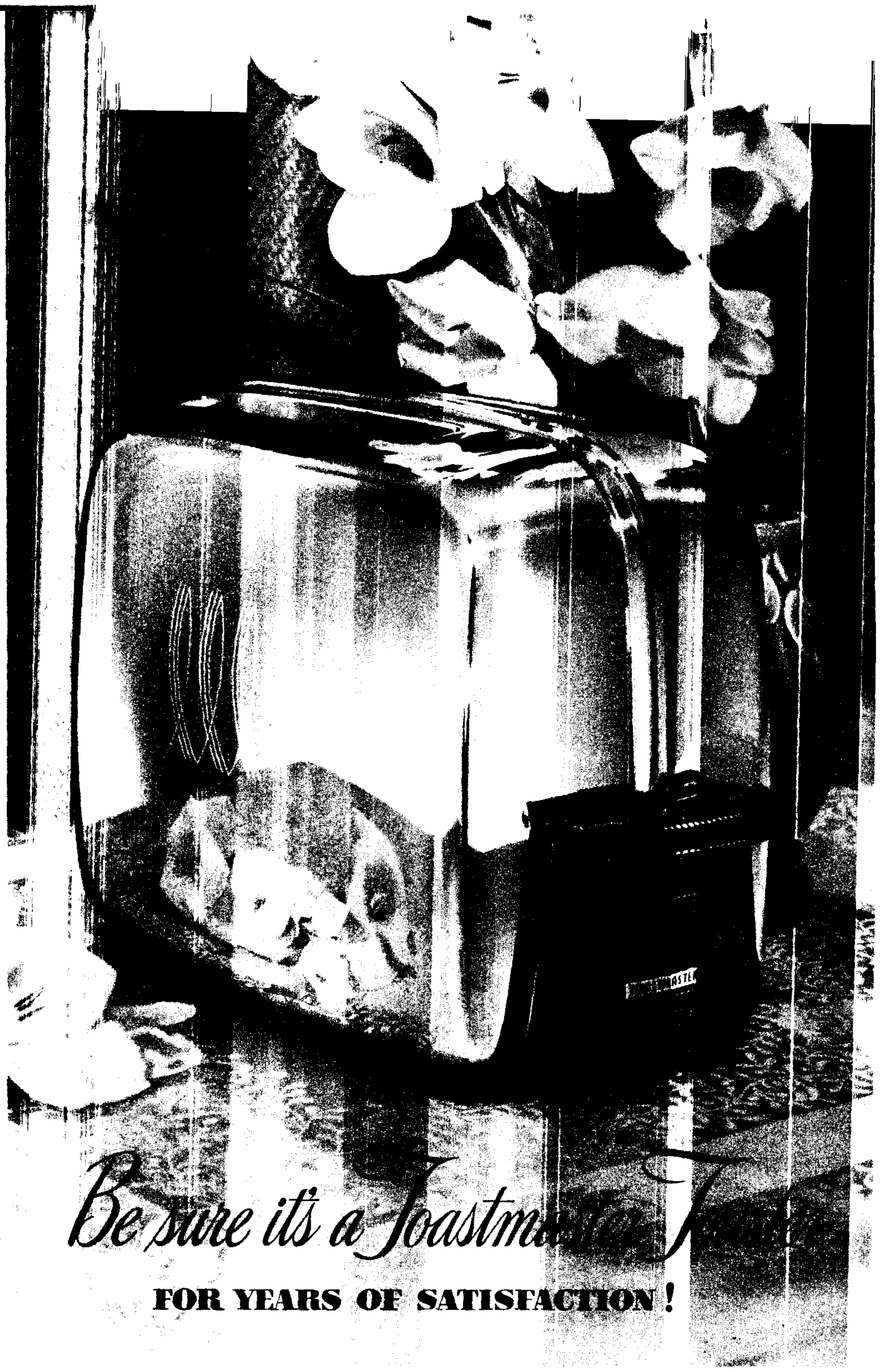
Pride looked past her and saw the block-long line of ragged men, standing, hunched over beneath the whiplashes of the sleet and snow, before the door of the soup kitchen.

"Oh, Pride, let's go!" she said. "I cannot bear it!"

"Hush, hon," Pride rumbled. "Things will be better."

"Oh, please, take me home, Pride!" Sharon whispered.

(To be continued next week)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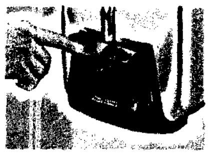

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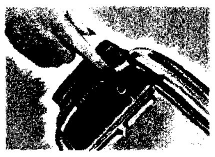

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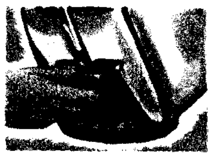

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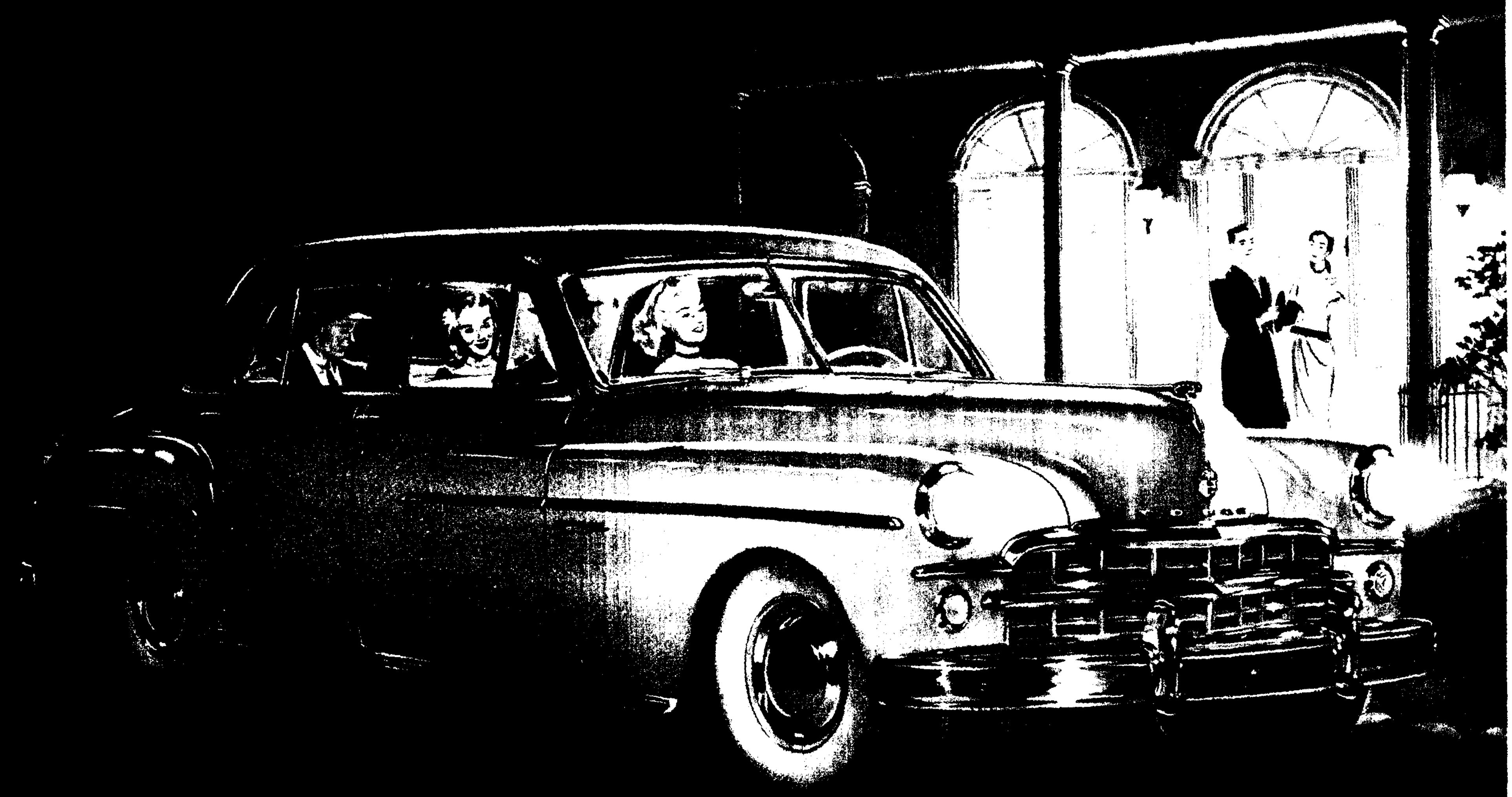

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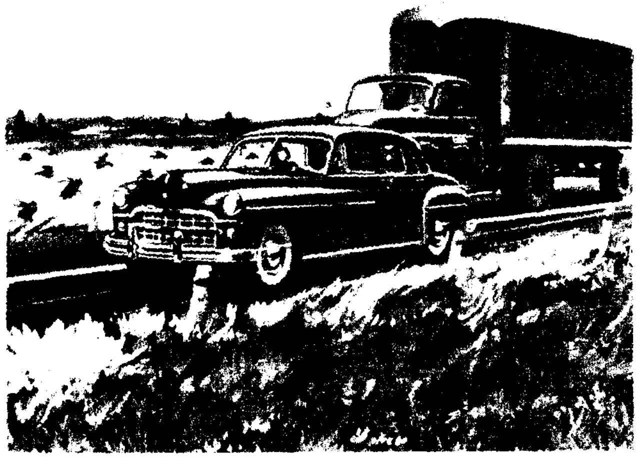

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THE STOLEN COUNTESS

Continued from page 25

his sun-bleached hair. A scar's ridge ran from chin to forehead, and the blue of his eyes shone down at her gravely, touching some core of memory within her. Yet he did not seem to see her uptilted face.

"Keep as you are, or you will be hurt!" his voice snapped. His glance flicked across the jeweled clasp, bearing the family crest, in her hair. "Countess, you are our prisoner. I'll loose you now only if you swear to remain so"—his words raced at her—"and hold your tongue, rescue or no rescue. Swear it on your honor, or on whatever you like best."

THROUGH the brush, horses galloped nearer. Now that she saw her way to escape, Eugenia thought it was all fantastic and exciting. His sword had a Crusader's Jerusalem cross on it. She should know one. His horse had no saddle. From somewhere under his brown cloak he had whipped out a helmet of chain mail and had settled it over his head.

"I do not yield me," her voice mocked him with the gibberish of chivalry, "to an unnamed man."

"My name is Mark."

"Mark who—Mark what?"

His suspicion stabbed at her. "Rescue or no rescue, and you'll hold that tongue of yours until sunset?"

"*Jasomirgott!* So help me, God." But she did not mean it, for the name he had given her was plainly false.

"Wind the horn, Mark," the singer, Luke, chuckled. "You'll need a longer name than that to win the lady's silence. Why don't you tell her?"

"*No!*" Mark jerked his arm away from her as stout Otto and eight huntsmen broke from the forest mesh into the clearing. At sight of her, Otto gave a view halloo. Eugenia was glad that they carried light spears and swords.

Otto hesitated, and—as she knew he would—reined over to her, to ask irritably, "Who's your friend, 'Gene?"

Not a spark of recognition of the silly pilgrim's cloak, not in good Otto. "His name is Mark, Otto."

Otto eyed them, sensing vaguely something not as it should be. The sunburned stranger said nothing.

"Also," said Eugenia, "he's the thief who stole Sava wine from Karth yesternight."

She waited expectantly. Otto's wits had to be spurred. "Then what are you doing with him?" he demanded.

"Not I with him, Otto," she corrected, "but he with me. He holds me prisoner by force."

Then the agile Luke snatched the horn from Mark's belt, and sounded off a fine strong call. Otto's small eyes fastened on the silvered horn that was his own. "*Thieves!*" he roared. "Ditch them, lads."

At that his huntsmen rushed Mark, who did not surrender himself. Instead, backing his horse against the nearest oaks, he slashed open the face of the first rider to get near him.

"You've done it now, Blondel," he called out, beating off the thrusting spears and the swords that struck at him. He gave no battle cry, nor tried to break away. He handled his horse well, Eugenia thought, without a saddle; but the spearmen were encircling him.

She wanted to ride her mare between them, since Mark was standing against nine men. But when she pulled on her rein, Luke, or Blondel, held it fast.

Eugenia did not see the third thief enter the fight. Of a sudden he was there among them, on his dappled, high horse. Or rather he had passed through them, leaving two huntsmen rolling on the ground behind him. He did look, as he turned, like a wide-shouldered wagoner. "*Laissez aller!*" he shouted. "Let's go!" And he went through the huntsmen again.

Because Eugenia had been raised in the code of chivalry—which had its rules for hunting beasts and making songs, and love to ladies, as well as fighting men—she knew his shout was no war shout but only the call that sets men in motion in a tournament test of arms. And, amazed, she saw that this third thief was striking only with the flat of his long blade.

He leaned clear of blows and lashed out with the precision of a fine machine. Sifting through Otto's riders, he stopped only when two together rode at him from the sides and Otto, enraged at last, rushed at his back. Then he pivoted the great war horse clear of the three of them, reaching out his free hand as he did so, to grip and pull away Otto's small shield, leaving Otto on the ground with a broken arm.

That ended it. Because Otto and the rest fled from the swords of the two dangerous strangers.

Eugenia had not got away. Mark was riding up to her. With his pilgrim cloak off, he did not look gentle. "What was that oath you swore?" he flung at her.

She had braced her body for a blow or a tongue-lashing. "*Jasomirgott,*" she repeated obediently.

Suddenly the weariness left his eyes and he laughed, sheathing his sword. "Never trust an Austrian." Taking her rein away from her, he wrapped it twice around his arm and held the end. "Now," he said, "we *can't* let you go."

Eugenia, now that her fright at the weapons had passed, felt a mighty curiosity. Luke, who had managed to catch a riderless mount during the skirmish, had removed the saddle and was fitting it on the dappled horse, to the satisfaction of the third thief. The other two, Eugenia thought, seemed to wait on him. Somewhere, she had heard of three such lawless wanderers; and somehow, she had known Mark before. Yet she had not set eyes on him before—

The big thief had paced over to inspect her. His wide dark eyes had a child's curiosity and eagerness in them. "A fair, sweet face," he observed, and pulled her down to kiss it.

"If the other rogues are Mark and Luke," she cried, "I suppose you are Matthew, or John."

"John, if it pleases you, sweet lady," agreed the third thief carelessly. His yellow mustache was unclipped, his leather jack shirt was soiled and shrunk tight to his massive chest, but Eugenia's eyes saw more than any wagoner in him. His kiss had been the casual kiss of courtesy—like a sniff at a fragrant flower. Now he held out a scarred hand to help her dismount. "Will you honor three desperate men by taking dinner with them?"

On his hand gleamed a signet ring, bearing three charging leopards or lions. A royal signet, she thought.

"Sire!" There was warning in the one word wrung out of Mark's anger. "She is my prisoner," he added quickly. "She has to be."

"Eyes of God," swore John, "we can't have that! Release the lass."

Although John frowned, Mark held tight to her rein. "Think!" he urged. "By now those hunting fellows will be out on the roads, with their tongues wagging. This woman has wit, she has used her eyes, and she is kin to the whole German court. I would trust her no more than a scorpion."

Even while she smiled brightly, she tried to guess their secret. Two of them were noble-born, yet here they stole carelessly; they had driven nine sturdy huntsmen away, as two wolves might drive a pack of house dogs; they wore disguise, clumsily enough, yet they were, she guessed, Crusaders returning home. By every law that Eugenia knew, returning Crusaders were safe from molestation. What crime had these committed? Why did they steal? Where was their home?

"We must ride on, now," Mark insisted.

"Yes, I suppose so," grumbled John, and then shook his head doggedly. "No, not without dinner! I am hungry."

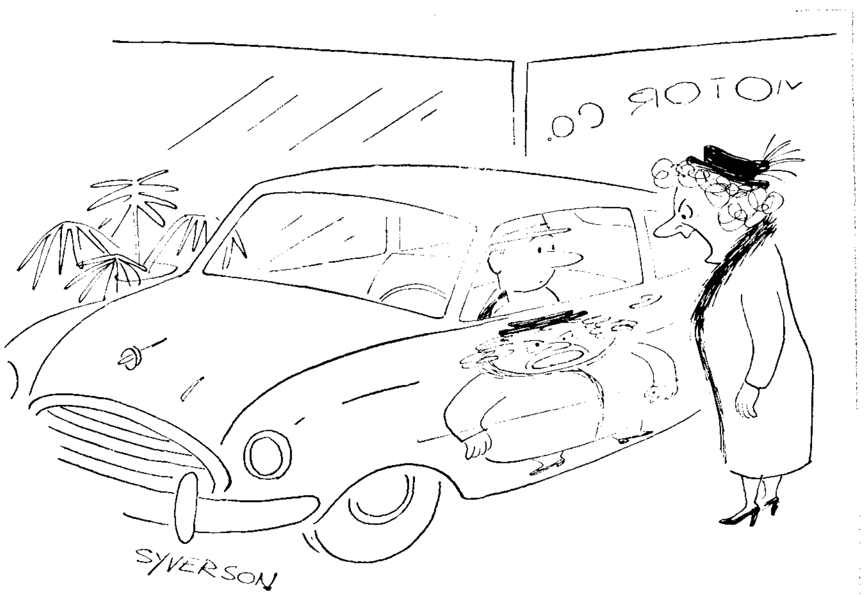
Yes and no—yea and nay. Suddenly Eugenia caught her breath. There was one illustrious man who said yea and nay—so little did he care what happened to him. And only one man in Christendom could use a sword like that.

Yes, this thoughtless warrior had quarreled bitterly with her cousin, Leopold, beyond the sea, and had drawn down upon himself the wrath of other kings, even of the German Emperor. So he had been taken captive on his return from Jerusalem, and had been held in the castle of Durenstein. She had thought he was still there, safely barred in.

"Sire," she cried, "Richard of England!"

When he stared at her, she bowed gracefully in the saddle. "May I, Eugenia Babenberg, offer my poor hospitality to Your Majesty at dinner, in my forest? You already have venison of mine, and my best wine."

Richard the Lionhearted threw back his head and laughed. Mark said nothing.



COLLIER'S "I don't like it!" HENRY SYVERSON

The three thieves made a good camp quickly. They spread the pilgrim cloak for her under the very tree where she and Walt had sat by the stream. Luke gathered dry wood so that the smoke would not rise from the fire to be easily seen. Mark heated the venison strips on a peeled wand, while Richard jested with her and gave her wine to drink first, out of their one silver cup. She thought how foolish he was to sit idling away the afternoon when he should be in the saddle riding to escape the hue and cry that must be raised after him. *If she could hold him here in the glade until darkness, he would lose his way in the forest and might be caught again.*

Restlessly Richard took the harp, tuning it painstakingly and singing a ballade that he had made himself, about love being like a red rose. Eugenia told herself that her love was not like a red rose, because it had been bleeding its life away for four years.

But she said no word of that. Mark also was silent. In him she felt a strangeness. When a stone gave way in the stream and the water rushed louder, he lifted his head. His sword lay close to his hand, and his eyes were weary from lack of sleep.

His eyes were not like Walt's. They were hardened against the glare of unknown deserts, and the sights that he kept to himself. She thought: Our ordinary words of courtesy can have no meaning for him now. Her side under her breast still hurt where he had gripped it.

"Can't you tell me of Jerusalem, Mark?" She asked gently the question always asked of pilgrims.

"I've nothing to tell," he said, not angrily, but as if explaining.

Richard wiped his great hands on the grass. "I did not see Jerusalem," he said.

Luke leaned forward anxiously. "Of three sieges, my lady, and seven battles, of starvation, plague, and winters in the mud, of the jealousy and quarreling of the Christian leaders, we can tell—"

"No," said Richard, "we were beaten."

He spoke heavily, as if trying to think out something not clear in his mind. Across the fire, he looked at Eugenia, anxiously. "After the peace, Saladin offered us safe conduct to visit the Sepulcher. I couldn't go like that, could I?"

"No," she said, understanding that.

MARK came and raised her up and led her by the hand, away along the stream. Heedless of them, Richard sat brooding over the fire. Luke stayed by him.

The long shadows of the day's end fell across them as they walked. "He—Richard never plans too well, except in a battle," Mark told her. "We should have been riding on before now."

"To England?"

Mark smiled at that. "Every court in Europe will take pains to keep us from getting to England. Much is at stake."

"How much?"

"The throne of England, I think. I don't understand very well, and it is hard to believe. We stayed too long in Palestine." He was talking almost to himself; then he looked at her. "Richard thought we could land, disguised, at Trieste and steal through Austria where we were least expected. But we didn't manage well." By the tethered horses he stopped. He tightened the saddle on the mare. "We were out of money, Eugenia, so we stole the coins from the lodge. You'd better go now, to be home before dark."

"Mark—"

"My name isn't Mark. It's—"

"Don't tell me. I want to ask a foolish question first: How old were you when you took ship, to go on the Crusade?"

He had to think to answer. "Seventeen."

"I was seventeen, then."

Surely he seemed older, but she knew he was not lying to her. The bitterness in him was not of his making—no more than were the gaunt bones of his homely face. Somehow, she was not surprised, now, that he would let her go.

When she stretched out her hand to him in farewell, he bent his head suddenly, uncontrollably, to kiss it. Not in the polite gesture of chivalry. And she drew back, staring at him. His eyes had changed and become like Walt's, holding hers in grief and longing.

She lifted her arms to let him hold her body close against his. His arms held her not as before when he had caught her on the trail, but as if he never meant to let her go.

EUGENIA the brilliant, the beautiful, ceased to think of herself. She did not think at all, she only felt—the wanting to heal what was wounded and weary in him. Her fingers touched the scar on his face, shyly. "We're foolish," she whispered. It was an old, secret instinct in her body that spoke.

"I'll never let you go," he cried, as if the words were torn out of him in pain.

The pain of four long years left her, like flood waters released, flowing away downstream. She began to cry but not because she was sad. He held her away from him, and each looked into the other's face, frightened.

There was a silence in the wood. Through that silence came the baying of the dogs. For some time she had been hearing it without heeding; now she thought of it—the hounds were not of the Karth pack, she knew, nor Otto's. They were strange hounds, drawing nearer, although this hour of sunset was not the hour of hunting.

Richard came stooping under the pines, up to the horses. He was alert, listening curiously. "They come the way we came. They bay as if the scent were old, yet clear. Could they follow the scent of our horses, my lord of Lothian?"

Carefully, the two men listened. "Blondel walked most of the way," said Mark thoughtfully.

Because of the baying of the hounds which might be leading a hunt for the three fugitives, Mark was thinking in that moment only of Richard, his king. To Richard he was bound by the tie of comradeship in war and the oath of fealty.

Her quick ears caught what Mark was saying as they freed the horses. That Richard must ride on the charger up to the higher ridge, while Mark and Luke lingered and drew the pursuit down the other way, until darkness. "We'll hold them through the night, until you are clear—"

Eugenia cried out, frightened, at that: "It won't work. There is nowhere to run, you are too few to fight!"

They paid no attention to her. They were leading the three horses back to the clearing, where Luke had moved every vestige of the camp away, into the stream, except the single pack of their gear. But if the signs of their occupancy were gone, the scent remained.

She touched Mark's arm.

He said, "We must get the king away safe."

She knew that. And she knew she had to catch Richard's attention by telling him clearly what he could best understand. "Sire, it will be full dark in an hour. Above here"—she pointed up the forested height—"there is no trail, only the tracks of animals and charcoal burners. I know that. You would lose your way and wander—" He was listening to her. "They are bound to overtake you, and they will be well armed. What chance will you have against dogs and huntsmen in the brush and in the dark? You would try to fight them off?"

"Yes," said Richard simply. "What else is there to do?"

She was ready with an answer. "Stay together, do not hide. Come down with me to Karth and the highway. Those hounds can track you, but they cannot speak. They cannot tell *whom* they are tracking. Ride with me to the castle, and you become my three guests—for an hour, until you can ride free on the highway in the dark."

Feeling Mark's eyes on her, she waited, trying to be as calm as the men were in the face of danger. "And if there's someone in the pursuit who catches up with us and recognizes the king?" he probed.

"They may not come up in time. Even if they do"—for a second she hesitated—"we'll be within the lands of Karth and you will be my guests in spite of all. Who will dare say you are not?"

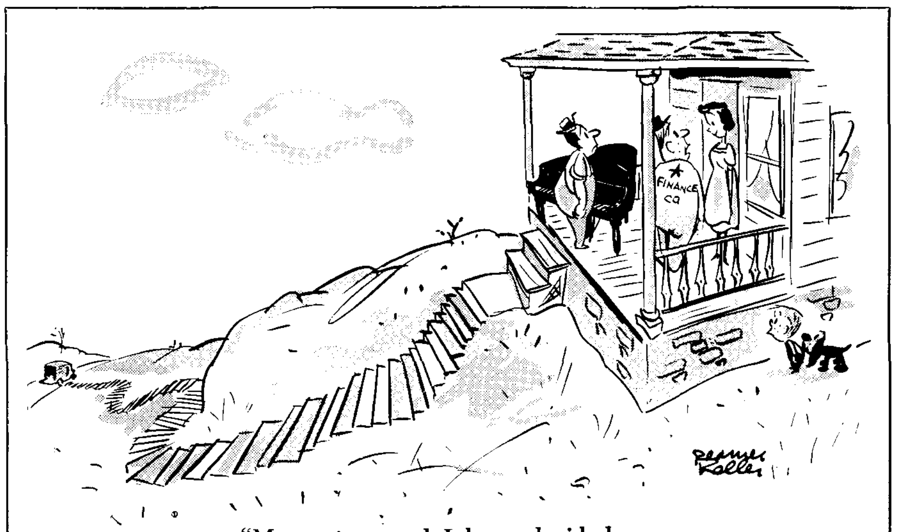
All three of them stared at her. "Will you trust her?" Richard asked Mark.

Luke made as if to speak, and she held her breath while Mark kept silent.

"She is kin to the duke, your enemy," said Mark then. "Still I would trust her."

"Then lead on, girl." Carelessly, Richard nodded, and Eugenia laughed from sheer excitement.

"Oh, please," she cried, "put off the silly cloaks and cap. A lion cannot hide under a sheep's skin. Please!"



COLLIER'S "My partner and I have decided to keep up the payments for you" REAMER KELLER

They nodded and flung their flimsy disguises to Luke, to hide in the brush. Still, Eugenia was not satisfied. With his shield and great sword and broad shoulders, the king looked to her like nothing so much as a stout man-at-arms. And men-at-arms did not ride thoroughbred chargers. So she made Richard change mounts with Mark.

When they mounted and Mark paced beside her on the dappled war horse—with the king and the minstrel trailing behind—Eugenia was satisfied.

Behind them echoed the baying of the dogs, like strokes on a far-off anvil.

FOR these few moments, galloping down by the stream, she had Mark to herself. Her hand touched his scarred hand. When his head turned, his eyes sought hers as if she had been the holy image of a wayside shrine. He wanted her, she knew, in body and in faith.

Closing her eyes, she could imagine they were riding home at the end of the day, to be in their room the night and the morrow and the morrow's morrow—he must never ride off from her, she told herself. Something hurt and helpless in her cried out at that.

And she thought: *If his king is recognized and caught, he must stay here and be with me for a year, or even for many years.*

Out of the forest's edge, down the upland pastures and by the byres they rode, with Eugenia leading the way and the shadow of the mountains falling over them beneath the fading sunset glow. At the orchard they turned into the castle road. And when they rounded the last turn before the castle gate, they came full upon a posse of a dozen horsemen, armed and armored.

Her first sweeping glance picked out the embroidered jacket of Gerard, a herald of her cousin the duke, and passed on to the black eagle on the shield of Albrecht, warden of the East March of the Empire. Austrian and German officials, they would be the leaders of the hunt for the missing Richard.

"I never thought they would come around by the road, Mark," she whispered, and her heart leaped because he was not there. He was pulling back toward Richard, the three of them were gathering close to make a stand.

Even in the dusk, the men in the cavalcade had noticed this suspicious movement. Gerard's trained voice challenged: "Who is with Your Grace?"

The warden spoke to the men-at-arms, who moved their mounts quietly to form a half circle across the road. They were disciplined Germans this time—not qualmish huntsmen of Otto's—their shields on arm, their chain mail dark and oiled. Even as she whispered to Mark, "Come," Eugenia thought: *Now Richard is stopped and Mark must needs stay here.*

The baying of the hounds resounded up the mountain.

"Do you hunt my guests with hounds, Gerard?" she cried, pacing her mare forward. "Make way for them!"

It was the German warden who answered, curtly, "We have an order to search—"

"On my lands, Albrecht?"

"To search on any land, for an escaped prisoner."

"Who?"

Bowing to her, the Austrian herald lifted a parchment roll he held, and his cadenced voice repeated words he must have known by memory: "I, Gerard, herald to Leopold of Austria, make known the command of the said Leopold the Duke that wherever he be found and in whatever company, Richard Plantagenet calling himself King of England is to be detained to answer for wrongs inflicted by words of his mouth assailing the said duke—"

"What has this rigmarole to do with me?"

"We in our duty must identify your friends"—the warden hesitated, peering at her face—"if it please you, Countess," he added uncertainly.

She thought: *They do not know Richard by sight.* "It does not please me," she cried angrily. "It will not please Cousin Leopold if I tell him of it."

Contemptuously she stared at them, the cold spirit of anger in her Indeed her beauty was in that moment like a sheathing of armor. "I will identify them," she said. She touched Mark's hand. "This crusader who is from Palestine is Mark, lord of Lothian," she looked at them, "and will be lord of Karth when I shall be his wife."

The frightened officials kept silent. Carelessly she motioned behind her. "His arms bearer and minstrel ride with us."

Gerard bowed, surprised. The warden did not move.

"Will you clear the road?" Mark asked.

They did not do that because of a happen-chance. Lights shone beside them from the courtyard gate. Old Fred and the steward and a bevy of the Karth people came out to bring torches to the noble folk, now that the light had failed.

"Lights this way," cried the warden quickly.

And through the castle folk, with his arm in a sling, pushed Otto, cloaked against the night's cold. "Eugenia," he shouted happily. "I had a misgiving about you—" He choked, staring. "The thieves!"

Eugenia heard the warden shout, and a stirring of chain mail as his men moved restlessly. Her own voice said with an effort, "You are very stupid, Otto."

Then hoofs clanked slow behind her. She felt the three riders to be in motion. Richard passed her, walking his horse, into the full torchlight.

He said nothing. The long bright sword moved restlessly in his hand. His rein was tight, his great body bent. Richard Plantagenet had seen the faces of his enemies.

Mark passed her without looking, keeping his charger at Richard's flank—Luke kept the other side—never taking his eyes from the warden. "Clear the road," he ordered, raising his voice.

THEY were within sword stroke of the officials. Gerard and Albrecht muttered in their beards, uncertain, but fearful of the long drawn swords. The men-at-arms, hearing no other order, reined back from the middle of the road, keeping their distance from the three who passed them, without pause going on into the dark.

Eugenia thought: *No one dared stop him.* She heard only the tread of the three horses. Then they stopped. Mark would be looking back. She knew that.

She knew the gesture of chivalry to be made, to wave him on his way. Her hand loosened the silk scarf from her throat.

Around her the men were muttering, questioning, accusing, glancing at her. The warden said loud, "We took her word—she must needs explain to the Duke," while Gerard stammered, "Her guests—" and the men-at-arms smirked.

In the courtyard gate her folk were packed, Old Fred, Elfrida and the maids, with a thousand tasks behind them, and a thousand days of duty to perform. "Eugenia!" called Cousin Otto.

From his flushed face, his eyes gleamed at her, excited. "Eugenia, I understand. Let bygones be bygone. Let me take the blame, for the fault was only a little one. And," he cried eagerly, "when you are my wife, no one will accuse you of anything."

His wife? Otto's wife? Why, yes, probably—if she hesitated. Ahead of her, through the dark, Mark was riding, away. Out of her life. Her life? Her life was here about her, these people, this castle, Otto. What were these things and these people to her? Walt was gone. Mark was going. Walt she could not have followed. But Mark she could. Why not? What she would lose she cared for not at all. What she might gain was all that she had lost when Walt had gone away.

"Eugenia," Otto cried again.

When she did not answer he caught at her rein; but Eugenia flicked the leather from his hand, smiled at him in a strange way, wheeled the mare away, and spurred past the line of torches, riding fast into the darkness, and the future, after Mark.

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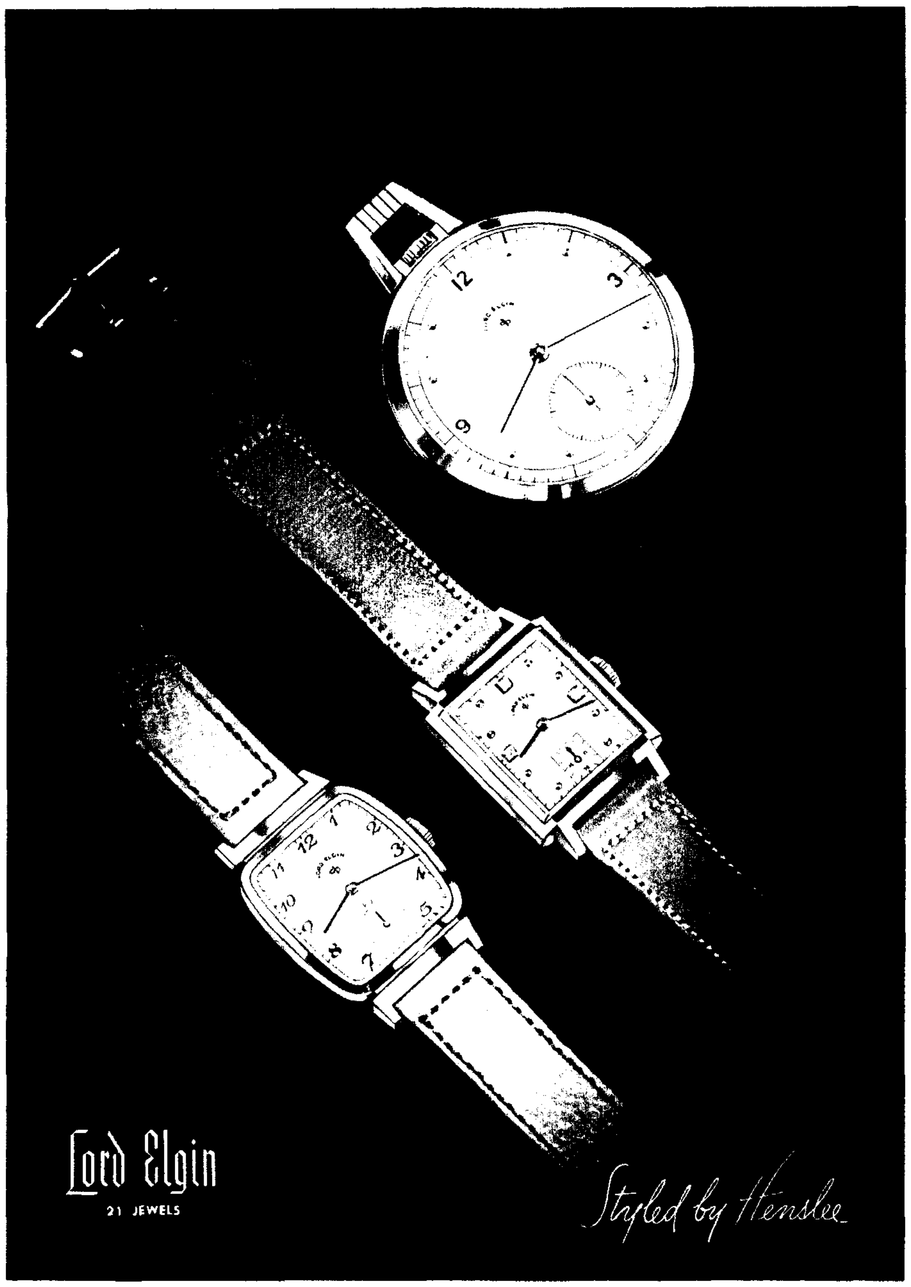

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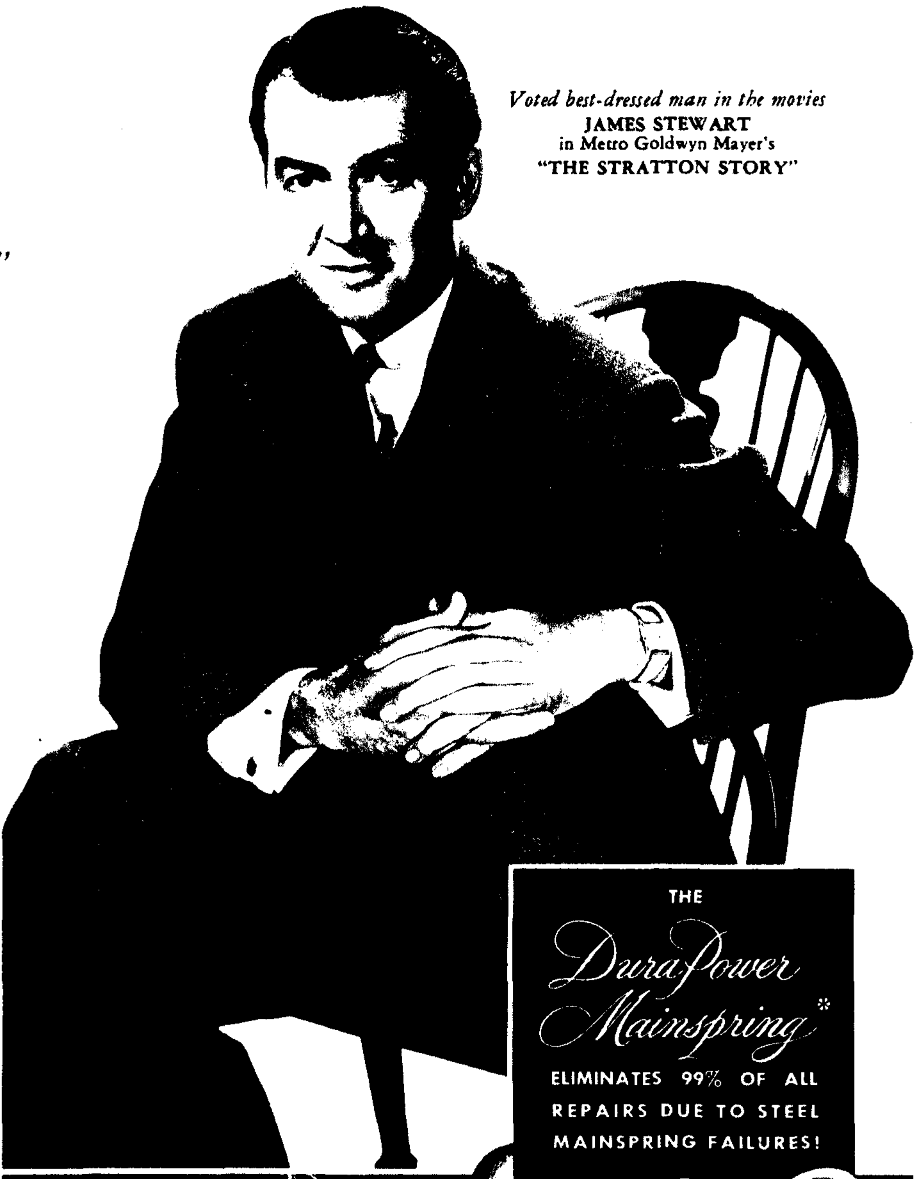

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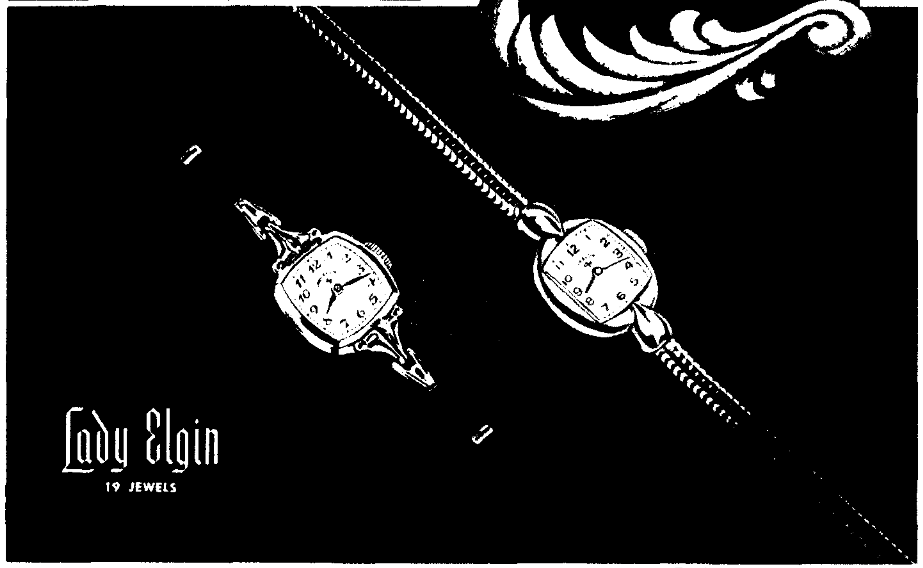

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Top-heavy Couples

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

It's difficult to find a man and wife who match when it comes to the servant and social problem

But first the tabloid

IT WAS a long time ago when I first referred to an ill-assorted pair as a top-heavy couple, like an ace and a deuce, which you don't have to be a poker player to know is no pair at all. This includes the couples in domestic service we have had—and they have been among the nation's top-heaviest.

I well remember one typical pair. The wife was a good and economical cook but the husband, who was supposed to tend the vegetables and flowers, do weeding and cut the grass, had his own peculiar mode of daily procedure. First he'd have what the condemned prisoner eats for breakfast on execution day, viz., everything in the book. This was to give him energy for his outdoor work, but before that there was the pipe to smoke, the tabloid to digest and verbose conversation having to do with taking the power mower ten miles away to be repaired. It wouldn't be finished until the next day, but my man wouldn't bother to come back and tell me this until about dinnertime.

The following morning, early but not bright, he'd drive back to town, wait for the mower and finally return with it; making us feel guilty all the while for having so poor a power mower that it could get out of order. The last people he worked for, he was careful to tell us, had six ottomobills and three power mowers. Not misers, like us, the implication was. Wherever he is, now, I hope his employment is with a richer and better-equipped family, whose kids aren't too lazy to do his work during Easter vacations.

We have employed, at ruinous expense, at least another top-heavy pair. With one exception she was as good a cook as we ever had—willing, saving and pleasant. He took virtually all his time off—didn't like indoor or outdoor work, except to go to town for provisions, tarry until night in the village bar and grill and go back the next day for the groceries he left in the saloon. He also eventually left his wife, and she, sad over the temporary or permanent loss of her bridegroom of a year, left us. Possibly to search; we never knew.

What I started to say, however, concerns the social couples who have been invited to call. Nobody ever drops in; we live too far away for an in-dropper to do his stuff. Our four-miles-away neighbor, Leo Godowsky, calls his place Phone First Farm. But never shall I forget the evening visit of one nameless top-heavy couple. He was a fascinating man, married to the greatest and most garrulous bore I can remember ever being alone with, or rather stuck with. My wife took the husband away, and they, I learned later, had a fine time talking. I had a horrible evening. They left at eleven, and afterward my wife and I had words, all of them unprintable, except in books of fiction.

Ever since that night we have had clocks in every room that callers are likely to be in. The dining-room clock is always an hour fast, as is the one in the so-called music room. Now a couple, invited for seven o'clock, generally lose their way or—more likely, the woman decides, after all, that the dress she was going to wear she won't wear, so she wears that New Black—they've Seen My Green. Anyway they're late, and the roast beef, which I like rare, is well done.

Since the dining-room clock is fast, the tardy pair, especially the man, feels abashed at being even later than he thought. The evening is spoiled, but since the clock in the music room, where we have coffee, is an hour fast, it happens that about 11:20 P.M. (or actually 10:20 P.M.) the husband, who wants to get home to bed (the I've-got-a-hard-day-tomorrow technique), gives the exit cue known to all hosts. This is used only when the caller actually wants to go. The line is, "Well, I guess you good people want to go to bed. We didn't mean to keep you up."

I had a horrible evening

Well, we're cured. We no longer have top-heavy couples in service. We have one cook—a honey. And when we have a wedded pair for dinner and the evening, we make sure they are even, not top-heavy. The clocks are synchronous again.

We kept the clock fast

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

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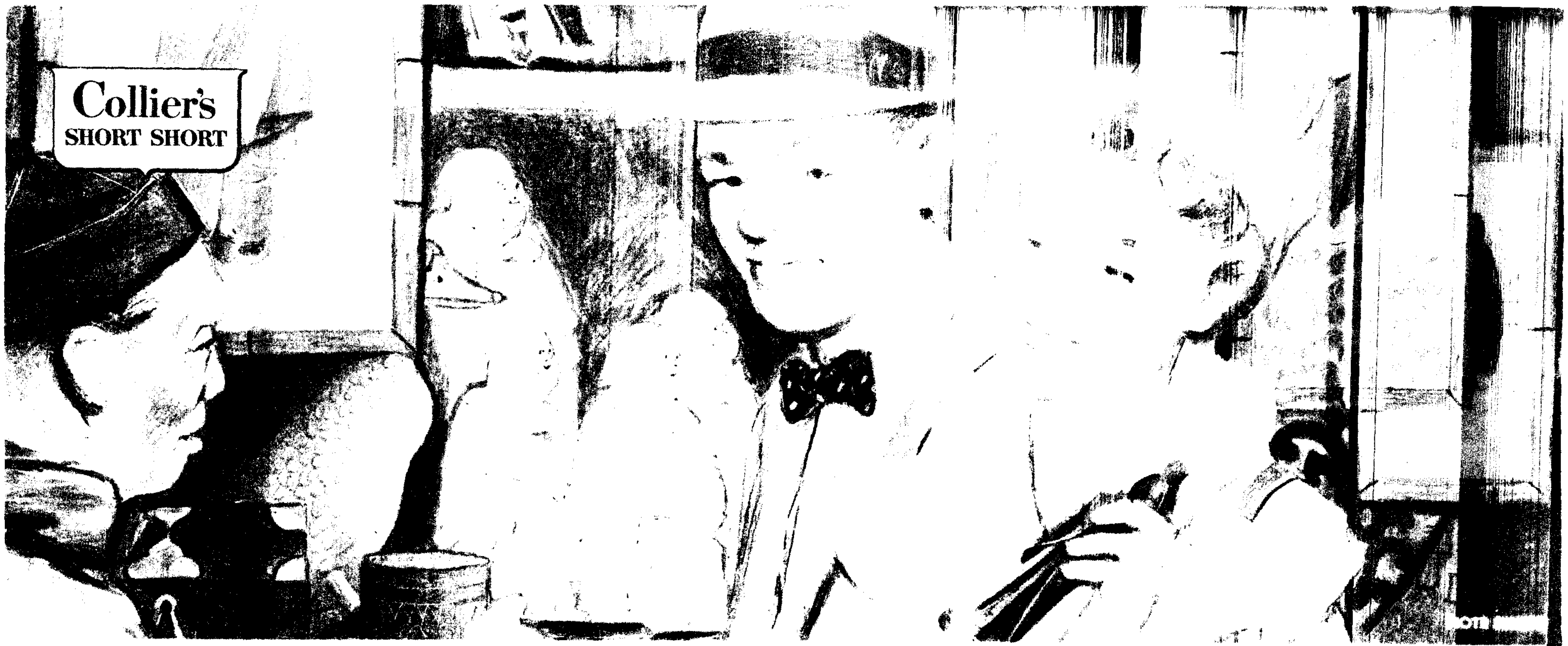

THE SPELL OF THE JADE GODDESS

By J. G. CLARK, JR.

THE traffic light changed and George Riddle, vice-consul, and Millie, his wife, were almost shoved off the sidewalk by the noisy, hurrying Shanghai crowd.

"Let's get out of this mob," Millie shouted. "Let's go to the Thieves' Market for a last look around."

They pushed their way for half a block down the side street and turned into a doorway. Ah Cheong, a little man with a face like a monkey's, scurried up to them, grinning happily.

"Hello, Missy. Hello, Mahsta. What you wanchee buy?" Ah Cheong was interpreter and middleman in the bazaar, demanding, and getting, a cut from the shopkeepers on anything that was sold in his presence.

They walked slowly along with the chattering Ah Cheong dancing around them until Millie stopped at one of the counters. "Look at this, George," she said. "Isn't it beautiful?" She had picked up a small jade goddess and was turning it in her hands.

"Now, Millie," George said, "let's not go looking at jade, of all things."

"Oh, not to *buy,* George," she said. "I'm only looking. But just for fun, I'm going to price it." She turned to the man behind the counter. "How much?"

"You wanchee buy jade?" he said. "Velly old jade. Velly fine."

Millie shook her head. "It's not so good," she said. "The color's too light."

"Light color!" The merchant was indignant. "*No* light color! Dark color! Velly goody, Missy."

George moved away to another counter. Millie loved to play their bargaining game, even if she weren't going to buy. He had picked up a little vase that struck his fancy, when Millie called to him. He looked up. She was surrounded by chattering shopkeepers. He moved over to her, carrying the vase with him.

"George," she said, "what do you think we ought to do about this goddess?"

"Now, Millie," he said irritably. "We've already decided not—"

"What's that in your hand?" she said.

"Oh." He held up the vase. "Forgot I had it."

"It's Peking enamel, isn't it?" she said, taking it from him. She turned to the shopkeeper. "How much for this vase?"

"Oh, velly cheap," the man said. "Only one dollar U.S. money."

"If I buy the goddess," she said, "you can give me the vase for cumshaw, yes?"

The merchant considered a moment. "Can," he said.

"There!" she said to George. "That's another dollar!"

"Another dollar what?" said George suspiciously.

"Saved," she said. "That makes thirty-one. The goddess was a hundred and thirty, you know, and he came down to a hundred. Plus a dollar for the vase, makes thirty-one."

"But, Millie," George said, feeling his face grow warm, "we've agreed we weren't going to—"

"Oh, George, you're so hopeless sometimes! There's no harm in just *pricing,* I hope." She had put down the vase and was examining the goddess carefully. "You know what, George?" she said thoughtfully. "You know how much this would sell for in the States?"

"About two million dollars," he said crossly. "Plus tax. Now, listen, Millie—"

"Seriously, George, it would sell for about five hundred dollars. So that makes five hundred and thirty-one dollars we would save."

"Don't be silly!" George exclaimed. "You can't figure like that!"

"Oh, I'm just talking about the *value,* George. That's what it would *sell* for." She paused and pursed her lips thoughtfully. "But if you actually *bought* it at home—at the jeweler's, I mean—it would cost seven hundred dollars if it cost a penny! That makes, *really,* seven hundred and thirty-one dollars."

"That's idiotic!"

"George!" Millie drew back, shocked. "You're shouting, George," she said reproachfully. "You don't have to shout."

George looked wildly about him, started to speak, thought better of it, and clamped his jaws together.

Millie, very dignified, handed the goddess to the merchant. "I'm afraid we won't be able to take it," she said, smiling gently. She turned to George. "Shall we go home now? Or would you rather go for a walk? Whatever you want to do—"

"Aw, don't be like that, Millie," he said.

As they started to walk out, she placed her hand on his arm suddenly and stopped him. "George," she said.

"Yes, Millie?"

"You think I don't know the value of money." She paused. "George," she said, "do you remember that coat?"

"What coat?"

"The one you said you'd buy for me when we get back home."

"Well, I hadn't exactly—"

"Well, George, I've decided I don't want it. I won't have it, George."

He felt vaguely that he was at fault about something; he could hardly have said what. He looked down. "Aw, Millie, if you really need the coat—"

"Heaven knows I need it. But I figure it would cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars. Wouldn't it, George?"

"I suppose so," he said. "I don't know."

"I'll wear that old black thing another year," she said. Her face brightened into a cheerful little smile. "And, George," she said, "instead of buying the coat, I'll buy the goddess."

George opened his mouth.

"No, George," she said firmly. "Don't try to dissuade me. We'll save at least fifty dollars that way. And Heaven knows we can use an extra fifty dollars!"

"But, Millie, it's not—"

"Please, George," she said. "Don't say anything more. I really don't mind. Really I don't."

BACK in their hotel room, George sipped his drink and stared resentfully at the goddess that Millie had placed on the table. Millie, on a footstool by his chair, placed her arms on his knees. "George," she said tenderly, "I really *do* agree with you about the money and everything." She moved closer. "I think about it a lot. More than you suppose. You know, I was thinking, if we stay at the Moana Hotel instead of the Royal Hawaiian when we stop in Honolulu, we'll save some money."

"That's what I've been saying all along," he said.

"I think that's what we ought to do," she said. "After all, a vice-consul isn't a millionaire."

"Just what I've always said." George nodded.

"Why, if we stay at the Moana, we'll save at least—why, George!" she exclaimed, "We'll save a hundred and fifty dollars!" She clapped her hands delightedly. "George! A hundred and fifty! Don't you see? It's Providence!"

His eyes popped wide. He was tense, staring.

"Oh, George!" She jumped up. "You're just wonderful to think of it!" She threw her arms around him. "Do you think I should get a green one, George? Or another black one?"

George sighed heavily and poured himself another drink. Nice and strong.

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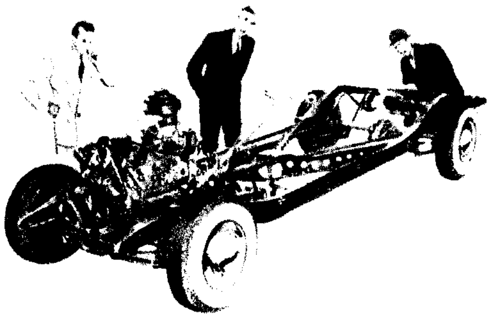

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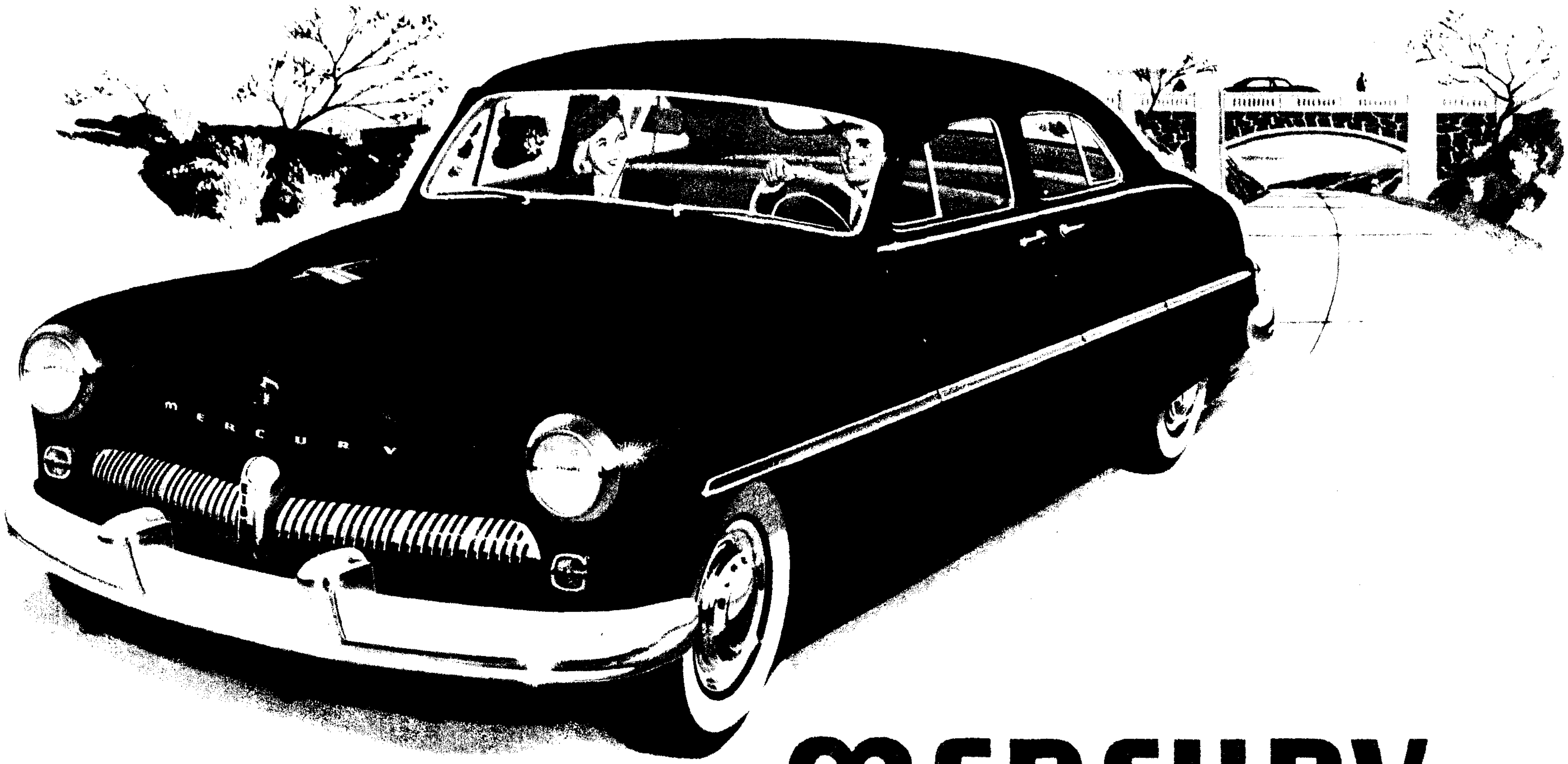

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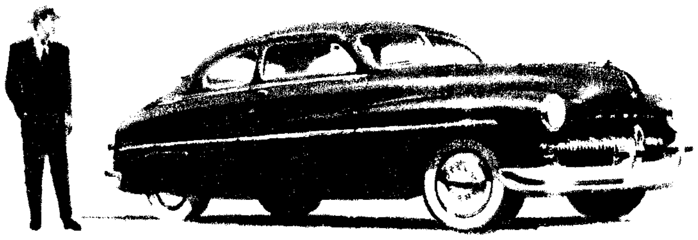

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MY HOP AROUND THE WORLD

Continued from page 15

go by late morning. It was Saturday, February 26th.

At 11:21 A.M. came the take-off—and a bit of heart failure! First, just before the take-off, Captain James Morris, the copilot, yelled at me, "Smell the blankety-blank gasoline fumes!" The fumes were there all right, and the sweat stood out on my forehead. I looked out and spotted the trouble. A gas tank was overflowing and dripping down beneath the plane. We fixed the tank and moved away from the fume-laden area.

That was just the *beginning* of the sweat. The plane was carrying the heaviest load ever handled (we were well above the 142,500-pound maximum weight allowed for the Stratocruiser, the civilian equivalent of the B-50), and as we lumbered down the runway with our cargo of highly explosive high octane, I thought we never would get into the air.

This was *the* big hurdle, and I kept thinking of the grim possibilities. A tire could blow, an engine could cut out, the bomb bay doors might fall open—any of which could send us up in flames and convert us all into burnt toast. I could hear the second pilot, Lieutenant Arthur Neal, holding his breath next to me as we got a few feet off the ground and I gave him his orders: "Landing gear up!" . . . "Reduce power!" . . . "Wing flaps at 15 degrees!" . . . "Flaps to 5 degrees!" . . . "Bring them up all the way!"

Another Moment of Suspense

Then came that dreadful second in time when you're airborne, and you still haven't got enough flying speed, and the slightest loss of power could mean crashing to the ground. We went through that second, and I could hear Neal let out his breath. I did the same thing. We looked at each other. We both were soaked with perspiration.

After that, we increased our air speed, climbed into the overcast and finally broke out into beautiful clear weather over east Texas, near the Mississippi River. Each man then went to his own nook and got squared away. We had built a wooden table in the front pressurized cabin, just behind the upper forward gun turret. Two men slept on top of this table on air mattresses and comforters. In the space below the table, we stored food.

Behind the table was a long padded tunnel over the bomb bays, 30 feet long, in which nine of the 14-man crew slept, two at a time. Three men stretched out in the rear cabin. This was all very comfortable, except that whenever anyone had to go to the bathroom, he had to crawl over several bodies; and when one of the navigators had to go up into the astrodome to shoot the stars, he generally stood on someone's neck or some other sensitive part of the anatomy. Since we had two or three men for each job on the plane, we were able to get a few hours' sleep out of every 24.

So far as food was concerned, each man made his own by opening a few cans whenever he got hungry. We had hamburgers, spaghetti and meatballs, etc., in self-heating cans; and we had a couple of electrical gadgets to warm orthodox cans and to make coffee. We were good housewives. We brought along two bottles of the stuff that is supposed to dispense with kitchen odors and keep the place filled with fresh air.

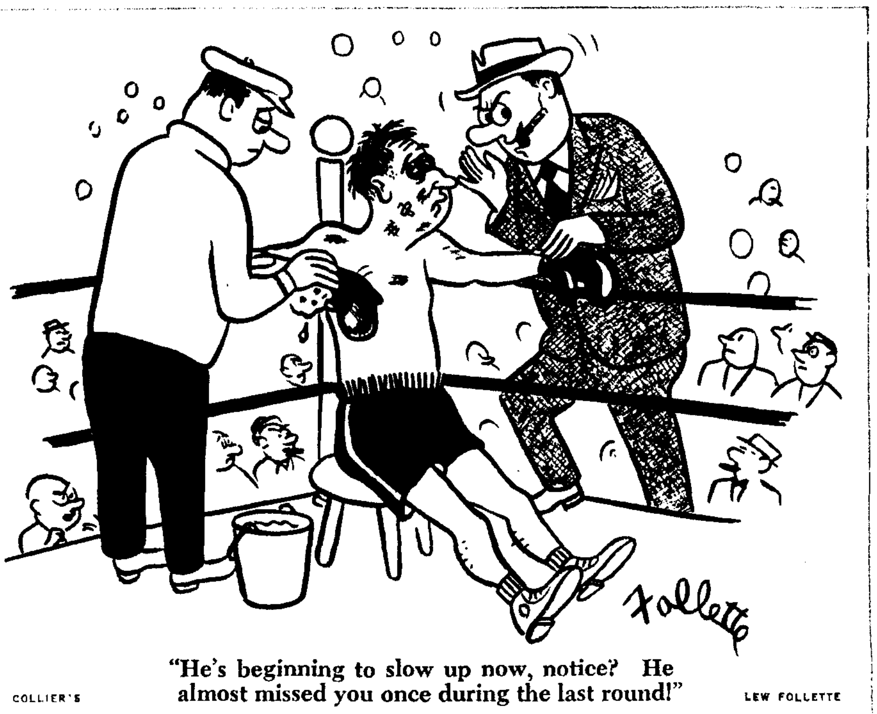
Night fell on that first day—Saturday—and we were boring along over the Atlantic, after crossing the coast 15 miles north of Washington. Radar Officer Lieutenant Roland Bonner said, "I wonder how many of the boys there are sweating us out."

The significance of the flight still hadn't dawned on me in the excitement of getting started, and I kept thinking of things I had forgotten to do, like paying the rent and phoning Mary, who had gone to her uncle's in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. I wondered if I would get back in time for the ball on the last day of the Mardi Gras. Then it occurred to me that I might not get back at all—or that I might spend the next few weeks wandering around the Arabian Desert or a Pacific jungle.

At eight o'clock the next morning (Sunday) I heard a yell from Bonner on the interphone. He had picked up an image of the first pair of tanker planes (they had been sent out ahead from our group) waiting for us over Lagens Air Force Base in the Azores. Soon we were in radio contact with the tankers, and I tossed the banter back and forth with Lieutenant Dorman and Captain Bowley, pilots of the two planes looming up alongside.

I got apprehensive again about having all that high octane so close, but before I knew it Dorman's plane had made contact and the gas was pouring into the tail of the Lucky Lady.

At this point, disaster nearly struck. After the hookup was made, Sergeant

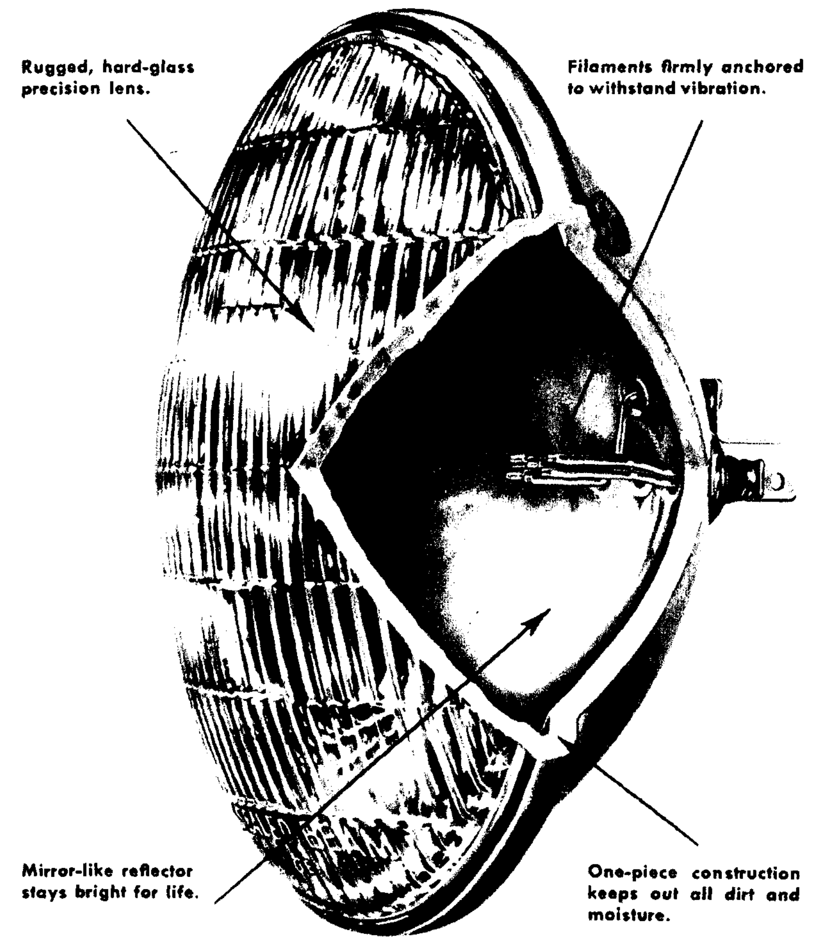


"He's beginning to slow up now, notice? He almost missed you once during the last round!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

that dirt and moisture can't get into General Electric Headlamps

1. Turn a hose on it, or drive in pouring rain—not a drop of water gets inside!


Rugged, hard-glass precision lens.
Filaments firmly anchored to withstand vibration.
Mirror-like reflector stays bright for life.
One-piece construction keeps out all dirt and moisture.

2. Cutaway shows why nothing gets in. The whole thing is one big bulb.

DIRT and moisture can't get into General Electric headlamps to dull the reflector and steal the light you need for safer, easier driving.

G-E "All-glass" sealed beam Headlamps *do not grow dim.* On the average, they give 99% of original light output even at the end of lamp life!

And here's another big advantage you get with G-E headlamps. They now have been improved to give 12% more light on the road for driving, 16% more for passing!

Don't let dim or burned out headlamps turn your night driving into a nightmare. Get the headlamps that let you drive with a smile—General Electric "All-glass" sealed beam Headlamps!

For easier, safer summer driving

Have your lights checked

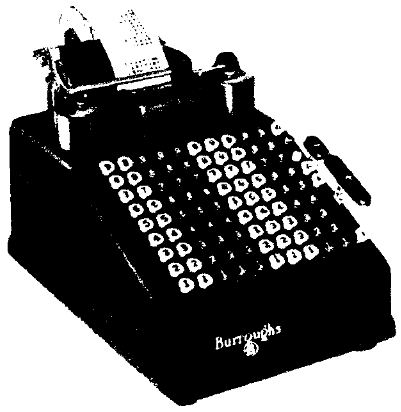
next time you leave your car for service

And whatever lamps you need, make sure you ask for . . . . . .

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE A Burroughs B C's OF BUSINESS

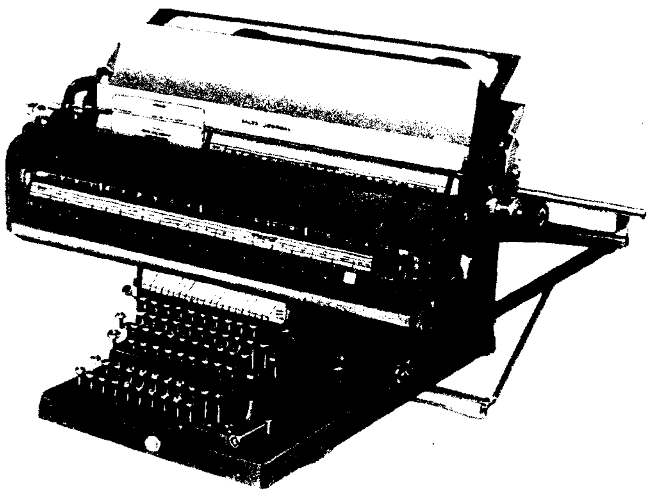


Adding

Swift, sure Burroughs adding machines are usually among the first acquisitions of a business, however small. They replace "pencil pushing" to speed figuring, reduce errors, provide a printed tape record. Models include hand or electrically operated machines, with or without subtraction, in a variety of totalling capacities.

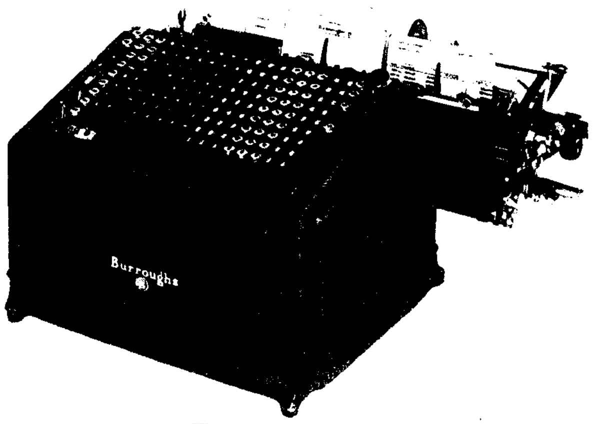
Accounting

Burroughs accounting machines provide a complete analysis of sales, purchases, disbursements, or other statistical information . . . distributed by department, area or whatever classification is required. This is often accomplished as a by-product of bookkeeping, introducing exceptional simplicity to a highly complex job.



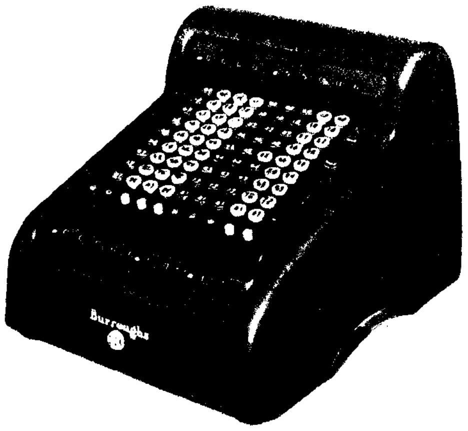
Billing

This Burroughs is the only billing machine that writes and computes a bill or order in one continuous operation. It combines the features of a typewriter, calculator, and adding-subtracting machine. Results of extensions are accumulated automatically to provide a final total or net result, at a touch of the total key.



Bookkeeping

Burroughs bookkeeping machines post ledgers and statements . . . provide neat, accurate, legible records that are always up-to-date. Preference for high-efficiency Burroughs bookkeeping machines is indicated by their wide use in financial, commercial, and industrial concerns throughout the world.



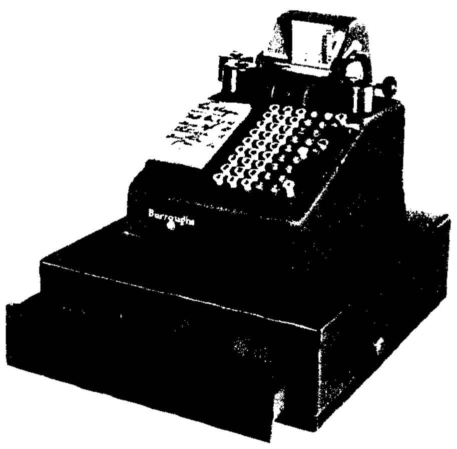
Calculating

Burroughs calculators add, subtract, multiply and divide to accomplish lightning-fast figuring on payroll, invoicing and other computing work. They're easy to learn and easy to use. Burroughs alone builds the "calculator that remembers," with exclusive "memory dials" that eliminate rehandling of figures.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

Cash registering

Burroughs cash registering and receipting machines serve a wide range of business purposes. The model shown itemizes purchases, prints the amount of tax, shows the number of items purchased with the sales total, and automatically accumulates the total volume of sales with a total count of customers.



The machines illustrated represent a few of the hundreds of models that are produced by Burroughs to meet the needs of every kind of business, every size of business.

The important point is this—Burroughs alone makes business machines to meet *every* figuring, accounting and statistical need; Burroughs alone produces the variety of functions and features to meet specific requirements; Burroughs alone is in a position to make recommendations without partiality towards any one type of machine.

Business depends on Burroughs for the *right* machine to get work done in less time, with less effort, at less cost. For more information, telephone your local Burroughs office.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

DENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder with the 2-minute routine Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

OVER 4,000 DENTISTS AGREE THIS EASY WAY REVEALS FULL NATURAL SPARKLE OF TEETH—TRY IT!

1 Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.

2 Brush *all three* surfaces—front, back, and biting edges of teeth.

3 Always brush *away* from the gums.

GOOD FOR TEETH—AND GOOD FOR BREATH!

This *easy routine removes* dull film that improper brushing *misses!* Gets your teeth naturally shining clean . . . and cleans your breath at the same time! You'll love the tangy *taste* of Colgate Tooth Powder, too. It refreshes your whole mouth. Buy some today.

COLGATE
TOOTH POWDER

"BREATH-LESS"—Colgate Tooth Powder leaves breath sweet, fresh, pleasing.

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

Melvin G. Davis, one of the gunners, got his finger caught in the heavy winding mechanism we used to reel in the hose. That would have been the end of the finger, if the other gunner, Sergeant Donald Traugh, hadn't acted quick as a flash. Traugh yanked a lever which stopped the mechanism in a split second. While the fellows in the rear of the plane held their breath, Davis extracted his finger from the machinery. It was badly bruised but still serviceable.

When our tanks were full again, we said good-by to the tanker crews. We kept speeding west, passing Gibraltar. It was overcast, but on Sunday afternoon the sun broke through and we could see the seemingly uninhabited coast of North Africa down below us.

This stretch was dull. We began to experience that unending feeling of cramp in our legs. The two gunners tried to read, but they ended up just nervously watching the rear of the engines for the smoke or the flames that would be the first hint of trouble. The rest of us worked at our jobs or tried to sleep. At this point, George, our automatic pilot, was doing most of the work.

A Tanker Captain's Gripe

We roared into Sunday night, our second night in the air. We got depressed, until suddenly it was Monday morning and the voice of Lieutenant Willie Sontag was booming into our radio. Sontag and Captain Slipp were pilots of the two tanker planes that had been sent on to Dhahran, an air base on the east coast of Saudi Arabia. Sontag said, "You son of a gun, you got me out of bed an hour ahead of time." I looked at my watch. We were beating our schedule by an hour.

I knew Sontag well, and the refueling went without a hitch, except that he cursed me for running him into a thunderstorm. Sontag wished me luck and said good-by. Then he turned and headed back into the overcast. We were alone in the sky again.

For me, this next leg of the trip was the strangest. This was the part of the world where I had flown combat during the war. The men caught the excitement, too. They looked down at the little villages of India, with their hosts of fires burning at night, and they got restless. For some strange reason, everyone shaved and bathed, using a washrag and basin. Flight Engineer David Parmelee turned to one of the other men and said, "Where the hell do you think *you're* going?"

"There's that babe in Calcutta," the man answered, "and you never know."

We still didn't dare to hope that we'd make it all the way round the world.

Then came the Bay of Bengal and the Andaman Islands. I remembered that the Andamans were one of the few places on earth where there still are working cannibals, and how during the war we had been briefed to find caches of food and guns left there by British submarines in the event we were forced down.

Radio Operator Sergeant Burgess G. Cantrell had dance music from Singapore on the radio at this point, but it didn't cheer me up much. I remembered how every time we flew to bomb Singapore, we passed through a squall over the Strait of Malacca. You always could see the lightning in a straight line from over 100 miles away—and there it was again. We passed to the north of the storm, a luxury we couldn't afford during the war because it would have used up too much gasoline.

Fifty hours after we had left Fort Worth we were past the tip of French Indo-China. I thought of a raid we once had made on Saïgon, after Intelligence had told us about a big Jap staff meeting in a certain hotel at a certain time. We bombed the hotel with our B-29s, but I never knew whether we actually had scored a hit or not, and I thought—not seriously—of flying off our course to have a look and find out.

It was Tuesday morning, and the hours were piling up—55, now, since we had left Fort Worth. Next refueling operation: the Philippines.

Our third refueling came off perfectly. Lieutenant Dolan and Captain Fuller piloted their tankers up from Clark Field to meet us. We still were on schedule. Fuller's last words were about seeing us at our home base on Friday. He didn't keep the date. His plane crashed somewhere in the area after the refueling operation was over, and at the time of this writing his crew was listed by the Air Force as missing. Damn' fine men!

Beyond the Philippines were more memories. We flew just north of Tinian, from which jungle paradise I had made 20 missions against Japan, after my 15 missions in the China-Burma-India area.

We headed toward our fourth and last refueling over Hawaii, and the tension began to mount. We had been in the air over 60 hours now, and we were begin-

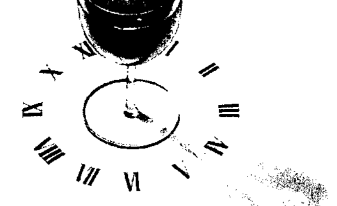
Collier's First Again!

ON DECEMBER 14, 1946—more than two years ago—Collier's Wing Talk column, conducted by Aviation Editor Frederick R. Neely, was among the first to describe a British air refueling process, which basically is similar to the method used by the Lucky Lady II on her epoch-making flight around the world.

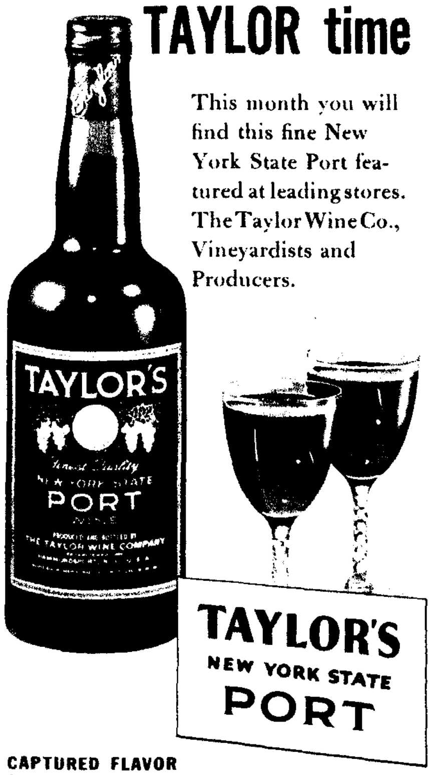
This is what Neely's column said at that time: "When it's time to refuel in flight, the receiving plane (a York), flying straight and level, pays out its 300 feet of cable, at the end of which is a many-hooked sinker. The sinker draws the cable down in a sweeping curve at the end, despite the forward speed of the airplane. The pilot of the tanker (a Lancaster) maneuvers below and to one side of the receiver, then a man fires a harpoon gun sending a hooked projectile and line against the cable and they travel down it until the two claws engage.

"With this contact, the planes are connected with a 250-foot wire-reinforced hose. The fuel system is purged with nitrogen, an inert gas, as a safety precaution, and, with the tanker flying above and behind the receiver, gasoline is delivered at more than 100 gallons a minute. Fuel has been transferred at speeds of 200 miles an hour, and may be fed at any altitude up to the ceiling of the tankers—in the case of the Lancasters, 25,000 feet. Provision is made to refuel at night by illuminating the trailer line sufficiently for the tanker pilot to establish correct formation. In thick weather, tanker and receiver can get together with radar, they say."

Substitute "B-50" for "York" and "B-29" for "Lancaster" and you have a graphic picture of what happened over the Azores, Dhahran, the Philippines and Hawaii.



Any time is TAYLOR time



This month you will find this fine New York State Port featured at leading stores. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

CAPTURED FLAVOR from the famous cellars at HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

KEEP HIM SMILING!

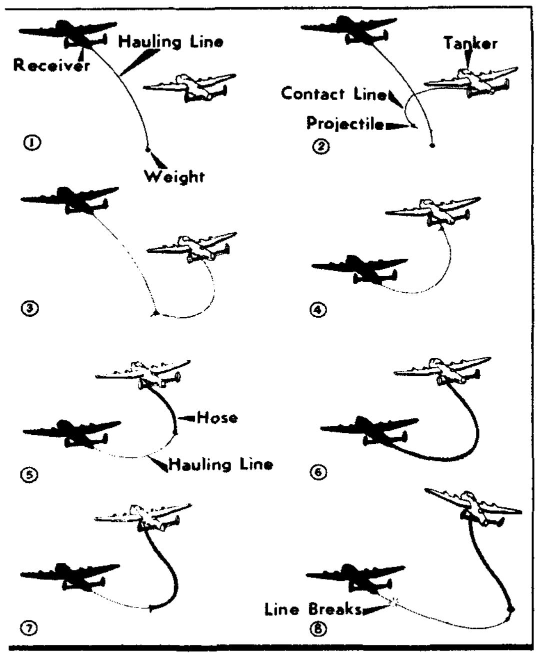
Give Your Child This Pleasant Laxative

DON'T upset your child with a harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Give him *pleasant-tasting* Ex-Lax and watch him smile! Children *love* its delicious chocolate taste.

Mother, you can trust Ex-Lax. For over 40 years, millions of mothers have used Ex-Lax with perfect confidence. In fact, many doctors use *dependable* Ex-Lax in their practice.

Ex-Lax is effective in an easy-acting, *gentle* way. And it is equally good for grown-ups and children. Ex-Lax is still only 10¢. *No better laxative at any price.*

When Nature 'forgets'... remember EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



The technique of refueling in flight made the Lucky Lady's nonstop trip around the world possible. Refueling during a practice flight is shown in the photo. Diagram shows eight steps in the process: 1. Receiving plane trails weighted hauling line. 2. Tanker fires contact line ahead of the hauling line. 3. Contact and hauling lines are engaged. 4. Hauling line is reeled into tanker and connected with hose. 5. Receiver reels in hauling line and hose. 6. Fuel is transferred. 7. Hose is reeled back into the tanker. 8. Contact is broken when the tanker makes a quick turn to snap the hauling line at a special "weak" point

ning to let ourselves realize that after just one more refueling, we might make it. Things were getting tough aboard the plane. Our navigator, Captain Glenn Hacker, developed a bad head cold, and the pressure on his ears got painful. Soon the pain spread to his throat (he kept doing his usual fine job, nevertheless). At the beginning of the trip, the engines had been hardly audible to us in the soundproofed pressurized cabin, but now the noise seeped through to torture us, especially when the propellers bit harder into the air when we climbed.

The air in the plane got musty. I heard Lieutenant Caffrey say, "I always intended to go around the world and see all these countries, but I sure didn't think I would do it this way."

We passed Wake Island, and the radio operator there didn't believe it when we told him we were going on to Hawaii. Then we passed the international date line, and after flying all day Tuesday, we were back in Tuesday again. As Bonner, our radar officer, put it, "We are going into yesterday now."

We discussed this at great length (like all Pacific tourists), and I made the observation that since we were traveling at one quarter the speed of the earth as it made one complete 24-hour rotation, we were picking up a quarter of a day each 24 hours, and that we would be the only people on earth to see five sunrises in four days. We beat *this* subject to death, and with this sort of rumination to keep us occupied, it soon was Tuesday afternoon and Lieutenant Hagan and Captain Hamilton were there from Hawaii to give us our final load of gasoline.

When our tanks were filled without a hitch, the heat really was on us. As Bonner wrote in his diary, "The crew is really sweating it out now because we're so close and yet so far from completion." Just 16 hours to go! Nobody slept much any more and the conversation died. As the expression goes in the Air Force, we were so tired that "our eyeballs were hanging out."

Early in the morning of Wednesday, March 2d, our radio brought in a San Francisco radio station, then Los Angeles. We thought the coast would never come, and we jumped every time Bonner or Caffrey spoke, thinking they had a picture of the coast in their radarscope. Finally they did pick up something, but it was a big, hairy thunderstorm. Our wings got covered with ice as we went through the disturbance, but I turned on our wing-warming equipment, and the ice melted away. I thought of what a menace ice had been to the Lindberghs and the Clarence Chamberlins, and how easy such problems were for us today.

At 3:00 A.M. Caffrey yelled, "There she is!" and it was the coast line between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles showing up in the radarscope. I'm sure that the cry "Land ho!" didn't sound any better to Columbus. We roared in over California just before dawn, and I kept praying, "Please, please, please don't let anything happen now!" The men were excited and yelling.

It was raining in California and we could not see the ground. As soon as we left California we broke through the overcast and saw the sun shining over Arizona. We also saw three tanker planes from our outfit which had been sent to escort us in. The men started to shave, Hacker using a straight razor. The tanker planes gave us a constant stream of chatter over the radio, cheering us on. They said, "Wha' hoppen?" "Are you getting any sleep?" and "Those engines sure are dirty."

As we headed toward Fort Worth, our take-off point, Neal said, "What a country this is! Smooth air, weather information, radio beams!" I mentally agreed with Neal about what a great country this is—but for different reasons. Here I was, the son of an Irish immigrant locomotive engineer, a kid who was a $35-a-week clerk in the government before I enlisted in the Air Force during the war. I had no rank, no connections, no West Point background, not even a college degree—yet they had allowed *me* out of thousands of thousands of Air Force pilots to command the first plane crew in history to fly nonstop around the world.

I vowed not to let this give me a swelled-head hero complex—and to consider the flight merely a routine four-day job that contributed something to the advance of aviation.

I knew there wasn't much chance of getting this swelled head when I put the plane down at Fort Worth exactly 94 hours and one minute after I had taken off. My auxiliary generator was out of commission, and I took longer than usual coming in. The first thing I heard was that Lieutenant General Curtis E. LeMay, standing among a crowd of brass and celebrities, had said, "He's been up there so long, it looks like he's forgotten how to land."

FOR ACTION...

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AND HERE'S WHY...

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shorts are the *longest* on comfort and wear! Only MacDee has the patented cantilever action that lifts as the waistband spr-e-a-d-s . . . the hidden uplift *for men!*

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are the only men's undershirts that *feel* as different as they *look!* Only Kut-Ups have the amazing inverted-V . . . tailored-in at the crotch to outlaw waistline bunching.

GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES!
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JUNIOR, TOO,
can now enjoy shirts and shorts by Healthknit . . . just like Dad wears! You'll find a complete range of boys' sizes at better stores everywhere.

Remember... there's no fit like
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NEW!
Non-Sag, Non-Droop
T-SHIRTS
Tailored with raglan shoulder and crew-type neck for greater comfort, better style. Can be worn outside, or tucked in. Choice of solid colors in ribbed or flat knit.

Licensee for Canada, S. Lennard and Sons Limited, Dundas, Ont.

BASEBALL'S WINNERS OF 1949

Continued from page 20

previous mark had been .327 in 1944. His lifetime average is .292.

Off the records, it's probable that Boudreau will be baseball's finest shortstop again this season, but it's also probable that Lou's batting average will be closer to his lifetime .292 than his phenomenal .355.

Similarly, the odds are against Gordon and Keltner duplicating their peak 1948 performances (Joe and Ken are in their early thirties, a dangerous and declining age for infielders). Yet it was the batting power of the infield, remember, which propelled Cleveland to the pennant. Boudreau, Keltner, Gordon and Eddie Robinson combined to bat in more than 400 runs.

Robinson is gone now, traded to Washington for Mickey Vernon, a better fielder, a faster runner, but a less powerful hitter. So it would seem that the Indians can't win unless Boudreau, Keltner and Gordon, individually and collectively, function as devastatingly as last year—and they won't.

This department's choice for the man to watch in Cleveland is Bob Feller. The blinding speed has departed from his fast ball, but he still has the best curve ball in the business. Spurred by his World Series failure, and a sizable salary slash, he'll take over again as ace of the Cleveland staff.

The Boston Red Sox started last season with a new manager, fabulous Joe McCarthy; new, expensive, highly publicized players (Jack Kramer, Vern Stephens, etc.); the best pennant wishes of the experts; and a jolting double-header defeat, courtesy of the impudent A's.

Maybe the Red Sox tried too hard to impress McCarthy, a dour perfectionist. Maybe they had a run of hard luck. Whatever the reason, the Sox were incredibly inept for the first six weeks. They didn't start winning until June—and the Indians were 10 games in front by then. The Bostons never quite caught up, although they were the better team in June, July, August and September.

It isn't likely McCarthy's men will experience another horrendous April. They have murderous power with Vern Stephens, who will lead the American League in the vital runs-batted-in department, batting cleanup behind Ted Williams. Admittedly, they don't have the Indians' pitching, but they have enough. Maurice McDermott, a rookie lefthander with that loose fireball motion Lefty Grove used to have, appears ready for starting work.

McCarthy, who has won more pennants than any other manager, says bluntly, "We'll be all right. Just let me worry about the pitching."

Now, before examining the complicated pennant picture in the National League, let's glance over the other American League clubs.

The New York Yankees are disintegrating. The pitching staff is one big IF. Shortstop Phil Rizzuto's eye trouble will not increase his batting average. It isn't likely that Joe DiMaggio's chronic heel trouble will clear up so that he can play 154 games at top speed—which is the least the Yanks will need. And as Joe goes, so go the Yanks. What about catching? Gus Niarhos, who can catch, can't hit; Yogi Berra, who can hit, can't catch. Good thing Casey Stengel has a sense of humor.

The Philadelphia A's have Ferris Fain—the best first baseman in the league. You can look for his batting average (.281 last season) to zoom over .300. They've also got some excellent starting pitchers, but they lack outfield power and need too many hits to chase runners around the bases.

Two Tiger Aces Are Tops

The Detroit Tigers are weak on the right side of the infield, but they couldn't be stronger at third, where George Kell rates number one in the majors. Georgie's bat (and Hal Newhouser's pitching arm) will keep the Tigers atop the second division.

Put the three perennial tailenders of the American League together and they wouldn't add up to one strong contender. But nevertheless, you can look for great things from the St. Louis Browns' right fielder Al Zarilla and the Washington Senators' pitcher Rae Scarborough. They'll turn in spectacular performances in spite of their teams. The Chicago White Sox will be playing another season-long farewell tour for that grand old man Luke Appling.

Now for the National League.

Pennant and homeward bound last September, the Boston Braves halted in a Rhode Island station. "Here's the city," remarked third baseman Bob Elliott, "we've had with us all season."

The station sign said: PROVIDENCE.

Short on outfield power, weak in reserves, lacking pitching depth behind Johnny Sain and Warren Spahn, the Braves outfought Brooklyn, St. Louis and Pittsburgh down the September stretch. They deserved their triumph, but fortune favored the Braves in a number of close games (any team that wins a close pennant fight has to get the breaks).

Example: With St. Louis leading 6 to 3 in the ninth in a vital game, Manager Billy Southworth parlayed three nondescript pinch hitters into a typically close Boston victory. With one man on, Al Lyons, a pitcher who hadn't been to bat all season, walked. Bobby Sturgeon, utility infielder, singled. Then Sibby Sisti, a .183 hitter who hadn't played for six weeks, while convalescing from a twisted knee, a sinus operation and an inflamed appendix, tripled! Final: Boston, 7; St. Louis, 6.

All season long, Southworth deftly juggled an assortment of rookies and not particularly distinguished veterans into winning combinations. Maybe Billy can do it again. But whatever he does, watch Johnny Sain, who will be a 20-game winner for the fourth straight year—a feat accomplished by only two National Leaguers (Diz Dean and Carl Hubbell) since 1918.

The Braves will be tough, no doubt about it, but so will Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, New York and St. Louis. Another tight race is inevitable, and this year—because pennant breaks have a way of evening up—somebody will start to win those close games from Boston. The club that does will win the pennant.

In the crystal ball, Brooklyn shapes up as that team. The Dodgers have quantity and good quality at every position except first base. The Dodgers are young and fast. Jackie Robinson will top the majors in stolen bases, leading the hard-running, hard-sliding Dodgers to the pennant. Speed will be the decisive factor in Boston-Brooklyn series, and the Dodgers will run wild against Boston catchers.

Last summer the Dodgers executed 18 consecutive successful steals against Phil Masi and Bill Salkeld. The Dodgers have no pitcher to match the Braves' Sain, but Ralph Branca and Rex Barney will win consistently—and this may be Joe Hatten's year, finally.

Pittsburgh, New York and St. Louis are dangerous. Any of the three can hop over Brooklyn and Boston, if—

The Pirates (hard pressed for pitchers) can win, *if* Bob Chesnes becomes a 20-game winner as expected; *if* Bill Werle, a left-handed sinker-ball specialist from San Francisco, comes through as a starter; and *if* Murry Dickson, purchased from St. Louis, pitches up to his brilliant 1948 finish (from July through September, Dickson's earned-run average was a handsome 2.50 per nine innings). But there's no *if* about Stan Rojek, a Brooklyn castoff, who transformed the Pirates (eighth in '47) into a first-division contender last year with his brilliant shortstopping.

The Giants can win *if* stolid John Mize keeps hitting home runs, and *if* five key players—Marshall, Thomson, Kerr, Cooper and Rigney—restore their run production to 1947 levels. Catcher Walker Cooper in particular will make or break the Giants. Last year, Big Coop slumped 50 per cent below his 1947 batting pace—35 homers and 122 runs batted in. *If* Cooper and the other Giants can find their 1947 hitting muscles, Leo Durocher, a master manipulator of mediocre pitchers (and the Giants are well stocked with this variety), may bring home the pennant.

Redbirds Also Have "Ifs"

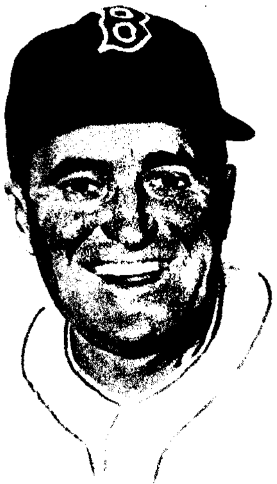
The Cardinals can win *if* their perennially convalescent infielders—Whitey Kurowski, Marty Marion and Red Schoendienst—go the whole season at top efficiency; *if* their sore-arm pitchers, Red Munger and Howie Pollet, regain prewar skill; *if* Ed Sauer, Los Angeles rookie, ends the three-year search for a center-field replacement for Terry Moore. While these *ifs* are unlikely, Stan Musial will be hitting .390 and sweeping all batting titles: most doubles, triples, runs batted in, total bases, and he'll hit more homers than Pittsburgh's Ralph Kiner. But the Cards, like the Yankees, are growing older.

The Cubs, pennant winners in 1945, hit bottom last September. Injuries and inexperience hastened the slide from first to eighth. In a rejuvenation shift, Captain Phil Cavarretta will return from left-field exile to his old position at first base. His spirit and timely hits will rouse the Cubs from their last-place lethargy, and Johnny Schmitz will replace the Cards' "Cat" Brecheen as the National League's number one left-hander. Even so, the Cubs aren't likely to be their old first-division selves this season.

Although much more talented than the tail-end clubs in the American League, the Phils and Reds won't make much trouble for anybody except themselves. The cellar lights will be Richie Ashburn of the Phils (who'll overcome the second-year jinx that marks most brilliant rookies and be among the five leading hitters) and Ewell Blackwell. Count on Blackie for the year's big comeback. He'll top pitchers in strikeouts and shutouts.

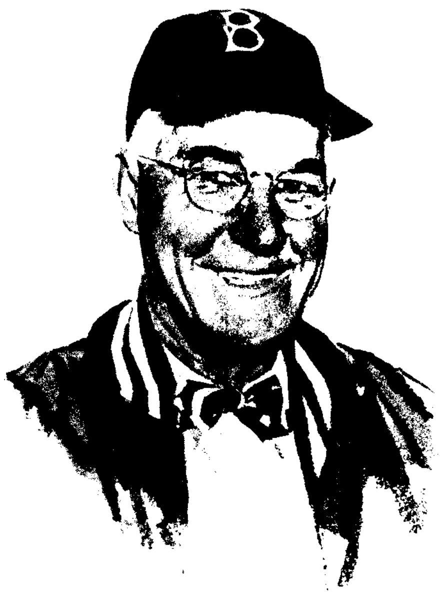
Starting pitchers for the World Series opener? Dobson for Boston and Branca for Brooklyn.

Pennant Pilots?



Manager Joe McCarthy
Boston Red Sox

In 1948, McCarthy's first Boston year, baseball's top pennant-winning manager pushed the Red Sox, third in 1947, into a first-place tie. He lost the play-off to the Cleveland Indians, but this year, says Bill Fay, the Red Sox will be the undisputed champions of the American League



Manager Burt Shotton
Brooklyn Dodgers

With Leo Durocher out as their boss in 1947, the Dodgers copped the flag under Shotton. Stepping into the Lip's place again in midseason last year, Burt got Brooklyn no higher than third. With another full season under Shotton, look for the Bums to top the National League

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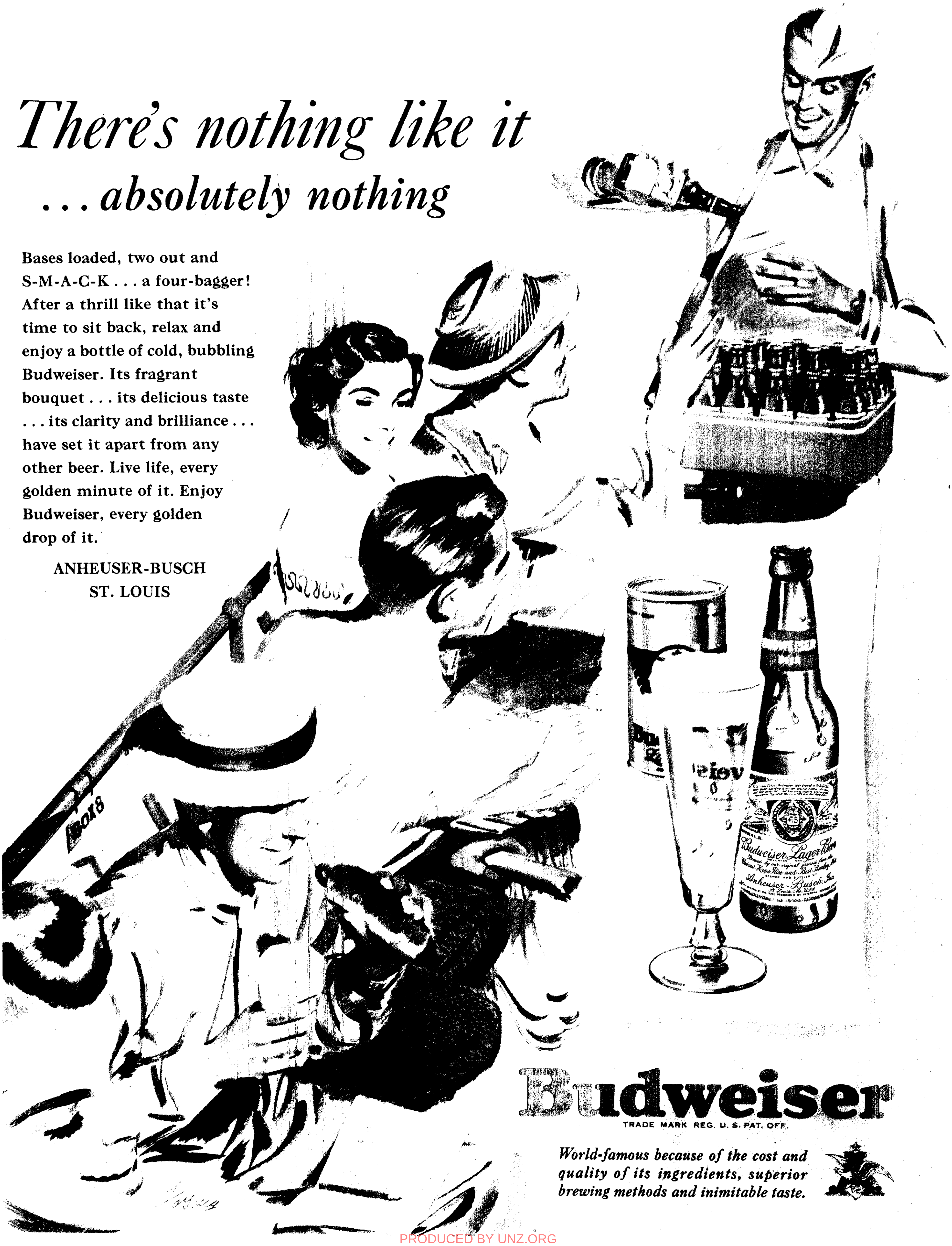
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TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME

Continued from page 30

Cohen, my manager, and he said: Hey, what are you doing here? I didn't tell Irving the real truth. I said: I got discharged. So I started to fight again, because what else was there to do? And I was signed up for a six-round semifinal at the Queensboro and the day I was supposed to fight, three detectives came down. I had my clothes off at a weighin and these three detectives walked over and they said: What's your name?

So I knew right away what it was. I told them my name and they said: Okay, come with us. And they brought me down to the station house, and from there they brought me to Fort Jay on Governors Island in New York City.

Well, Fort Jay was one of the worst places you ever wanted to be in. Believe me. They put me up in the top tier in isolation, with the bars empty and the wind coming through. No windows. Just bars. That was because I got in a little trouble in there.

There was a sergeant there, I don't even want to mention his name. Because I wasn't doing things right in the place, he made me start cleaning the bull ring with a toothbrush. So I had a little argument with the guy. I told him: Do it yourself. That's all I could tell him, I couldn't fight him in there, because there was about fifty thousand to one. So they put me in isolation.

The Bing, they call it. And I said to myself: Look at this. I'm in the Army a day and a half and look at this. Because at that time there was no place where they get a soldier that's been in trouble and put him in and show him the way. About two years later, they did do that. They had places like that, where they get soldiers that are bust-ups and bring them there and see if they can do anything with them.

But not when I got in trouble. At that time there was no place like that and they were pretty rough on me. They were those old Army guys and they were real strict. If you didn't just follow the line and take it from them, you just weren't anywhere. So I didn't take it from them and I got a pretty rough deal. I mean, I was a real wild kid and I wouldn't expect them to understand just me out of five billion bust-ups, but still and all, a couple of years later they did something about guys like me.

I was three months in Fort Jay and then they figured they could try me, so they sent me back to Fort Dix, New Jersey. Actually, I never heard the articles of war, but I can't prove it. I never heard them in my whole life. Up until now, I never heard them. Believe me. But I couldn't prove it, because they told me that I heard them and I heard them. Just like a foreigner comes from the other side and they say to him: Did you kill that man? And he don't know what's going on and he says: Sure, sure, I killed him!

Like a guy says: Did you hear the articles of war?

I says: No.

So the guy says: You're lying.

So I didn't hear them, what do you mean? I never heard them. I was in the Army a day and a half. But you're supposed to hear them the first day, so I heard them. Only I never heard them.

So they gave me a general court-martial. If you ask me, I should of gotten a summary, but they gave me a general. And when I went into those colonels and captains, I had some guy that defended me, he was a great football player. He was a star. Well, he was my lawyer in the court, he was a captain. And I told him the story.

I says: I was in the Army two days, I had a little trouble.

And he says: Would you be a good soldier if they let you back?

And I says: Sure I would.

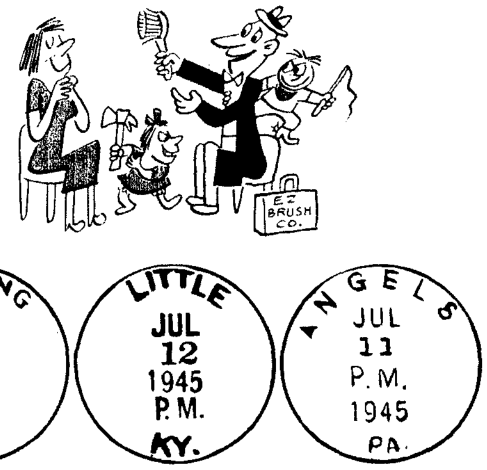
Would you want to go back in the Army?

Sure I want to go back in the Army. And this and that.

Well, they found me guilty of A.W.O.L. And disobeying a direct order. And insubordination. And they sent me to Fort Leavenworth. Not the prison, but the disciplinary barracks. And it was pretty rough in there at the beginning.

My name was Rocco Barbella, but even if I says it was Graziano, nobody ever heard of me. And when I went in the place, I said: This is really a joint! I mean, it was rough.

Picture Postmarks



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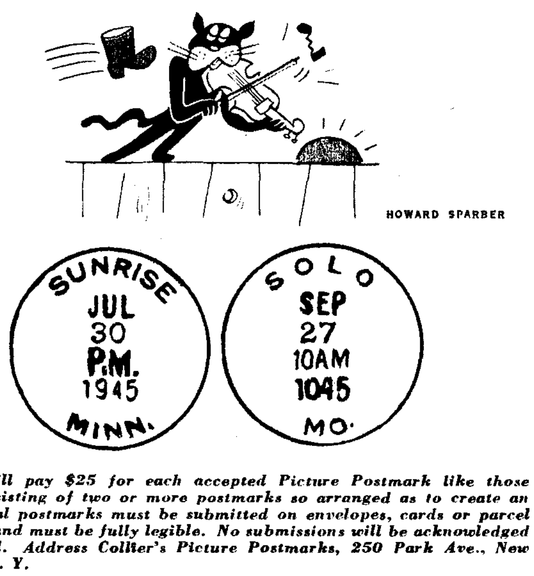

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The first thing they asked me was: What can you do?

What can I do? The only thing I can do is box. Fight. That was my whole life, fighting. I heard they had a boxing team there and I figured maybe I could be athletic instructor. So they said: Well, we got so many guys on the list. Because they go in that job, that's a connection job, one of the best jobs in the place. You take care of the guys, you're always in the sports department—there were about two thousand guys waiting on that list. But there was a master sergeant there and I went up to him and I says: Sergeant, I'm a fighter. I'd like to join the boxing team or get a job here.

Well, he wouldn't even talk to me. He wouldn't even look at me. I used to bother him every day, because the other jobs, they were real bad. They were like mopping up the tiers, the cells and sometimes you don't get a job, they just lock you in your cell and you stay there. But we used to have about two hours a day for a little exercise and I would go over to this sergeant and I was a real backbreaker to him.

So finally one day, he says: Look, you come here.

So I walked over to him and I says: Yes, sir.

And he says: Tonight, at recreation time, you come over to the gym.

He was a little sarcastic to me, so I figured this guy is going to give me the horns. But I go over to the gym and he tells me: You know how to fight?

I says: Yeah, I know how to fight.

So there was a colored guy there that came out o Chicago and this guy was a professional fighter. He must of had about seventy five fights and he was pretty good. He was my weight, about a hundred and fifty pounds, and heard of him. He was a pretty good fighter. I don't want to mention his name because he's still fighting

So the sergeant asked You ever fight professional?

So I told him: No—I never did. What should I be, a dope? I figured I'd get in.

So he says: All right come here. And he got al the guys together and he put the gloves on me and put them on this other guy So I figured I'll box with this guy and show him what I know. But this colored guy, he was looking to kill me. He had orders you know? So I opened up and I knocked him out.

Well, it was the bigges thing that ever happened in the joint, that this guy got knocked out. And thi sergeant, he was a lover o fighters, and when he saw me knock this guy out, he couldn't believe it and he called me over, and thi and that, and the next day I was in the athletic department. And he put me in with a couple of othe guys and I knocked them out and when we used to have fights with outside teams, I was on the squad And almost every fight had, I used to knock the

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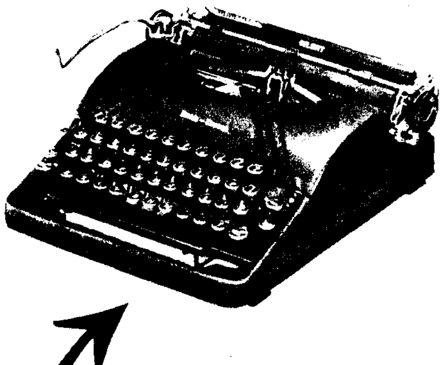

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guy out, because I was a professional fighter. And these kids were strictly amateur, so I had the best of them.

And finally, they made me a Red Star up there. Nobody can walk around without a guard at Leavenworth, but when you're a Red Star you can walk around without a guard. And I was making real good progress. They all liked me, because I was a good fighter. I was also the shortest term in the joint.

A lot of the officials there, they couldn't understand how a guy like me, with a sentence of only one year, was up there at all. I mean, usually they sent guys up there that got from three years up. But I figured it was because they gave me the works back at Fort Dix. They wanted to give me the zingers, the worst thing, and they did. They never send you to Leavenworth unless they want to throw you out.

The Bitter Homecoming

But after a year, they released me. They gave me a dishonorable discharge and I came home. And I felt very bad, which I still feel. When I see a guy today that went through the wars and I didn't go through the wars, I feel real bad. If there was a war now, I'd be the first to enlist. Because that's the way I feel, and I feel that I didn't really get a break where I could show my stuff. I'm not a yellow guy. I'll fight anybody.

There was a lot of guys in Leavenworth who felt the same way. They would of gone out and fight in a minute. There were about ten thousand of us who put in an application to go overseas and fight, but they never shipped us out. And it made me feel real bad when I got that dishonorable discharge.

And when I got out, I didn't have a job. I didn't even think of fighting. I'm being bounced here and there and I figured, the hell with everything. So I started hanging around the neighborhood again and all of a sudden I got married.

Her name was Norma Unger. She was from the neighborhood and I used to go with her for a while and all that, but one day we got a fit and we got married. I was twenty-two years old and she was seventeen. She just about got out of school at that time. And we moved in with my mother, who was living on the East Side at that time, and the first week we were married, I realized I just got married and I don't have any money. I didn't have a job and I wasn't fighting. I was just hanging around, like a foolish guy.

I said: What the hell did I do? I mean, I wanted to get married to Norma, but I had no money, nothing. So right away, the first week, I went to Irving Cohen and I said: Get me a fight, I need money, I got married.

So Irving says: Hey, what are you doing here?

And I didn't tell him where I was, or nothing. I was ashamed to tell anybody where I'd been or what happened to me. I'm ashamed even to tell it now, because one guy will say: Why, you louse, I was in the Army, where were you? And when you can't say anything, it's such a rough thing.

But there was nothing to do but fight or steal a little, and I started to fight. And I did pretty good. I wasn't training much and I was knocking guys dead. I had about twenty fights before I lost my first big fight, to Joe Agosta. I never should of been fighting him, because he was a ten-round main-event fighter and I was still a preliminary kid, but I was sparring with him in the gym and I hit him on the chin and knocked him out.

So they matched us for six rounds in the Garden and I was looking to hit him with a right hand, and a guy with a lot of experience can overcome that. So he started banging me to the stomach and for six rounds I took some beating. I lost the fight pretty bad, and afterwards I got mad and I didn't show up in the gym. I felt discouraged.

But then the funds went down and I had no more cash, so I went back to the gym. And Irving said: I knew you'd come back, because you're really a fighter. So then I started to train a little and they started moving me and I fought all over. I fought in the St. Nick's and in New Jersey. I fought Frankie Terry and Danny Kapilow, and Irving took me down to Washington and I knocked out Bobby "Bust-Em Up" Brown in five. And I was making a little money, which was the reason I kept on fighting. For the buck. Then I was fighting strictly for money, which I am strictly fighting for now.

So I had a couple of good fights and they matched me with Harold Green in the Garden. There were three tens, but we were the main event. And going into the tenth round, the guy was beating me. He had nine rounds. In the tenth round, ten seconds before the bell rings, I hit him on top of the chip and knocked him dead. But there were nine seconds to go and the bell rang before the referee could count him out. They had to carry the guy back to his corner, but he won the fight. But I figured that wasn't such a bad fight to lose, because I really knocked him out. And at that time Harold was a pretty good fighter.

Everybody figured that the Rock should of won that fight, so they put us back in another ten-rounder in the Garden, and believe it or not the exact same thing happened. He's winning going into the ninth round and I hit him on the chin, but this time he hangs on for another round and again wins the fight. I didn't know how to finish him. I was strictly a one-punch fighter at the time, with the right hand. I didn't know a left hand from anything.

So that meant I lost two fights in the Garden in a row and it looked pretty bad. But I went back to the gym and Whitey Bimstein, the trainer, started showing me a few points. I was just a rough, tough kid and he tried to show me the fine points of boxing. Before, he never worked with me much, I was just another fighter, but now he saw I had a good punch and he figured this kid hits someone on the chin, the guy will go down. If we learned him something, he figured, maybe this kid will be a good fighter. Because I had a good chin and nobody ever knocked me down.

Losers Can't Pick Opponents

But I was still a losing fighter and when you're a losing fighter, you just can't pick any opponent you want to. It's the toughest thing to get in the Garden. But at that time there was a guy named Billy Arnold who was knocking everybody dead. He had about 33 knockouts in a row. They offered us a lot of money to fight this guy, but Irving Cohen didn't want me to fight. But I needed the money and I said to Irving: I fight this guy or I quit.

So arguments and arguments, and I finally convinced Irving Cohen that I can knock this guy out. I was really interested in the money, but I also believed I could beat the guy. But I knew I was in for a real tough fight, so I got myself in real good shape. I went away to Greenwood Lake for the first time in my life and I really trained like a fighter.

The night of the fight, I was about a fifty-to-one shot to get knocked out. Definitely. And Irving was kind of worried about me, I'd get hurt or something. But all I was worrying about was the money. We were living now at Norma's mother's house in Brooklyn, and Norma was going to have a baby and I knew if I lost the Arnold fight, I definitely would not make any money in the fighting game.

So I walked out in the first round and

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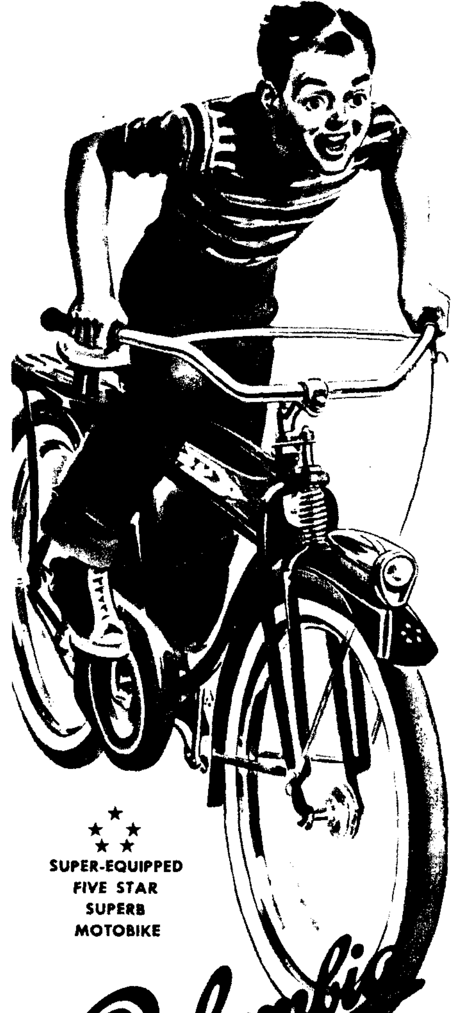

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the guy hit me a couple of punches and right away I was getting kind of dizzy. He was a very good fighter, this Arnold. Every time he hit you, it was like a hammer was hitting you. In the second round, I don't know how I didn't get knocked out. I got hit from every angle you can think of. I thought somebody was painting me up. I just got hit and hit and my face was a pretty bloody mess. I was really on the way to getting knocked out for the first time in my life, only I was in pretty good shape and I was very strong.

So in my corner, before the bell rings for the third round, Whitey asks me: Rocky, what's my name?

I said: You're Whitey Bimstein and I'm going to knock this guy out.

Overconfidence Brings Kayo

He said: All right, Rocky—trying to work me up. But I sort of come out of it then. And I walked out. And the guy was sort of out for the kill. He figured I was out and he allowed his left hand down a little. And I threw a right hand over and his knees started to wobble and he started to do tricks. And I sensed it right away. When I got a guy pretty knocked out, I know what to do. That's what's supposed to make me a good fighter, that I know just when a guy is hurt. So I followed up with another right hand and down he went. He got up and I hit him another right hand and I knocked out Billy Arnold.

Well, it was one of the greatest upsets in a long time. The joint went mad that night. It really started me on the way to make a lot of money. Norma didn't like me to fight, but it was the only thing I knew. And right away, when she was going to have the baby, we bought a house. I bought a house with the money I made fighting Harold Green.

I made thirty-five hundred dollars for the first Green fight and I put it all down on the house I'm living in now, in Brooklyn. I figured I was going to have a baby and might as well have a house. My mother and father never owned their own house. And we moved in there and that was where we brought the baby when she was born. I didn't realize at the time what it was, having a baby. I didn't believe that she could have a kid or that I could be a father. But there it was. And we named the baby Audrey.

So after I knocked out Billy Arnold, I was on my way. Next I knocked out Al "Bummy" Davis in three rounds, also in the Garden. And after that I fought the welterweight champion of the world, Freddie Cochrane. But not for the title—over the weight. And just like Harold Green this guy was beating, beating me for nine solid rounds.

He was a pretty good boxer, Freddie Cochrane, and he took a pretty fair punch. And I'm a rough-and-tumble fighter and he was just standing away from me. So I figured he was running away from me, I was winning the fight. That's the way I figured in those days. And finally, just before the tenth round, Whitey says to me: What are you *doing!*

And Irving says: Walk in to this guy! *Run* in! Grab him, get him against the rope, hit him! He's outpointing you!

I says: What do you mean? The guy's running away. He's running away all night.

He's running away, Irving says, but he's sticking you! The points add up!

So I ran out in the tenth round and hit him right on the chin and I knocked him down and he got up and I hit him a couple of shots and I knocked out Freddie Cochrane in the tenth round.

So two months later, they matched us again, another nontitle bout, and I find again the same thing is happening. I figured the guy wasn't hurting me, he was running away, I was winning. So finally in the ninth round, in the corner, they're hitting me and slapping me in the face and Irving is saying: Rocky, wake up. *Please*, Rocky, you're losing the fight! Go *out* to this guy!

So in the tenth round I run into him and get him against the ropes and start throwing punches from all angles and hit him on top of the chin and down he goes. With fifteen seconds to go before the fight is over, I knocked out Freddie Cochrane for the second time.

That made it a little exciting for the fans, a thing like that, and they matched me with Harold Green for the third time. And I wanted a little revenge on this guy, because now I knew a little more. By this time, Whitey was showing me a left hook. So the third Harold Green fight, I figured to get even with the guy. It was a pretty good fight for two rounds and I knocked him out in the third. With a right hand. So the referee counted ten and then Harold Green got up. He come running at me and I didn't know it. They grabbed him and a couple of friends of his jumped in the ring and there was a big riot going on in the ring, right there in Madison Square Garden. So I pulled off my robe and ran after Harold Green and I was looking to kill him. I mean, I knocked him out and the guy didn't realize he was out that long. You know, you get knocked out and you're lying down and sleeping, you don't know how long you're there. Like when I got belted out in the last Zale fight, I didn't believe I went three rounds until I saw the movies of the fight.

Then I fought Marty Servo, who knocked out Cochrane in the fourth round. Now he was the world's welterweight champion. I knocked him out in two rounds in the Garden, and after that the kid was never much good. I gave him a pretty good head beating and I busted his nose, and after that the kid would just wobble with any punch. He was a pretty nice kid.

It bothered me, a kid like that. He's a bartender now, in a bar on Forty-ninth Street in New York City, and I always go down to see him and pay my respects. I got a soft heart for fighters. Like if I see a fighter on the street in bad shape, even if I don't know him I slip him a few dollars. I always look to help fighters out. A lot of fighters, they get bad deals and this and that, they wind up real bad.

A Fighter and His Money

Now, like Marty Servo, he made a lot of money, that kid, but where is it now? He fought Ray Robinson twice and he made a lot of money fighting Freddie Cochrane for the title, and then with me we drew a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in the Garden. We got forty-three thousand dollars apiece, but the kid didn't hang onto his share. I think something definitely went wrong with that kid.

Before Servo, I fought Sonny Horne and I beat him in ten rounds. And after that, they put me in with Tony Zale.

Now, I was pretty much against the Zale fight. I didn't want to fight for the middleweight title. I figured, the hell with it, I'm doing all right the way it is. I always was worried about people bringing out my Army record, and my background. I was pinched here and there, and this and that. There were a lot of hints by then, too. A couple of newspapermen came over to see me, they knew I was in the Army, and they wanted to know. So I figured if I ever won a championship of the world, they would kick me around.

But finally they offered us a lot of money to fight Tony Zale for the middleweight championship of the world. Now a challenger, when he fights a title match, he never gets even up with the champion. He might take ten per cent and the champion gets 50. So the only way they convinced me was 30 per cent apiece, and I took the fight.

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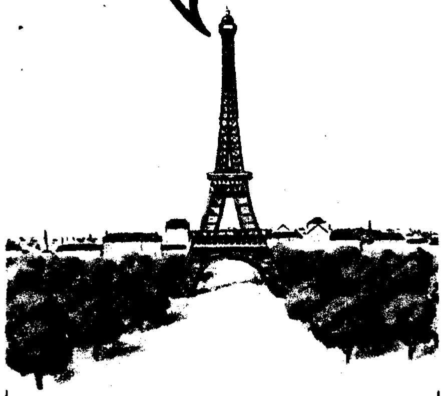

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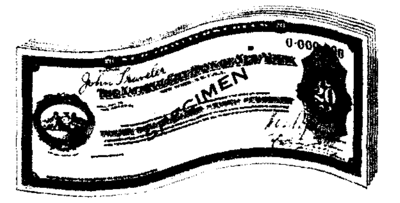

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which was to me a lot of boloney. I mean, about all this killer stuff. I was never a killer. I was just a good puncher. I knew that I was never really a good fighter. I didn't believe it. I figured these guys are crazy. The same way they built me up in the paper, the same way they ripped me down. I realized that. I never had an education, but I'm no jerk. So this was all bull to me. It just meant that I had a lot of money and I felt very good about it. I supported a lot of people. My family still lives on the East Side, but my mother and father don't have to worry. They'll always eat and have their rent paid.

And I loaned more money out than any fighter in the game. To guys that were down and out. Even though I came up so fast, I still felt the same. I used to still hang around the same spots. That's why I made a lot of friends. I'm a fighter's fighter. I go out a lot with other fighters and kibitz around and all the other fighters, they say: Oh, I wouldn't fight Rocky.

Why wouldn't you fight Rocky?

Aaah, I like him.

No fighters wanted to fight me, for that reason. They weren't scared of me or anything like that. They'd fight me or anybody else. They just liked me. Like now, I go up to the gym, they say to me: Gee, what's the matter, Rocky? Like Tony Pellone, who is a main-bout fighter. Before he got knocked out by Vince Foster, Tony came up to me and he says: Gee, Rocky, what's happening with you? What are they doing to you? And the kid had tears in his eyes. Because he likes me. Like to make kids feel good, a trainer would say: You want to be like Rocky Graziano?

And the kid would say: Yeah, gee.

You want to meet Rocky?

And when I used to come in the gym, I would go over to the kid and give him a little inspiration. And he'd feel good.

So I took the Zale fight and I felt very confident. Everybody was telling me how old Tony Zale was, you'll walk into this guy, you'll kill him, have mercy on this guy, and this and that. My managers told me: You'll hit this guy with one punch, you'll knock him dead. Everybody had me convinced I didn't even have to train for this guy. I mean, I trained. I trained real good, but they had me convinced this guy is an old man, you'll kill him.

So the first couple of rounds, I'm killing him. I'm doing a job on the guy. I busted him all up, knocked him from pillar to post. He knocked me down in the first round, but I walked right up. He didn't hurt me and after that I knocked him all over the place. I hit him with enough punches to knock down a steam shovel.

And finally, going into the sixth round, his seconds were going to stop the fight. But they figured, one more round they send the guy out. So I'm fighting the guy in the sixth round and I'm killing him and I'm just ready to set him up and knock him out, because I see the guy is on his way. And I got real careless. I'm looking to knock the guy out and I walk into him and he goes under a right hand and hits me with a right uppercut inside into the solar plexus.

Tasting His Own Medicine

And I went down. I knew what I was doing, but I couldn't get my breath. I was sitting up and my legs wouldn't move. From the waist down, I just couldn't move. I was trying to get up, and my legs wouldn't respond. Finally I grabbed a-hold of the ropes and was trying to pull myself up. And I just couldn't make it.

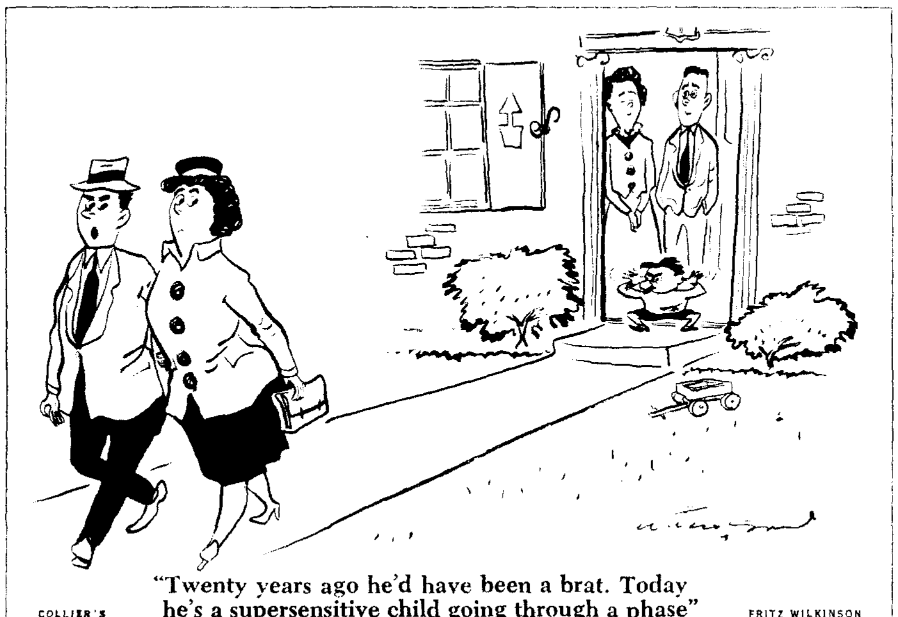
The referee was going, eight, nine, and just when he said nine I pulled myself up and jumped in the air, and when he said ten I was already in the air. But half and half. I think he could of given me the benefit of the doubt, because it looked to me like I just made the ten, but maybe I didn't. So I lost that fight.

And after that fight, I felt real bad. It was the first time I ever got knocked out. And I walked out of the ring looking like I won it. The other guy, they had to bring him to a hospital. How he didn't get knocked out is unbelievable. He is just one of those kind of fighters, that Zale. You got to kill him to beat him. He's one of the very best, one of the toughest guys that ever fought.

I mean, I made a lot of guys retire after I fought them. Freddie Cochrane, he had to retire after I knocked him out twice. He only fought once after that. I fought Marty Servo, he was finished after that fight. Harold Green never did anything after I knocked him out. Billy Arnold was through. But that Zale, he is one of the very best.

And I felt real bad after he knocked me out. I thought I had troubles. I didn't know what trouble meant, considering what happened later.

ROCKY'S colossal self-assurance is badly shaken after his first knockout. The breaks start going against him in a chain reaction of flying fists. Charges involving bribe offers, the publicity on his dishonorable discharge, the hectic battles with tough Tony Zale, the California mix-up, the headlines and the lousy talk make Rocky's life hell. Get his side—the personal side—of the story in the final part of this amazing article in Collier's next week.



"Twenty years ago he'd have been a brat. Today he's a supersensitive child going through a phase"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

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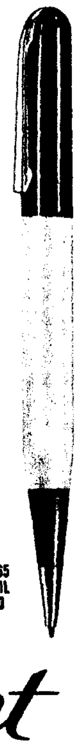

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HOT FASHIONS BY HATTIE

Continued from page 27

The people Miss Carnegie hires are invariably further expressions of her acute aesthetic sense. She wants them stylish and good-looking and she is partial to blondes. Mousey employees she keeps hidden in the rear.

Her desire to be surrounded by glamorous, tastefully attired women is so strong that she resents even customers of plain appearance. If they are very good customers, she decides they have personality and manages to tolerate them by looking at them as little as possible. When her shop seems to have attracted more than a fair share of homely women, Miss Carnegie remarks in a shrill voice, "Where did all these strange-looking people come from?" On happier occasions, when the customers please her and also seem to be buying, she trips about gaily, trilling, "My, you'd think we were giving something away."

Smart Selling Psychology

She works on the theory that the way to sell clothes is to display them on chic, beautiful women, either employees or customers. And when she is pushing something she instructs the model, "Keep wearing it."

Whenever she has anything new made for herself she rushes around the custom salon and through the fitting rooms in it. And she always gets orders on the garment. Sometimes, when a customer is Miss Carnegie's size, she will buy the dress right off Miss Carnegie's back, and wait for it until Miss Carnegie has worn it to the affair for which it was made.

This sends Miss Carnegie into ecstasies of delight. "I fitted that dress," she will say, "and everybody in the place bought it, and that's the way it is." Then, shaking her head forlornly, she will add, "I'm only one woman, and I have all these figureheads around here. Do you think anybody buys what *they* have on? It's all on my shoulders."

Miss Carnegie is quick to give compliments, but invariably the things she singles out for praise turn out to be her own, and she is *so* surprised.

She has the kind of eye which takes in a costume from head to toe, tabs who made it, what year it was made, how much it cost, and files away any new details, or original arrangements of accessories. "Miss Carnegie remembers every neckline, tuck and fold ever made, and in whose collection it appeared," a Carnegie-ite said.

Miss Carnegie is happiest when working on a collection of new models. Then she labors feverishly with around a dozen designers, never leaving her shop until late evening. Everything produced must be related and exactly what Miss Carnegie wants.

Some designers work from sketches, others from muslins. The ones Miss Carnegie has the most confidence in often cut right into the fabric. As the unfinished garments are brought out for her inspection, she'll say, "I don't like that! Those sleeves are corned beef and cabbage, everybody has them. Take off those buttons! Can't you make those pockets stand out more?"

A wholesale collection—she makes two a year—costs her around $125,000. The smaller custom collections cost about $75,000 each. Her fabrics are expensive and must be exclusive. Prints can't be carried over a second season and any material left is "dumped," sold to retail yard-goods stores.

Her openings are held with great ceremony and as much secrecy as possible under the circumstances. Her wholesale collection is shown at 711 Fifth Avenue to a carefully selected group of retail-store buyers. However, in spite of her precautions, a spy invariably manages to sneak in.

Once after a wholesale showing a Carnegie employee found a department-store dress buyer in the models' room, turning one of the new dresses inside out and counting the buttons. Shortly thereafter, the dress was "knocked off"—the trade's term for copying a garment exactly—by a name designer who operates in a lower price bracket. This sort of thing is usual in the dress business.

Carnegie custom openings which are held at her East Forty-ninth Street shop and draw the elite of Park Avenue are not watched quite so closely by the trade. For the most part they are a bit too advanced for mass production.

For the past several years Hattie Carnegie custom has been vigorously pushing the natural shoulder line, although all the while most American designers and manufacturers have been screaming that no woman would be caught dead without shoulder pads. Last fall, when it became apparent that possibly women would be delighted to skip shoulder pads, Miss Carnegie introduced the "molded shoulder line" in her wholesale collection for spring. Other high-priced manufacturers did likewise, and everyone has cut down on the size of shoulder pads.

Besides her own models Miss Carnegie shows a few French imports in her custom collection. Her ideas on style and her taste in general are close to the French, and in prewar years she was a very big importer. "I used to return from Europe and all my customers would gather round to see what I'd brought back," she says nostalgically. "Today French things are too expensive. A Dior coat cost me $750, the duty was around $425 more, and I finally had to sell it for $850. Slips land at $100 and I have to get $165 for them. Women used to buy them at those prices, but they won't any more."

Hattie Carnegie was born in Vienna. When she was six her family moved to New York. They lived on St. Mark's Place on the East Side. Her father, whose name was Köningeiser, worked in the garment industry. "He could make anything, from men's clothing to children's," Miss Carnegie says. Shortly after he became the worried father of a seventh little Köningeiser he departed this life for better things. Hattie "became the breadwinner."

Opera Star Was a Client

Her first job was at Macy's. "I was the neatest messenger girl on the bench and all the other girls copied me." A better-paying job as a model for a wholesale millinery firm was next. There she picked up enough about millinery to make hats at home at night for a few clients of her own. Alma Gluck lived in the neighborhood. "She used to come and sing for my mother," Miss Carnegie says. Miss Gluck bought Hattie's hats and sent her friends.

In 1909, her business having outgrown her mother's apartment, Hattie took a tiny shop and hung up the sign: "Carnegie—Ladies Hatter." She met the neighborhood dressmaker, Rose Roth, who was so impressed that in a couple of years she took Hattie as a partner.

In 1913 "Roth-Carnegie" moved to Broadway and Eighty-sixth Street, handy to the residential district on Riverside Drive. They had three small rooms on the second floor. Their clothes "were always expensive." "I was the designer, the mannequin, and the saleswoman," Miss Carnegie says.

"Around the shop Miss Carnegie wore something different every day," her first

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"Guess what hot cereal it's going to be," said one.

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"How do you know that?" bit his friend.

"I've timed him—and he's been working on it for half an hour. Now everyone knows," he added with a chuckle, "it only takes 3½ minutes to cook up a bowl of that good old Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal!" (ADV.)

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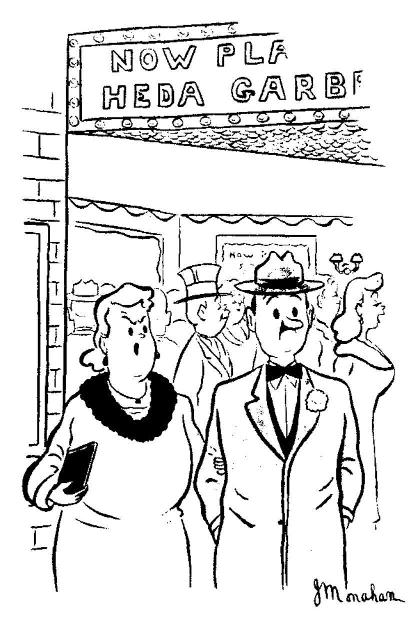
saleswoman says. "The customers would come in and it was Hattie this, and Hattie that. When they bought anything they wanted her to tell them if it was just right. Every time Miss Carnegie went out, people would come in and want to buy just what she wore."

Mrs. Roth and Miss Carnegie "began to quarrel." The more business Miss Carnegie brought in the more they quarreled. "By the end of the first World War, it became a question of my buying her out or her buying me out," Miss Carnegie says. "She was very surprised when I bought her out. I was to leave her name on the sign until I'd paid her in full, but after two months I simply couldn't stand it. I took it off and put up Hattie Carnegie."

In 1918, Miss Carnegie jumped in and out of matrimony. In 1919 she made her first trip to Europe. "I didn't have much money," she says, "but when you're young you never think of those things. I'd go into the market and buy thousands of dollars' worth of stuff and never know how I was going to pay for it. Something would always happen."

A big early coup was her discovery of Vionnet, rated one of the greatest of French dressmakers. "There used to be Thursday-night dances at the Ritz in Paris," Miss Carnegie relates. "At one I saw a beautiful woman in a black dress trimmed with long silk fringe. I followed her to the powder room and asked her where she got the dress. She told me and she said she'd call her *vendeuse* (saleswoman) for me."



"She'd be a much better actress if she would stop acting"

COLLIER'S JEFFREY MONAHAN

At that time Vionnet didn't sell to the trade. Nevertheless, Miss Carnegie dropped in and bought everything in sight. "She didn't know who I was and I didn't tell her." For three years Hattie Carnegie sold Vionnet models exclusively in New York, unknown to Madame Vionnet. "Then," says Miss Carnegie, "she found out about it and she refused to sell me. But after about a year she began to sell everybody."

Miss Carnegie married again, briefly, in 1922. In 1923 she bought the building in which she has her present shop on East Forty-ninth Street. Hers was the first shop of its kind in the midtown area. She decorated the place elaborately. "I had plenty of money when I bought it," she says, "then I spent it all." She imported old rooms from France for the custom salon, complete from walls to crystal chandeliers. "It was the first time anyone had done that, and no one's done it since."

For some time Miss Carnegie had been making models which she sold to manufacturers at a discount for copying purposes. After the first World War dress manufacturing increased tremendously, and by the mid-twenties retail stores were stocking ready-to-wear in quantity and much better quality. Miss Carnegie found her "model" business taking on the proportions of a wholesale dress business. She opened a show room on West Forty-eighth Street to keep the trade out of the hair of the Park Avenue matrons, who by now were beating a path to her retail salon.

In 1925, I. Magnin & Company, the swank chain of Pacific Coast specialty shops, signed a contract for her whole collection, to be delivered in sizes. Miss Carnegie insisted that the clothes carry her label as well as Magnin's. This had never been done before. "I wanted everybody to know that I made the clothes," she explains. "I had ambition. I wanted to arrive, and I did."

A few years after this auspicious start as dressmaker on a national scale, Miss Carnegie thought she was ruined. She had just returned from Europe with her head designer, new materials and merchandise. All was in readiness for the fall collection. "On a Saturday he gave me notice. When I got in on Monday morning there was no one in the place! Everything was gone! The designer had set up business for himself, backed by two retail stores that boasted 'We've got Carnegie's right arm.' All New York was at his opening and they were all my models that he showed."

She Who Laughs Last . . .

"I didn't have time to worry," Miss Carnegie explains. "I got in a new designer and new help. We worked night and day. In three weeks I came out with a brand-new collection. It was the biggest wholesale success I've ever had. I wouldn't sell the stores that had backed my designer. I wouldn't even let them in. Their buyers sat out in the hall and cried."

In 1927 she married her present husband, John Zanft. "The Major," as he is called by everyone, travels between New York and Hollywood. He has been a vice-president of Fox Films and recently he was associated with Louis B. Mayer. He and Miss Carnegie have known each other since childhood.

Miss Carnegie dwells in a two-story, seven-room "jewel of a French maisonette" at 1133 Fifth Avenue. The walls and all the furniture, except the Major's den, which is modern, were imported from France more than 20 years ago. Nothing has been changed since but the draperies and the arrangement of the furniture. Their farm at Red Bank, New Jersey, consists of 160 acres and a ten-room country house. Furnishings are early American and include Federal pieces which cause connoisseurs to drool. Here Miss Carnegie relaxes in sweaters and slacks.

When Miss Carnegie dines out in New York she goes to expensive restaurants frequented by fashionables. Seated at a choice table she notes what is being worn by whom. She adores greeting people and being greeted. "I was at the Colony for lunch," she'll say, "and everyone was there. It was wonderful! I held court right by the door."

Except for her buying trips to Europe, she seldom leaves her shop. "I have everyone come in and out, and I've always been fascinated by it. I love my contacts," she says.

She has dressed practically every prominent woman in the world, including a great many actresses. Of these, Gertrude Lawrence is her favorite. Miss Lawrence has worn Carnegie creations in all her plays in this country.

Miss Carnegie declares she never tires of her work. "Each year I go on, I like it better," she says. "Always, from the very beginning, this is what I wanted to do."

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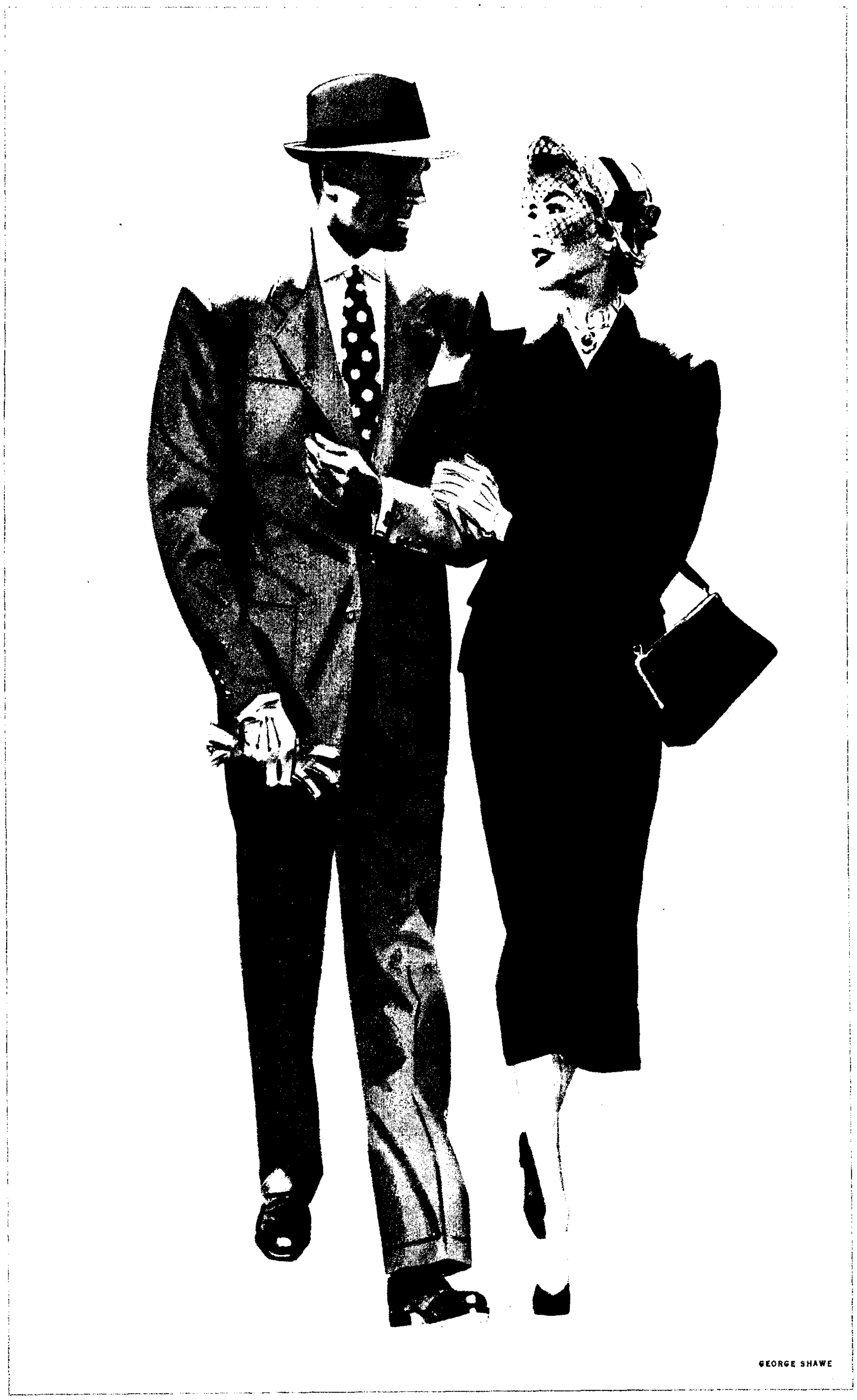
For Spring It's Gray

By BERT BACHARACH

Make a gray suit the backbone of your spring wardrobe and you'll learn how adaptable it is. It looks right in town and is restful in the country. After winter's dark colors it courts the sunshine



GEORGE SHAWE

Here is a good example of a gray suit telling the story of gray's perennial versatility in an accent that is entirely 1949. Although the material is faithful gray flannel, the jacket has this year's four patch pockets. The suit could spend the day at the office, the late afternoon at a party in town, and turn up the next morning in the country, either as its entire self worn with informal accessories, or piecemeal with odd slacks or odd jackets. In this case its wearer chooses a canary-yellow shirt, black tie with yellow dots, yellow chamois gloves, brown blucher shoes, a lightweight gray felt snapbrim hat with a blue band—a welcome change after winter's dark colors.

ARE you the type who goes suddenly "color-blind" or feels totally indecisive when faced with the problem of selecting the right shade in suits? If so, your safest bet is gray or blue. Because they are neutral, these colors flatter almost everyone regardless of complexion, age or size. It is because of this happy versatility that gray and blue form the foundation of practically every man's wardrobe.

During the winter and fall season dark shades of blue are invariably the most popular, but with the coming of spring and summer there's always a desire to get into lighter colors, and gray jumps to first place.

Though gray has always been a top favorite for spring there's an indication that it will be more popular than ever this year. For one thing, the textile mills, thoroughly recovered from wartime restrictions, are giving us a wider selection of patterns, shades and fabrics than ever before. A few are shown on these pages. An almost endless procession of patterns includes herringbones, Glen plaids, checkerboards, windowpanes, diamond weaves, sharkskins, nailheads.

And there are as many different shades in gray to choose from: Pearl, slate, stone, sapphire, graphite and Cambridge are just a few.

There is no problem involved in blending and contrasting a wide variety of shirts, neckwear and other accessories with these shades. Because it is neutral, gray goes with almost anything. A gray suit is a perfect setting for the pastel shirts which are so popular this year.

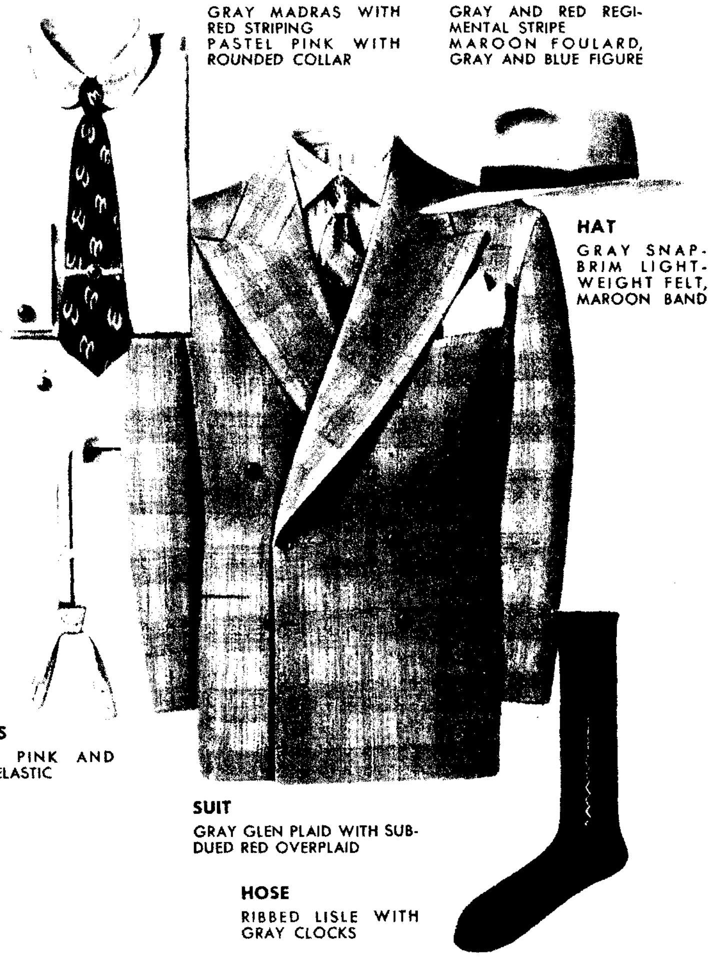
Perennially gray has proved itself the most practical color for both town and country wear. And at this time of year such double duty is of primary importance to those who commute or spend week ends in the country. A gray flannel is suitable for the office, and, with a switch in shoes and accessories, makes a fine transition into excellent suburban or rural wear. Being more and more accepted for both office and leisure this year is the new four-patch-pocket coat in both suits and jackets.

The popularity of gray is spreading fast to the sportswear field. Though the routine brown-jacket, gray-flannels combination has dominated country dressing for a generation, men are beginning to accept the gray tweed jacket and harmonizing slacks as relief from the timeworn browns, tans and beiges—though you'll still see plenty of them.

The blue blazer will get competition this year from a similar garment made from gray flannel. Equipped with metal or white pearl buttons, it's another welcome change from the conventional style.

But possibly the best and most welcome news is that there is a continuing trend toward comfort in models and styles for men. Their clothing is softer and easier in construction, and the fabrics are lighter in weight this year.

Send your questions on gray clothing with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Men's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York



SHIRTS
GRAY MADRAS WITH RED STRIPING
PASTEL PINK WITH ROUNDED COLLAR

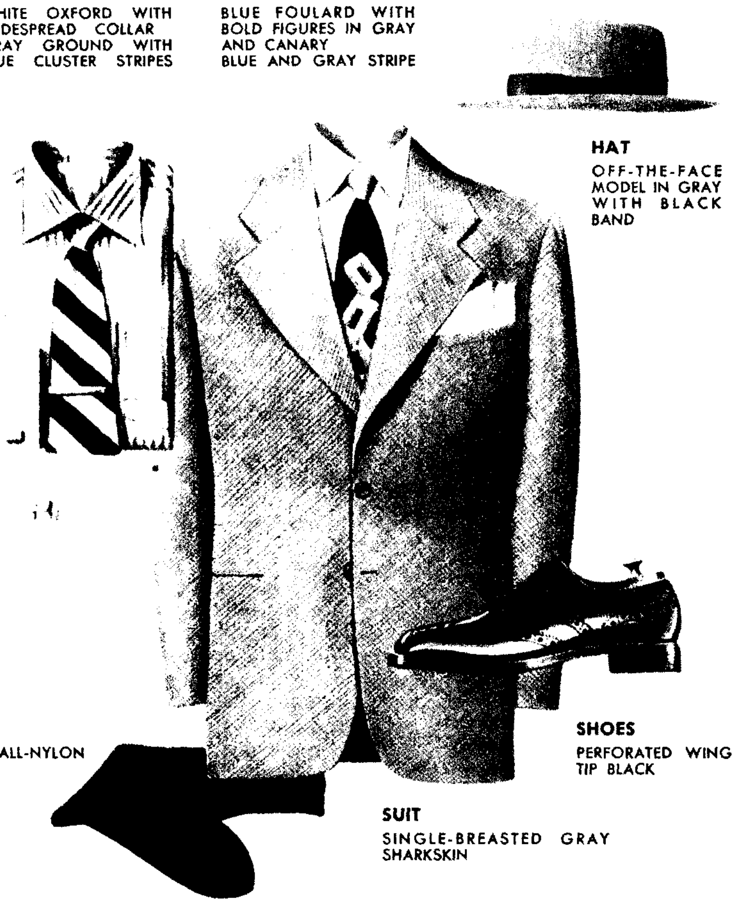
TIES
GRAY AND RED REGIMENTAL STRIPE
MAROON FOULARD, GRAY AND BLUE FIGURE

HAT
GRAY SNAP-BRIM LIGHTWEIGHT FELT, MAROON BAND

BRACES
PASTEL PINK AND WHITE ELASTIC

SUIT
GRAY GLEN PLAID WITH SUBDUED RED OVERPLAID

HOSE
RIBBED LISLE WITH GRAY CLOCKS



SHIRTS
WHITE OXFORD WITH WIDESPREAD COLLAR
GRAY GROUND WITH BLUE CLUSTER STRIPES

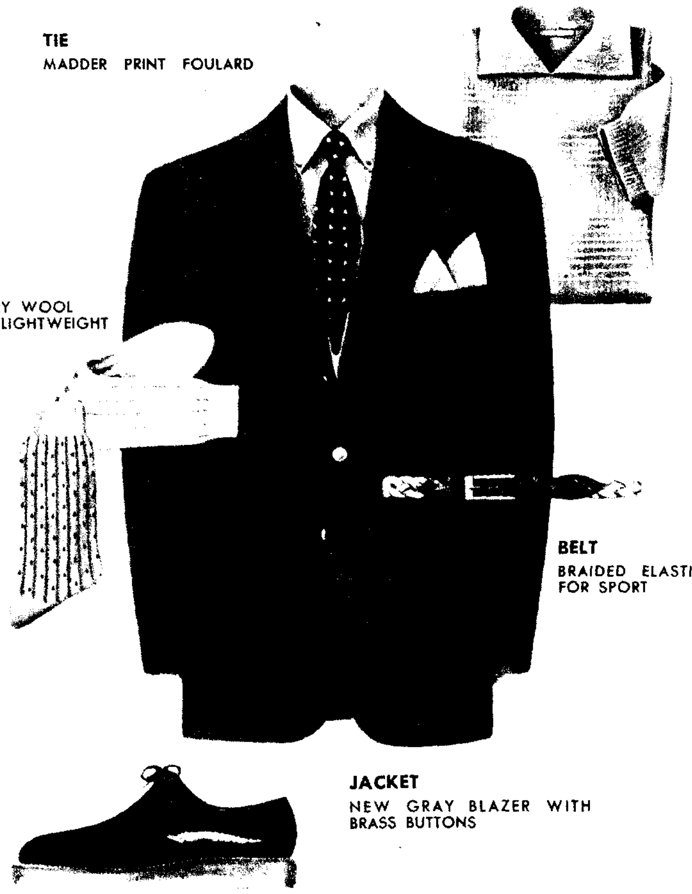
TIES
BLUE FOULARD WITH BOLD FIGURES IN GRAY AND CANARY
BLUE AND GRAY STRIPE

HAT
OFF-THE-FACE MODEL IN GRAY WITH BLACK BAND

HOSE
BLUE ALL-NYLON

SHOES
PERFORATED WING-TIP BLACK

SUIT
SINGLE-BREASTED GRAY SHARKSKIN



SHIRT
BLUE OXFORD, BUTTONED-DOWN COLLAR

SPORT SHIRT
HORIZONTAL STRIPED, GAUCHO COLLAR

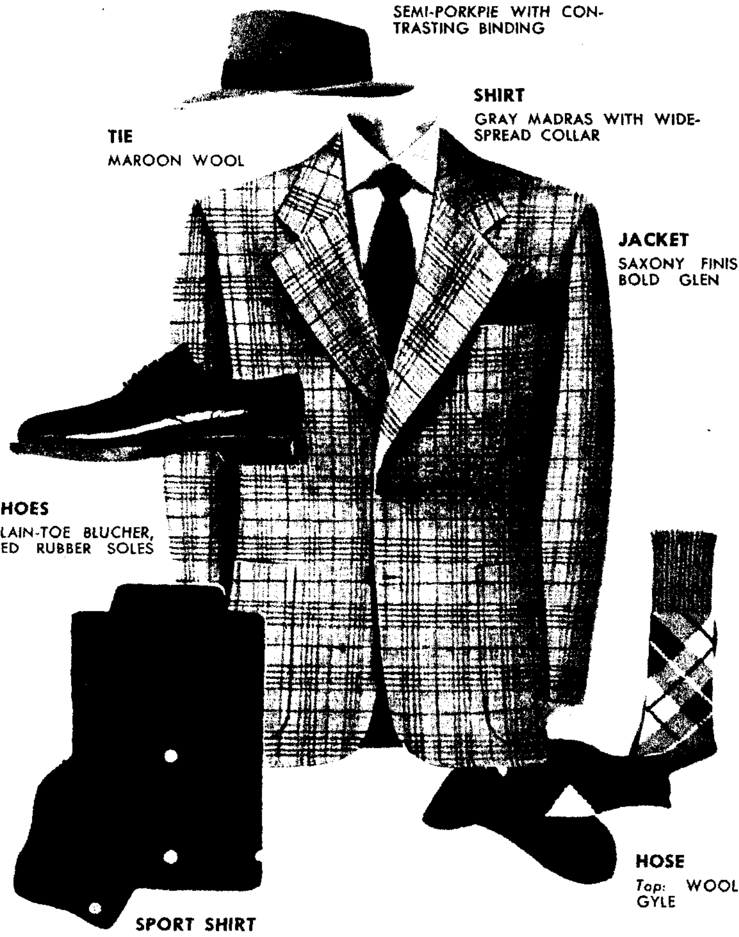
TIE
MADDER PRINT FOULARD

HOSE
CANARY WOOL
GRAY LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL

BELT
BRAIDED ELASTIC FOR SPORT

JACKET
NEW GRAY BLAZER WITH BRASS BUTTONS

SHOES
A NEW CREPE-SOLED SUÈDE



HAT
SEMI-PORKPIE WITH CONTRASTING BINDING

SHIRT
GRAY MADRAS WITH WIDE-SPREAD COLLAR

TIE
MAROON WOOL

JACKET
SAXONY FINISH IN BOLD GLEN PLAID

SHOES
PLAIN-TOE BLUCHER, RED RUBBER SOLES

HOSE
Top: WOOL ARGYLE

SPORT SHIRT
LONG-SLEEVED MAROON RAYON

Left: NYLON ARGYLE

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YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT

Continued from page 13

kitchen. After a moment she called out to him. "Did I ever meet her?" she said.

Charley looked up quickly at the open doorway, grinning. "Don't give me that," he said. "You know darn' well you didn't. You'd remember, all right."

Ann appeared in the doorway and walked to the table carrying a tray holding the coffeepot, bread, butter and two dishes of cereal. "I suppose so," she said, and smiled. She put bread in the toaster, pushed down the lever, and the machine began to click. "Odd sort of girl, wasn't she?"

"Odd? How do you mean, 'odd'? Oh," he said, "I guess she was a little Bohemian in her ways at one time, but there was nothing really odd about her." He grinned affectionately at his wife. "She was quite a pretty girl."

Ann sat down at the table, unfolding a napkin in her lap, and tasted her orange juice. Then she reached for the invitation, glancing at the postmark on the envelope. "A blonde, wasn't she?" She looked at Charley. "Seems to me you said, once."

"That's right," he answered. "Not one of these blond sort of blondes, though." He stared at his plate, visualizing the girl again. "Her hair was kind of light, sort of honey-colored, I guess you'd say, and very pale and shiny; beautiful hair."

He began to smile faintly and his voice took on a fond and reminiscent tone. "And her skin was—you know the kind—that wonderful skin that sometimes goes with hair like that. Very delicate and smooth, a perfect complexion." He looked up at Ann, grinning wickedly. "Really quite a dish."

BUT Ann sat staring, her face astonished, at the wedding invitation in her hand. "For Heaven's sake!" she said. She glanced up at Charley briefly, accusingly. "Why didn't you *tell* me!"

"Tell you what?"

"Why, it's Alec!" She began to smile incredulously, and slowly looked up again, her face shining with excitement. "Alec House!"

"House? I thought the name was familiar when I read it, but I can't quite place—"

"Why, *you* know, Charley; he's the boy I was going with when you and I met!"

"Oh, yes"—he smiled—"the Creep."

"*I* didn't know they knew each other."

"No, neither did I. Not surprising, though; they were both part of the same general crowd in Oak Park; just like we were before we moved into Chicago."

Ann returned her eyes to the engraved paper in her hand, and began to smile, tenderly, wistfully. "Alec House," she said dreamily. "And now he's getting married."

The toast popped up and she removed it from the toaster. "Well," she said, in a manner of one obliged to admit a now incontrovertible fact, "I suppose this Grace of yours *must* be a good-looking girl if Alec—" She looked at Charley suddenly. "Were you actually engaged to her?"

"Well, no," he answered. "Not exactly, I mean. It was just that—well, there was nothing actually said, not really, that is, but—that is, I was—how old?—about thirty and sort of feeling it was time to be married, and—" He hesitated, then shrugged to suggest that the precious phrase which would exactly describe this tenuous state of affairs was too unimportant to search for.

"I see," said Ann slowly, in a way which meant that she didn't. She hesitated as though searching for words, then continued as though stating a thought aloud simply to clarify it in her own mind. "You *wanted* to marry her," she said, in a tone of reasonable understanding, "so you proposed to her, I expect. Maybe several times, even." Her voice was a little wistful now, faintly sad. "But then when she wouldn't, and you finally met me, why—"

Charley looked at her pityingly, slowly shaking his head. "Oh, no, you don't," he said. "I don't fall for an act like that." He grinned. "I will gladly leap up most any time and cover you with passionate kisses and smother you with flattering endearments, but not for a stunt like that."

"Well, you *said.*" In spite of herself, she had to smile. "You said you were practically engaged to her, and naturally I supposed—"

Charley ignored this and continued shaking his head at her. "Imagine it," he said. "Jealous of a girl I haven't seen—"

"Jealous," said Ann scornfully. "I'm not jealous at all. Don't be absurd."

"A girl," he continued, "I haven't seen or thought of—that I've hardly thought of for six years or more."

"You *started* to say you hadn't thought of her at *all.* But then you changed." She looked at Charley, waiting for an answer.

He reached across the table and put his hand over hers. He looked at her for a moment, smiling gently, then said, "Is there anything you want me to tell you that you don't already know? About how I feel about you, I mean?"

She smiled then. "No," she said gently. "But I have to have a little fun, don't I? I have to tease you a little sometimes. And myself, too."

"Sure," said Charley. He was silent for a moment, then he continued. "I've thought about Grace once in a while. I've wondered what had happened to her, is all. And it's true we were sort of on the edge of an understanding, and I'm sure it would have gone further, except that—well, then I met you."

"Of course," said Ann softly. "I know." She nodded several times and a faraway look came into her eyes. "I know," she repeated, "I know how it was. Like Alec and me."

"Were you engaged to him?"

"No. Not really, that is. It was like you said. He'd been—oh, talking about the 'future' in a vague, slightly frightened sort of way." She smiled. "Just like you did. And I knew he was going to propose; just like I knew you were."

"How do you mean, like you knew I was? Why, I didn't know myself till the night we—"

"I know *you* didn't know, but *I* did. Why, I told my mother we were going to be married at least two weeks before you asked me." Ann smiled and began buttering her toast.

CHARLEY looked at her half doubtfully, suspiciously, for a moment, measuring the probable truth of this; then he smiled and began stirring his coffee. "Pretty smart, weren't you?"

She looked at him affectionately. "I didn't have to be *too* smart."

"No, I guess you didn't," said Charley. For several moments he was silent, sipping his coffee, then he spoke again. "So this prophetic intuition of yours told you this guy, this Alec what's-his-name, was going to propose to you."

"Of course."

"And what would you have said when he asked you?"

"Oh, now that isn't fair," Ann said quickly. "That's not a fair question."

"Come on, now," he said, grinning. "You'd have said yes, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," she said coolly. "I really didn't know what I'd do."

"Well, did you know in my case?"

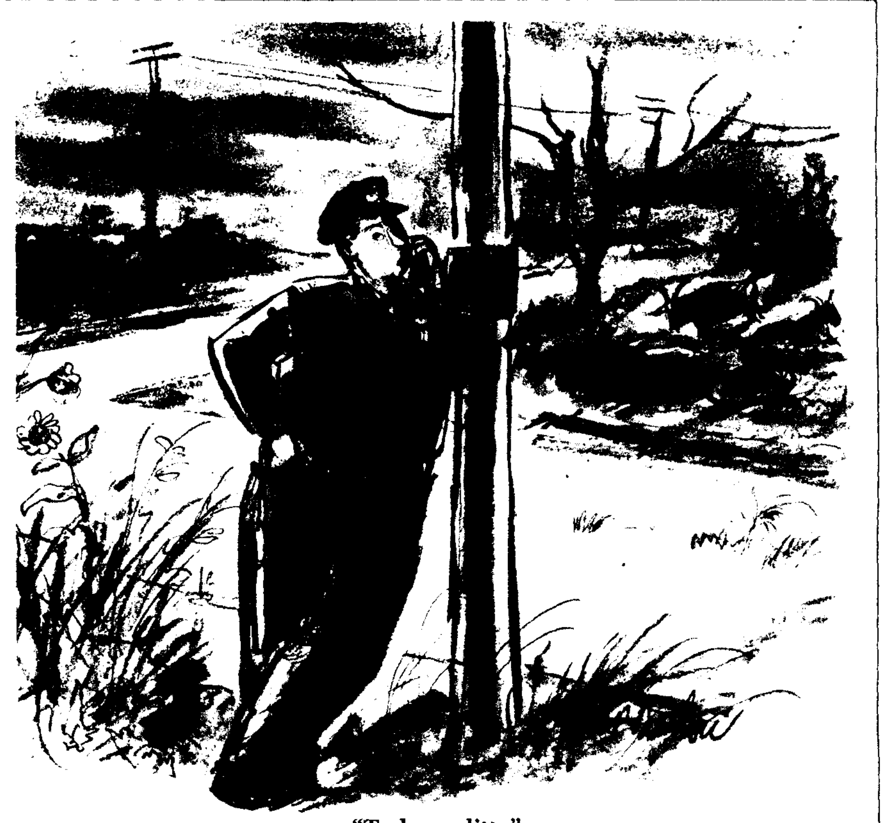
"I certainly did. Why, Mother and I were already making plans; we'd even written my aunt about it."

Charley sipped some more coffee. "But if I hadn't come along about then, you *might* have said yes when this Alec asked you; isn't that right?" He didn't wait for an answer but continued in a reasonable I-can-understand-it tone. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. Handsome guy and all that."

"Handsome," she said. "As if that were the only thing."

"Well, I'm not handsome."

"Now, that's ridiculous! You're very nice-looking! Anyway, you'd think I'd been a schoolgirl interested in nothing but a face." Ann shook her head slowly



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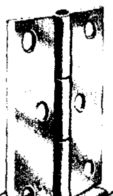

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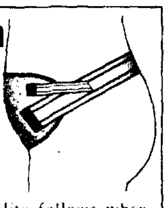

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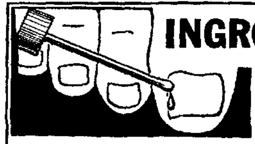

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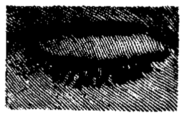

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and smiled. "Who's being silly, now?"

Charley grinned suddenly. "I am," he said. "We could both give lessons to a couple of adolescents." He picked up his cup and passed it to her. "Gimme some more coffee," he said in a tone which was really an apology.

Ann put down her toast and filled his cup.

He read through his mail, but his thoughts, still, were on the wedding invitation lying on the table. He *was*, he admitted this to himself, a little jealous of his wife's old beau and he felt the foolishness and childishness of this. It was not, he assured himself, because Alec was a good-looking man; so was he, he thought.

It was simply the knowledge that Ann had once cared enough about someone else even to consider marrying him. And then he made himself admit that it was, also, the fact that Alec was a handsome man. And he knew now how Ann felt about Grace and he marveled at this, for Ann—he looked up at her now—Ann was prettier still.

She was reading again, he saw, the wedding invitation lying beside her plate. "A Saturday," she murmured to herself. "The wedding's a week from Saturday."

"Why?" said Charley. "You thinking of going?"

"Oh"—her tone dismissed the matter as too trivial to warrant more than a bored consideration— "I don't know; I might. If we aren't doing anything else. And if I happen to think of it."

He grinned, then. "Listen," he said, "you may be kidding yourself, though I doubt it, but you aren't kidding me. Wild elephants equipped with chrome-steel harnesses couldn't drag you anywhere else on the day of that wedding."

"Why? How do you mean?"

"Don't kid me," he said smiling. "I'm not saying you give a darn about this handsome old flame of yours, but schoolgirl or not, when he gets married you'll *be* there. And when the girl—I don't say you're jealous of her—but when the girl is someone *I* might have married, why, honey, you'll be at that wedding if they have to carry you from your deathbed."

"Maybe," said Ann, and she smiled calmly. "Anyway, it's in the afternoon, so you don't have to go. And it's way out in Oak Park. You can stay home and listen to the ball game if you want."

"Oh," Charley said casually, and he touched his mouth with his napkin and stood up. He bent and kissed his wife good-by. "I don't know; it might not look right if I didn't show up at the wedding. I suppose I'd better go along with you."

"I see," said Ann, and now she grinned at him. "Well, you may be kidding yourself, and probably are, but you aren't kidding me. What was that about wild elephants?"

THE weather, a week from the following Saturday, was wedding weather; sunny, cloudless, the sky very blue. There had been a last hint of winter in the air that morning, but now it was warm.

In the church, the tall windows open and the fresh greenery visible outside, the air was pleasant, fragrant with spring, neither too cool for the bridesmaids in their pastel-bright gowns, nor too warm for the ushers in their dark formal clothes.

Charley and Ann arrived late—trains from Chicago's North Side to the West Side suburbs were infrequent and slow on Saturdays.

They stood, now, at the back of the large crowded church and far to the side, standing on tiptoe trying to get a glimpse of the groom.

But the groom, already up front facing the altar, was half hidden by the crowd, an anonymous figure in black made small by distance. And when suddenly, with only a brief preliminary trill, the wedding march boomed through the air of the church and they turned to look at the bride, she appeared, holding her father's arm, on the wrong side of the aisle for them; and all they could see, past the craning necks and moving heads around them, was a glimpse of white lace and the edge of a formal bouquet moving slowly up the aisle beyond them.

Then the ceremony began and they heard the ancient words, faint and far-off at the front of the church, but carrying clearly through the hushed flower-fragrant air, and Charley turned to look at Ann and saw that her eyes were big and wistful, happily sad.

He leaned toward her, smiling a little, and spoke quietly from the side of his mouth. "I think the least you could do," he said, "is cry a little. Just out of politeness."

"Shut up," Ann murmured happily, and smiled and tried to suppress it as though afraid any movement on her face might spill a few tears, and she turned her eyes back to the couple up front.

Then, suddenly, the ceremony was over, and when the bride and groom had left the church, the crowd filled the aisles, and Charley and Ann moved with it, slowly, to the side door of the church and presently passed through out onto a large well-enclosed lawn.

The lawn was filled with people including, surprisingly, a number of children who, restless after the confinement of the church, had begun to romp and chase one another. So Charley and Ann stood, out of the way, leaning against the gray stone wall of the church watching the cluster of guests and new in-laws which surrounded the bride and groom, and waited for an opportunity to greet the new couple.

But almost immediately the bride emerged from the group leading an old woman by the hand, a valued old friend, apparently, for she led her off to one side away from the others. And now the bride faced them, though without seeing them, and began talking eagerly to the old lady. Her veil was thrown back, the afternoon sunlight full on her face, and for the first time they saw her clearly.

For several moments Charley and Ann looked at the bride without speaking. Then Ann spoke—she tried not to, tried to resist, but even as she did so she heard her own voice, soft with false sympathy. "Too bad she has to stand in the sun like that."

"Why?" said Charley quickly, defensively. "It isn't hot."

"No," Ann agreed, and she wished she could stop, "but—well, the sunlight *isn't*

* * *

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By KEITH MUNRO

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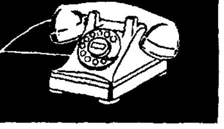

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too flattering. For anyone, I mean," she added quickly.

Charley looked at her sardonically, "Yes, you do."

"Well, don't misunderstand me," said Ann—there was a momentum, she realized, in this kind of exchange, that once begun she was unable to end, and it had led, in the past, to the few quarrels she and Charley had ever had. "She's a very"—she seemed to search for a word —"pleasant-looking woman."

"But," said Charley.

"But," she agreed, accepting the word, and this was the culmination of what she had to say, and of the absurd jealousy she knew she had harbored for two long weeks, "it's perfectly true, and I've noticed it before, that these frail blond sort of good looks often *do* turn out to be—well, rather fragile, sometimes."

Unexpectedly he agreed, and the moment he spoke Ann paid for her little triumph with a sudden sharp remorse, and she reached out to Charley and put a hand on his sleeve.

"Yes," Charley said, and his voice was sad. He paused momentarily, looking at the bride, then shook his head slowly and sighed. "Her skin was beautiful last time I saw her," he said quietly, "really beautiful. Just about perfect, I guess." He was speaking more to himself than to Ann. "But now; well, it's still nice, of course, but—six years has sort of *done* something to it."

He studied the bride intently then frowned worriedly. "Her hair is sort of different, too. She's wearing it different, but that isn't it. Seems to me it used to *sparkle* so, it used to be so *alive*." For a moment longer he looked at the bride, then he turned away. "She's changed," he said sadly, and it was as though he were protesting. "She's so much *older,* somehow."

Ann took his arm and put it under hers, squeezing it tightly against her side. "She's a very nice-looking woman, Charley," she said softly, "and I know she was a lovely girl. And she seems—I can tell—like a particularly nice person, besides."

"Yes," said Charley, and he smiled at Ann, returning the pressure of her arm, but then he looked back at the bride and frowned again. "It's strange," he said, "you're both the same age, you were both very pretty girls, but you've changed hardly at all and she's changed a lot. I don't know the reason, but I've noticed before; some people just age more slowly than others. You know what I mean?"

"I know," Ann said, "I've noticed it in you; you're the kind of man who changes hardly at all between, say, twenty-five and forty," and she turned to Charley, her eyes affectionate, tender and soft.

BUT Charley had straightened, standing tall on his toes. His eyes, she saw, were staring over the heads of the near-by people, and he began to grin.

She turned to follow his gaze and saw the groom, clearly now, smiling and saying good-bys as the group around him began to break up and leave.

"Well," said Charley in a delighted tone, and his grin widened, "so that's Alec, the movie star? Whose job did you say he was after—Wallace Beery's, by any chance?"

Ann stared at the groom for a moment longer, then turned to Charley. "What are you talking about?" she said sharply. "He isn't fat."

"No-o," Charley said happily, "but he's—shall we say—prosperous-looking? And unless my eyes deceive me, which they don't, there is quite plainly the beginning of a bald spot on the crown of our hero's head."

"So what?" said Ann. "It's very small; hardly noticeable, in fact. And in his case I think it gives him a sort of—pleasing maturity. I honestly do."

"Yes," said Charley, and he continued to grin, "it does that, all right."

"No, really; I think it actually gives him a certain distinction."

"Of course," said Charley. "No doubt about it. And I think we can predict that he'll become even more distinguished in just that way—to a point, I imagine, of almost total distinction. Little heavy around the jowls, too, isn't he? Or should I say mature?"

Life With Father

DIVORCE LOCALE	WIFE'S SWORN TESTIMONY
ST. LOUIS	Her husband borrowed $20 from his first wife to finance his bigamous second marriage.
SPOKANE	Her husband refused to build a bathroom in their house because he hated "anything newfangled."
CLEVELAND	Her husband accompanied her every time she went shopping, to bar men clerks from waiting on her.
CHICAGO	Her husband insisted on operating 5 radios in their one-room apartment.
HOLLYWOOD	Her husband swore at her in two languages—English and Spanish.
CAMDEN	Her husband beat her once every month with a bed slat.
MEDIA, PA.	Her husband drank ice-cream sodas all the time and neglected his business.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"He is still," said Ann quietly, "a very good-looking man." She paused for a moment, then added almost to herself, "But he *has* changed. Funny; I never magined—"

"I know," said Charley softly, and he ressed her arm, gently, contritely.

The old lady patted the bride's shouler, kissed her affectionately, and they w she was about to leave. "Charley," nn said quickly, "she'll see us, now. on't let her know, don't let it show in our face that she's changed even a ttle."

"I won't," said Charley, "don't worry," nd now the old lady left and the bride aved after her, called a farewell, then oked up and saw them.

She came toward them, then, smiling ith pleasure, and Charley stepped forard to greet her. "It's good to see you gain, Grace," he said quietly, and he ok her hands.

"You, too, Charley," she said. "It's een a long, long time," and he saw that ne was genuinely glad to see him.

He introduced the two women, then, nd they greeted each other and they all tood for a few moments talking pleasntly about the wedding.

Then the bride turned back to Charley nd took both their arms. "Come," she aid, "I want you to meet my husband," nd, walking between them, led them cross the lawn.

"Ann knows your husband," said harley, "from a long time ago."

"I know," said Grace, "he told me hen we were writing the invitations," nd she smiled at Ann pleasantly.

The groom stood, shaking hands with n elderly man, smiling, talking, half urned away, not seeing them as they pproached. So they stood for a moent, awaiting his attention, then he urned, saw Ann, smiled, and took her ands.

"Hello, Alec," Ann said. "My conratulations."

"Ann," he said, "it's wonderful to see ou," and he stood for a moment, smilng and studying her frankly. "Well," e said, and shook his head in admiraion, "you haven't changed a bit."

"And neither have you, Alec," Ann said, and she smiled at him.

Then Alec and Charley greeted each other, and they stood, the four of them, talking pleasantly about the wedding and the past and the long chain of events that had brought them all to this moment. And presently the two couples took their leave of each other making genuinely sincere promises, which would never be kept, to see each other again, and Charley and Ann left, then, crossing the lawn, walking to the side entrance of the church.

"Sorry you were jealous, now?" said Ann.

"Yes," said Charley. "You?"

"Yes," Ann said, and she turned to look back at Alec and Grace and saw them standing there in the sun. Charley turned with her, they waved at the bride and groom, then turned back to each other and Charley shook his head, smiling a little sadly, and Ann did, too.

"They've known each other a long time, I guess," said Charley, "and the changes were gradual, of course; they probably don't see them at all."

"I'm sure they don't," said Ann, and they walked on toward the church.

THE bride and groom stood for a moment, watching them cross the lawn, then Alec turned to Grace. "That's the woman you were just a little jealous about," he said, and he smiled at her. "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes," she said, and smiled back.

"Funny," said Alec, "what time does to some people. She was a very good-looking girl once—nearly as pretty as you."

"Yes," said Grace, "I suppose so," but she was watching Charley and she waved, now, as he turned to look back. "Charley was a fine-looking man once, too—when he was younger."

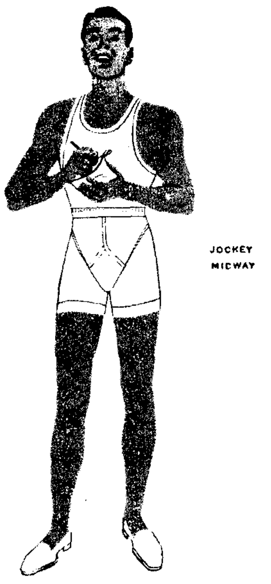
"They've changed all right," said Alec, and then he turned to Grace and in the way two people occasionally do, they spoke together, a full sentence, simultaneously and word for word.

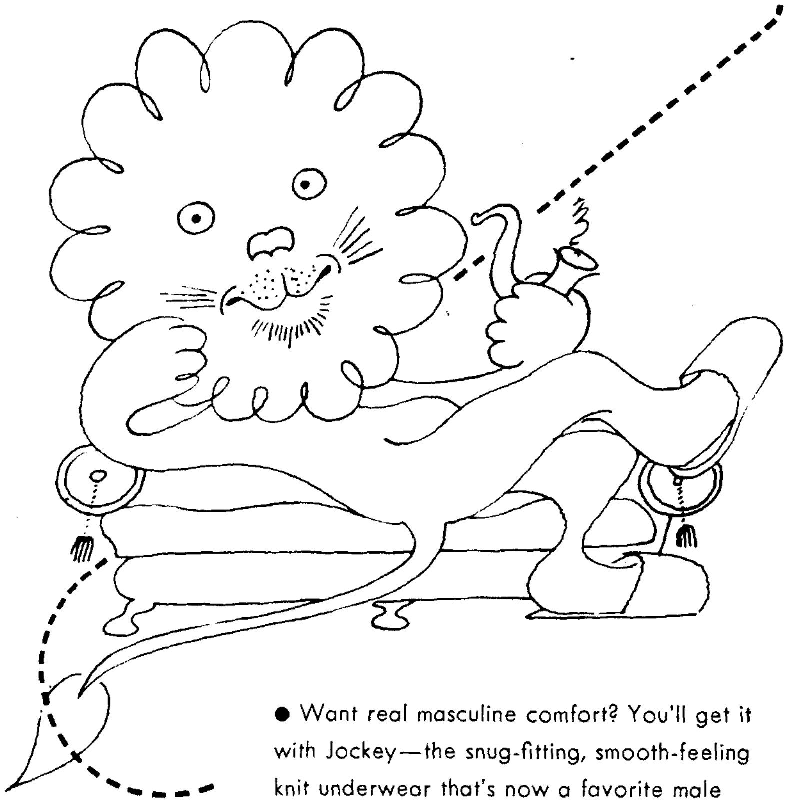
"But you haven't changed a bit," they said.

Life With Mother

DIVORCE LOCALE	HUSBAND'S SWORN TESTIMONY	
PITTSBURGH	His wife dissolved moth balls in his coffee.	
ATLANTIC CITY	His wife's greeting every morning was, "Aren't you dead, yet?"	
CHICAGO	His wife poured sugar into the gasoline tank of his automobile.	4 SALE PRICE
TAMPA	His wife threatened to cremate him when he died and use his ashes for lawn fertilizer.	
BALTIMORE	His wife squashed an ice-cream cone in his face while he was driving his car.	
COLUMBUS	His wife served him boiled inner tube for dinner.	
SAN FRANCISCO	His wife spent all her time in taking care of her 27 cats.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN





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101 ANSWERS TO CANCER

Continued from page 19

35. Can a tuberculous person ever have cancer?

He can. The presence of tuberculosis or any other disease gives no assurance that cancer may not also develop.

36. Why don't the white corpuscles in the blood kill cancer cells?

The chief function of white blood corpuscles is to protect the body against bacteria or germs. They kill germs and combat infection. They have no effect on cancer cells.

37. How can we control cancer?

First, by a prompt visit to a physician when suspicious signs or symptoms appear. Intelligent alertness by the individual may well save his life.

Second, by having complete, annual physical examinations. Women over thirty-five should be examined twice a year.

Third, by the physician's "high index of suspicion" of cancer in all patients.

Fourth, by diagnosis at the earliest possible moment, followed by adequate treatment.

Fifth, by a widespread knowledge, both lay and professional, of the character of cancer, its causes, methods of spreading, the value of early diagnosis and adequate treatment, and means of protection.

How To Detect It

38. How can you tell if you have cancer without seeing a doctor?

You cannot. A regular thorough physical checkup by your family physician is your best guard against cancer, plus an examination when one of the seven danger signals or warnings mentioned below appears. *You* are the first line of defense against cancer because you, and you alone, can recognize a danger signal and heed its warning.

39. What are some of the early signs of cancer?

There are seven common ones. They are often called the Seven Danger Signals of Cancer.

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

You should go at once to a doctor upon the appearance of any one of them. Memorize this list.

40. Is pain an early symptom of cancer?

No, except in a cancer of bone or nerve tissue. Pain usually is a late symptom and when it comes the growth is often far advanced.

41. Why should cancer be diagnosed and treated early?

The sooner it is found the less likely it is to have spread to other parts of the body where successful removal is impossible.

42. How long is it safe to wait after suspicious symptoms appear before consulting a physician?

Any delay is dangerous. Go at once to a doctor and ask for a thorough examination.

43. Why are periodic examinations necessary?

Through periodic examinations cancer may be detected in its early stages, before the individual has noticed any sign or symptom in himself.

44. What should comprise a thorough physical examination?

Careful inspection of the entire body surface. Heart, blood vessel and lung examination. Examination by sight and touch of accessible organs, such as the mouth, nostrils, ears, throat, chest, breasts, womb and rectum. Examination of stomach and intestines by X ray when indicated. Microscopic examination of blood, urine and any suspected tissue. In women, special examination of the breasts. Other examinations as indicated—eye, bladder and prostate.

45. Is bleeding always a sign of cancer?

No, but bleeding should be promptly and carefully investigated to determine if it is due to cancer. A small percentage of bleeding nipples are due to cancer. Bleeding from other body openings, as rectum or bladder, should be carefully investigated to rule out cancer. Unnatural vaginal bleeding, especially after the change of life, is always suspicious.

46. Does blood in bowel movements indicate cancer?

Movements streaked with bright blood or the occurrence of black or "tarry" stools should have prompt and thorough investigation. The assumption that rectal bleeding is merely due to hemorrhoids, or piles, is most dangerous since such bleeding may be due to a multiplicity of causes, including cancer, which require prompt treatment.

47. Does blood in the urine indicate cancer?

It may, but it may also be caused by conditions other than cancer. A careful examination is essential to rule it out.

48. Is it true that cancer generally develops among people in poor health?

There is no known relation between the status of one's health and the development of cancer. Regular checkups by your physician *at your request* provide the best safeguard against cancer as well as against other types of disease.

49. How can we diagnose cancer of the stomach?

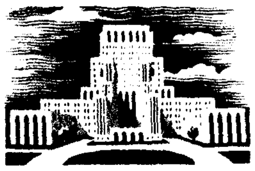
The best method is X ray. The outline of the interior of the stomach when filled with a dense substance, as barium sulphate, will often give clues to the presence of cancer. Certain chemical tests of stomach contents are sometimes of value. In late stages a lump may often be felt through the body wall.

50. Are all hospitals equipped to diagnose and treat all kinds of cancer?

No. To be adequately equipped for this purpose a hospital must have an operating room; a laboratory for the microscopic diagnosis of tissue; X-ray equipment suitable for diagnosis and for treatment; and must own or have access to a sufficient quantity of radium. To make equipment effective there must be physicians adequately trained in its use.

51. Is cancer more frequent among Negroes than among whites?

Proportionately fewer cancer deaths are reported among Negroes than among whites, but this perhaps is due to poor reporting of the disease.



How To Treat It

52. How should cancer be treated?

By surgery, X ray or radium, or a combination of the three in the earliest possible stage of the disease.

53. Are X-ray treatments good for all kinds of cancer?

No. Treatment depends on type and location of the growth. Some cancers will not respond to X-ray or radium treatment but must be treated by surgery or other means, as certain hormones or isotopes.

54. What is the difference in the action of X rays and radium on cancer tissue?

There is no essential difference. When properly used both will destroy cancer cells without seriously injuring the normall cells with which they come in contact.

55. How is radium used?

Radium in hollow needles is inserted into the cancerous growth or in the tissue surrounding it, or both, and removed after treatment is concluded. Radium in a suitable container may be placed in contact with the growth, as in cancer of the skin. In larger quantities it may be used at a distance from the body, the rays passing through an opening in the container into the cancerous growth. The emanating gas of radium, known as radon, in suitable containers may be used in the same manner as the radium salt from which it is obtained.

56. Why is radium so expensive to use?

No less than 5.9 tons of a mineral which is half uranium must be processed to extract a single gram of radium. To extract a pound, 2,680 tons of such a mineral would be required. As minerals containing radium are not often this rich, in actual practice a yield of one gram of radium in 10 tons of ore is considered very good, and even minerals which yield only one gram to 200 tons are processed. It is, therefore, not surprising that the price of radium is about $20,000 per gram.

57. Do surgical or radiation treatments spread cancer?

No. On the contrary, such treatments tend to limit the spread of cancer.

58. Can the spread of cancer be stopped or retarded temporarily?

At times it can. Certain cancerous growths, hopeless from the standpoint of cure, may be controlled temporarily by proper treatment. Sooner or later, however, these growths may fail to respond to further treatment.

59. What should a person do who thinks he may have cancer?

Go to his physician *at once* for a thorough physical examination.

60. Is cancer curable only in the early stages?

Yes, in the large majority of cases. At times, however, cures have been obtained after the cancers have been present for a considerable time. The type of cancer always has an important bearing on its curability.

61. How long will an untreated cancer patient live?

This will differ with each individual case, and with the location and type of cancer.

62. Is it ever possible to state that a cancer has been completely cured? If so, how much time must pass before the "cure" is recognized?

After a cancer patient has been treated and has remained free of recurrence of disease for a period of five years, the chances for reappearance of the tumor are extremely small. (In a few rare instances cancer has recurred eight, ten or twenty years later, so that a semiannual physical examination is a *must* for these patients.)

63. If you have been cured of cancer, can you develop another cancer? In the same place? In some other part of the body?

Yes. Regardless of a patient's past medical history, including the treatment of a previous cancer, he should be examined at regular intervals. Because of the tendency for cancer to reappear at the place of a previously existing growth or near by, a patient should have a regular follow-up at least every six months. A new cancer may appear at the same place or in another part of the body.

64. Is there any known serum cure for cancer?

No. A serum is of value only against a disease due to a germ.

65. Is it ever safe to rely on salves or medicine to "cure" cancer?

No. No paste or salve will penetrate the tissues far enough to destroy deep-seated cancer cells; neither is there any medicine that will destroy cancer cells without also injuring normal cells with which it comes in contact.

66. Is there any chemical that destroys cancerous tissue?

There is some evidence that a few chemical substances such as the nitrogen mustards (chemicals related to the poisonous mustard gas) partially destroy cancerous tissues in some forms of cancer and leukemia. These chemicals are not cures but may alleviate suffering and may prolong life.

67. Will ultraviolet or infra-red rays kill cancer cells?

No. These agents have no curative effect on cancer cells even at high intensity over long periods of time.

68. Will hormones cure cancer?

This problem is still under investigation. There is a great deal of evidence to indicate that treatment by certain hormones may prolong life and alleviate pain and suffering in certain cases of breast cancer in the female and of prostate cancer in the male. It is too early to state whether these hormones will cure cancer.

69. Will isotopes cure cancer?

So far, isotopes have proved of limited value in the treatment of cancer. However, a small percentage of thyroid cancers respond remarkably well to radioactive iodine, and certain cancers of the blood and blood-forming organs are quite favorably affected by radioactive phosphorus.

70. Are the results of cancer studies on animals applicable to human beings?

Experiments with animals are essential to test many theories concerning cancer. The nature of cancer in animals and man is so similar that principles discovered in one will undoubtedly prove to be of value in understanding the problem in the other. However, animal experiments always require careful checking to prove their relevance to cancer in human beings.

71. What is the latest and most successful of the recently reported cancer treatments?

While many "cures" are constantly being evaluated by many laboratories over the country, surgery, X-ray treatments

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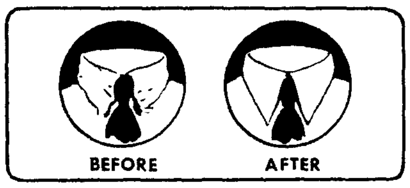

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FROM THE SKY TO THE SEA

and radium remain the chief weapons of the physicians' fight to cure cancer. Certain hormones and isotopes offer some promise of assistance in their fight but it is much too early to call these in any form "cures."

72. Is any real progress being made in cancer research? Along what lines?

Real progress is being made in cancer research which has thrown much new light on the normal and abnormal growth processes. However, the goal of finding the cause of cancer and thus its prevention is still in the future. Avenues of investigation have recently opened up on all sides: in *chemistry* by a study of the hormones and the complex role they play; in *physics* by application of radioactive materials and the development of X rays at higher voltages; in *surgery* by more radical excision of tumors; and in the studies of enzymes, genetics, nutrition, cytochemistry, etc. Scientific disciplines of all types have been brought to the front in an all-out attack.

Cancer In Men

73. Are cancers in men and women different?

There are no fundamental differences in cancers appearing in men and women.

74. What forms of cancer are more common among men than women?

Cancer of the buccal cavity, pharynx, esophagus, stomach, rectum, larynx, bronchus, lung, kidney, bladder, skin and brain are all more common in men than in women. Men alone, of course, have cancer of the prostate and male genital organs.

75. Does smoking cause cancer?

The relation of smoking to cancer of the mouth and lungs is uncertain. Therefore, it is best to play it safe and, if you smoke, to use tobacco in moderation.

76. Can cancer result from sexual intercourse?

No. There is no known relation between cancer and sexual activity on the part of the male or female.

77. Is cancer of the prostate common? At what age does it generally occur?

Yes, cancer of the prostate is one of the most common forms of cancer in older men. Men should be on guard against this form of cancer especially as they approach sixty. A thorough physical examination, *including a rectal examination*, is the only way to discover this hidden cancer early enough for cure.

Cancer In Women

78. Do more women than men die of cancer?

Almost as many men die of cancer every year as women. In the United States, 88,801 men as compared with 93,204 women died of cancer in 1946. Three factors combine to account for this difference: (1) There are a few more women than men in the population; (2) the female population is somewhat older on the average than the male population; and (3) the incidence of cancer is higher among females than males due primarily to the high incidence of cancer of the breast and female generative organs.

79. Does cancer occur more frequently among married or unmarrie women?

Reports from death certificates show that above the age of forty, the cance death rate is higher among single wome than among married women of the sam ages. Single women have higher death rates from cancer of the breast, and married women have more cancer of th uterus. Many physicians believe tha nursing a child reduces the chances o cancer of the breast and that injury a childbirth increases the risk of cancer o the uterus if proper medical attention i not received.

80. Is there danger in watching a lum in the breast to "see what happens"

Yes, a very grave danger. Waiting t "see what happens" may permit a curable cancer to become incurable b spreading to other tissues.

81. Are all breast lumps cancerous

Not more than a small percentage ar cancer. Only by a careful pathologica examination of the removed lump can be definitely determined if it is cancer.

82. What precautions should be take to avoid cancer of the breast?

Do not wear garments that press th breast tissue tightly against the ches wall. Every woman should have he breasts examined semiannually by physician. She should request her physician to instruct her in the proper technique for examining her own breasts i the erect and reclining positions an should examine her breasts once month shortly after her period.

83. What precautions should be take to avoid cancer of the uterus (womb)

Have all birth injuries repaired withi six months after they occur. Have all unnatural vaginal discharges investigated Up to the age of thirty-five have an annual examination; thereafter a semiannual one. Bleeding after the change o life calls for a physician's examination a once.

84. Do uterine fibroids ever becom cancerous?

Fibroid tumors only rarely undergo malignant change.

Cancer In Children

85. Can cancer develop in children? At what age?

No age is free from cancer. Certain forms of cancer are most often found in young children.

86. If a parent dies of cancer are the children more likely to have the disease?

Practically, no. In many families where a parent has had cancer, the disease has not appeared in the children Again, a person in whose family there is no record of cancer may develop it.

87. Once it has got a start, does cancer develop more quickly in children than in older people?

Probably not. The rate of growth at any age depends upon the type of cancer

88. If detected in time, can cancer in a child be cured more quickly than in an adult?

The cure of cancer has little relation to age. It depends upon the extent of its growth at the time it is detected, and the adequacy of the treatment as well as the type of cancer.

Cancer's Vital Statistics

89. Is cancer increasing?

The number of annual cancer deaths the United States has increased from ,000 in 1900 to 189,811 in 1947. The ajor reason is the growing number of der people in the population coupled th the fact that the cancer death rate ne number of deaths per 100,000 of the pulation) rises very rapidly with age. nproved diagnosis and better reporting deaths are other factors that help exain the increase. Cancer death rates ithin specific age groups in men have nded to rise but in recent years some of e rates for females within certain age oups have decreased.

90. How does cancer compare with her diseases as a cause of death?

It occupies second place, as seen from e following table of deaths from leadg causes in the United States in 1947:

Heart Disease	460,580
Cancer	189,811
Cerebral Hemorrhage	131,039
Nephritis	80,288
Pneumonia and Influenza	61,836
Tuberculosis	48,064

91. At what age do cancer deaths ocır most frequently?

The age distribution of cancer deaths the United States in 1946 is shown erewith:

Age	*Males*	*Females*	*Total*
Under 5	353	294	647
5-14	391	326	717
15-24	749	536	1,285
25-34	1,373	2,381	3,754
35-44	3,775	7,988	11,763
45-54	11,993	16,463	28,456
55-64	23,128	22,466	45,594
65-74	27,026	23,894	50,920
75 & over	20,013	18,856	38,869
	88,801	93,204	182,005

92. How can cancer deaths be reıced?

By four means: (1) early diagnosis, the sponsibility of the patient in having imself regularly checked by his physian and the responsibility of the physian in recognizing the possibility of ancer and prompt referral for further iagnostic procedures and proper treatnent; (2) adequate and prompt treatnent, the responsibility of the physician ho treats his patient for cancer; (3) disoveries of newer and more effective neans of treatment; and (4) the ultimate iscovery of the cause of cancer. These st two must come from the research boratories and the clinical investigator.

Cancer And You

93. Is there any disgrace in having ancer?

No. There is no more disgrace in aving cancer than in having a broken rm.

94. How can I go about locating the ancer detection center nearest my ome?

By inquiring from your family physiian, the local unit of the American Caner Society, or from your city or county ealth department.

95. Where can I get the names of pecialists qualified to treat particular inds of cancer?

Your family doctor may refer you to a cancer clinic at your local hospital or to a specific physician with the best experience in treating your type of case. The local unit of the American Cancer Society will be glad to be of service.

96. Can I get proper cancer treatment in my small local hospital or must I go to a large city?

This depends entirely upon the type of cancer you have, the adequacy of facilities for treatment in your area, and the experience of the physicians there. Each patient is a separate problem and must be treated individually.

97. How can I find the nearest hospital equipped to diagnose and treat cancer?

From the sources mentioned in answer No. 94.

98. Can a physician examine a patient thoroughly for cancer in his office or is it necessary to go to a hospital?

An office examination should be sufficient unless by questioning or from his findings in his office, your doctor feels you should go to the hospital for a more complete examination, such as by X ray and blood tests.

99. Does cancer usually cost more to cure than other major diseases?

It often does. Here, again, it depends upon the type of cancer you have and how much must be done to treat it.

100. Why are quacks dangerous?

For the following reasons, among others:

1. Few quacks are medically trained; therefore, they have no fundamental knowledge about cancer.
2. They cause the patient to lose valuable time that should be used in getting proper treatment.
3. The pastes and "medicines" used by quacks have no value in curing cancer.
4. The quack takes the patient's money under false pretenses, thus depriving him of means for obtaining competent treatment elsewhere.

101. How can I tell a quack from a reputable physician?

If a person advertises a cure, guarantees a cure, or employs a method of diagnosis or treatment not generally accepted or endorsed by the medical profession, he may be classed as a quack. No reputable, ethical physician will do any of these things.

THE BEST DEFENSE

The best defense against cancer lies in everyone having periodic, *thorough* physical examinations. For protection *between* examinations, everyone should know these Seven Danger Signals of Cancer and go at once to a doctor upon the first appearance of any of them.

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening, in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

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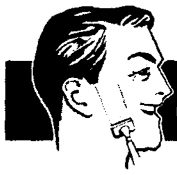

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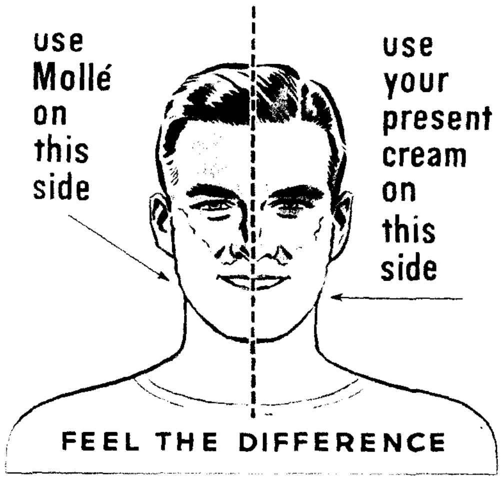
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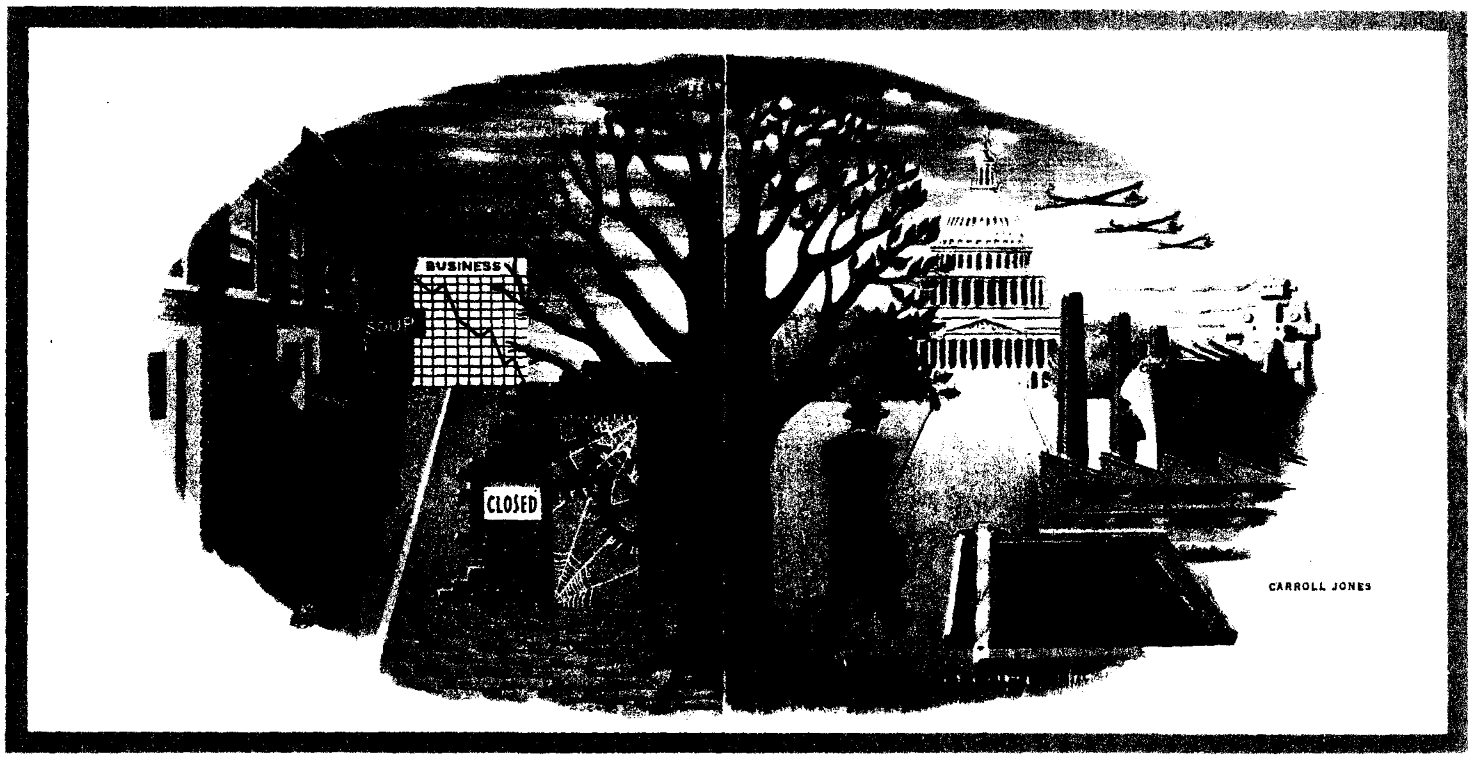

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You Can Remain Prosperous

COLLIER'S still thinks the bountiful prosperity all classes of Americans have been enjoying can be prolonged if we are willing to pay the price. Common sense, plus uncommon self-restraint on the part of those intent on getting theirs while getting is good, is most of the price.

A great many politicians, broadcasters and some journalists are indulging in loose and irresponsible talk about business depression. Many people fish in troubled waters. They are not all Communists, although that is a Communist habit. The present is no time for heedless words. Foolish speech may not produce bad times but certainly no good is done by it.

Jesse Jones, former head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and a handy man with a dollar, was quoted as saying that we now know how to avoid depressions. We certainly know a lot more than we did in the past on how to keep out of economic trouble.

Karl Marx, who was a journalist before the Communists made him into their hero and supreme inspired economic authority, said that depressions follow wars. So they did. But there is no unchangeable law that requires depressions to come after wars.

We had depressions after the Civil War and after World War I. The causes were generally understood before the events. It was, however, politically unpopular to do what needed to be done to prevent the trouble that came.

We are immensely better prepared this time. The Federal Reserve System has accumulated experience. It has acquired authority to exert controls. The President's Economic Council is a new and a highly intelligent agency. Its stated goal is to keep production and employment at high levels. Moreover, for the first time we have unemployment insurance on a very large scale.

Economists, in the government and out, do not know all of the answers. They do know quite a lot, however. They know about as much in their own fields as doctors know about keeping people healthy. The problem is to get those responsible for decision to do what the experts advise.

The President said in his message to Congress that the halt in the upward rise of prices was a welcome sign in the battle against inflation. Every housewife would agree. The man whose prices went down was less enthusiastic. Most of us prefer to reduce other people's prices, not our own.

After the President's economic report went to Congress more prices went down. Unemployment increased slightly more than the seasonal trends. Still the fact remains that at some point prices had to stop rising if inflation were not to go on to dizzy and dangerous heights. Perhaps we have already passed the peak of danger.

What do we need to do to be safe?

There is much to be done. The government has a large opportunity as well as a great responsibility. *So have we as individuals.*

Let's look at the personal opportunity first. As businessmen, farmers, members of labor unions, we can all exercise discretion and restraint. The truth seems to be that many of the shortages accumulated during the war have been satisfied. So there is less urgent demand. It is still hard to get a house or an apartment, but mass-produced commodities, even automobiles, are catching up with the demand.

What's wrong with balancing supply and demand? Nothing, unless some groups press their luck too far and too hard.

Businessmen will have to estimate their prospects in a competitive market. Farmers will have to consent to produce for a peace demand. Organized labor will have to adjust its demands to the current circumstances.

Such moderation really presents a tough problem for union leadership. It will have to be managed somehow, or else various groups will price themselves out of their field. The building trades already have serious problems because of their high rates and, worse still, a serious responsibility in having failed to produce homes in sufficient quantity for public need.

Probably the best single thing Congress can do is to refuse to increase income and corporate taxes. Everybody knows the government will need vast sums, but even so, it may not be needful to take four billions more from the national income.

We know we have to pay for an Army, an Air Force and a Navy. We are agreed that we have to lend and give money to the Europeans who are trying to restore their own productive powers. We have to help them if we want any friends and allies in the struggle the Communists are making to subdue the remaining free peoples.

But we don't have to expand many domestic services at this time. Particularly we do not have to expend billions to support education or health service before these programs have been adequately considered and debated. It could happen that the states and not the federal government can best manage these services.

Finally, Congress does not have to increase taxes merely to deprive wage earners of buying power in order further to fight inflation. This is what some of the fugitives from the New Deal economists have urged.

Collier's thinks that if we, all classes, pull together and use the knowledge we have and the moderation we can muster, we can make this change from inflation to a stabilized economy of high employment and high production safely and in order. All of us, however, have the opportunity to play our important parts. . . . W. L. C.

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